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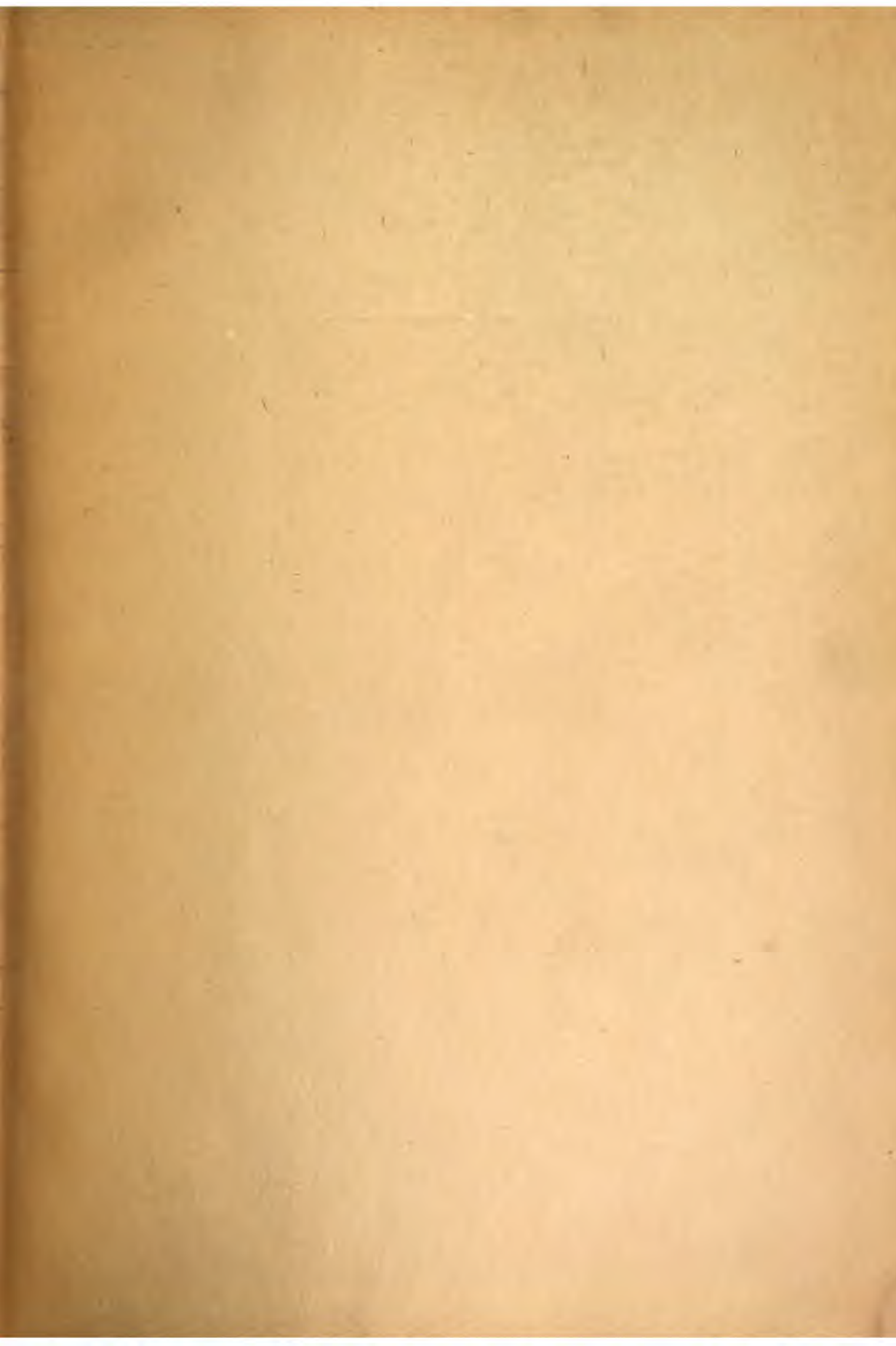


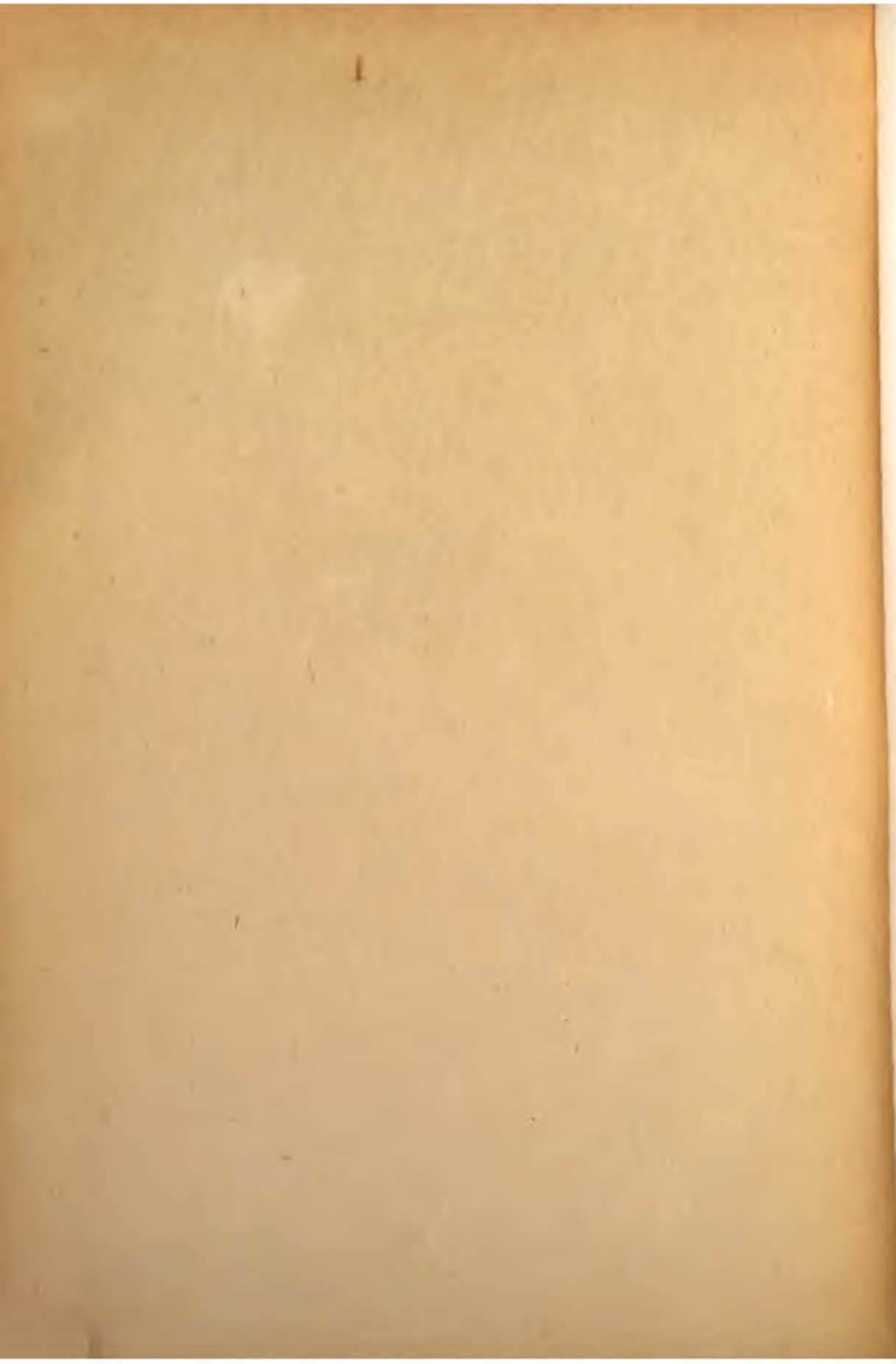
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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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Centennial Exposition.



Volume XIV

JULY, 1905

Number 1

THE MOMENTOUS STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC

By H. W. Scott

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Pacific Monthly* presents in this contribution by Hon. H. W. Scott, editor of the *Oregonian*, the introductory article to the series on the "Coming Supremacy of the Pacific." The series will continue for six months and will be written by Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph. D., author of "America, Asia and the Pacific," and other works treating the problems and possibilities of the Pacific seaboard. It has been deemed peculiarly fitting to begin the series at this time and to illustrate it in this number with *Exposition* views, inasmuch as the centennial we celebrate means not so much a retrospect as a forecast of greater things to come. The articles by Dr. Von Schierbrand will treat all of the important phases of the questions that have arisen as a consequence of the great awakening to western possibilities. The illustrations will be a feature, and, on the whole, the series will be of exceptional interest and value to all who wish to be in touch with a struggle for the mastery which promises to be one of the greatest in the history of mankind and which has already decided the fate of nations.

MASTERY of the Pacific is involved in the great drama now being played in the Orient. Japan, regarded hitherto as an insignificant, or at best, as a secondary power, resists

Russia and has present triumph over her. This, however, if we may use military language, is but an affair of outposts. The actual struggle is yet to come. Among the contestants in this struggle—a struggle not necessarily of arms, but of com-



Looking toward the Band Stand from the Bridge of Nations.

NOTE.—The illustrations of the Exposition are from photographs taken by the Official Photographic Co.

mercial rivalry—the United States will have place. We cannot escape the conditions. The actual prize is control or ascendancy in the commerce of the Pacific Ocean.

The movement westward, which began before the earliest written history, and has continued ever since, has now reached a stage upon which the West meets the East, and the East and the West are one. It has come about through extension of the domain of the United States to the shores of the Pacific, through extension of European influence into countries of the Orient and through various movements that have begun the development of commerce on the Pacific Ocean, on a scale large already, and destined to an infinite expansion. Our own interest in the Pacific, which started with the establishment of our cordon of states on this western verge of the continent, has been prodigiously increased and magnified by the acquisition of the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands. The Spanish War of 1898 opened a door that never will be closed upon us; and the present struggle between Japan and Russia is one in which we cannot but have deep concern, because it presages a future in which we must of necessity have a very important part. We

cannot escape this participation if we would.

Forces are now in motion which it is clear are to make the Pacific Ocean during the present century a sphere of activity similar to what the Atlantic was during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and to what the Mediterranean was twenty or thirty centuries ago. Our own interests are deeply involved in the war between Russia and Japan; for this is but the initial stage of an international struggle to be vastly extended, if not with arms, certainly through rivalries and with the weapons of industry and commerce. On that vast highway which the irony of history has named the "Pacific" Ocean, there is now to be a struggle for commercial and political supremacy as important as any the world has ever seen. We ourselves are literally "in it," and could not retreat if we would. Such a nation as ours cannot play the part of a weakling; we shall not sit down in our back yard and let the world drift by. A nation great as ours must pay the penalty of its greatness, in effort, money, bother and men.

The conditions will force rivalry between the United States and Russia. For Russia, we take it, though checked by Japan, cannot be forced back, perma-



The California Building, showing two of the four Mission wings.



A portion of the Grand Stairway. The buildings from left to right are the European Exhibits, the Oriental Palace, and the Washington State Building. The statue on the right is Borglum's "The Blismard."



The Grand Stairway and Band Stand.

nently, from the shores of the Pacific. But Japan is fighting the preliminary battle of all nations that want an equal chance on the Pacific; for Russia in control of China and Corea would be in position to close the door to all commerce not directed in the interest of her own policy.

Russia hitherto has been friendly with

us, because the two great countries have not been in touch with each other. She could afford to be friendly with the United States so long as we were no world power, and so long, moreover, as we were on more or less strained terms with Great Britain, Russia's most powerful and dangerous rival during the whole course of the nine



Lakeview Terrace. A corner of the Agricultural Building is seen at the extreme left, and next to it the European Exhibits Building. Fir-covered hills in the background.



Scene during the speech-making at the opening day ceremonies.

teenth century. But the march of events to face with Russia. Our position in the
has now brought the United States face Orient and the development of our states



The Oregon Building. The simple beauty of this building makes it the most admired of all the State buildings.

on the west coast of America make a new condition. Absorption of China and Corea by Russia would be the severest possible blow to the commercial progress of the United States. Were China advanced or "westernized," even to the extent that Japan is, the commerce of her hundreds of millions, left free, would be of immense value to us. But in the hands of Russia, or controlled by Russian influence, its benefits to us would be largely lost. This is the interpretation of Secretary Hay's contention for the integrity of the Chinese Empire. It explains, too, the British policy of the "open door." One of the objects of Russian statesmanship has been to keep the two great English-speaking nations apart, allied as they are for free and open commerce. Any approach to cordiality between the United States and England, on a common or similar policy, makes Russia therefore the rival if not the enemy of both.

Long time must elapse before consistent results can come out of this chaos of discordant interests. But the contest can have no interruption. From this point of view Japan is fighting not only her own

battle for her national preservation, but the battle of other nations, including our own, for the free development of Pacific commerce.

Again, the products and exports of Russia are mostly of a nature of which we ourselves have abundance, namely, cereals and other agricultural products, petroleum, timber and other heavy staples. Russia, therefore, in all or nearly all her exports, is one of our chief rivals. Naturally, therefore, if she can obtain the ascendancy she covets in the Orient she will close the door to us as far as she can.

But there awaits Pacific commerce a great future. Our rivals in it are many other nations besides Russia; namely, England, Germany, France, and Japan, and even Holland. It may not mean war, but it will mean, certainly, a strife for commercial and even for political power. The most dangerous thing this country could do would be to allow itself to "drift" on its course of world politics. Under the present administration there is no danger of that. But our situation is such that we must at all times be alert and ready. Pacific Ocean commerce undoubtedly has an immense development before it. When



The New York Building—the scene of many notable receptions and banquets.



A view of the Terraces, showing the Agricultural and European Exhibit Buildings.



The Oriental Palace, showing a corner of the Log Palace, and the fir-clad hills in the background.

the vast populations that border on this greatest of oceans shall have yielded to modern ideas and methods and have been shown how to do what they are capable of



A view of one of the Sunken Gardens in Columbia Court, showing two of E. C. Potter's famous animal groups at center.



1.-View Terrace at the Exposition on the opening day. To the right is seen the covered platform from which Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon and others made addresses; to the left is the New York Building.



Indian Totem Poles and canoe, from Alaska, forming a part of the United States Alaska exhibit.

—and this under the leadership of Japan, seconded by England, France and Germany, will be brought about—the result

will be the greatest the world has known since the movement that followed the discovery of America.



View overlooking Gulf Lake, showing the United States Government Building in the center, the European Exhibits Building on the right, and the Oriental Palace on the left.



ARCHITECTURE OF EXPOSITION

By Ion Lewis, Director of Architecture

IT has always seemed to the writer that the educational aspect of an exposition is of the greatest importance, and in view of this, the choice of a site for the Lewis and Clark Exposition was most fortunate and happy, and to those responsible for this selection, all credit is due. The arrangement of the block plan was well in keeping with the site, utilizing to the best advantage its beauties and environment. The object always in view, the preservation of the vista of the lower Willamette Valley, was never lost sight of, and firmly fixed the main axis of the plan in a general north and south direction; thus maintaining the fine water view in the immediate foreground, across which rises the beautiful green peninsula with its oak trees, and beyond, the Willamette, flowing between high, evergreen-clad hills. The good judgment and foresight of the Exposition directors were evidenced by obtaining, during the early months of the Exposition, the services of the eminent landscape architects, Olmsted Brothers, a firm of national reputation. Mr. John C. Olmsted was engaged to visit the site and consult with the Directors of Works and Architecture, with the view of prepar-

ing a block plan, or general scheme, for the arrangement of the buildings and grounds. This plan, made two years ago, has been faithfully followed, with but few minor changes.

The Directors of the Exposition, after much discussion and the consideration of various methods pursued by other expositions, decided to appoint a supervising architect—whose title has since been changed to "Director of Architecture"—and a board of architects. To each member of the board was apportioned a building of the original main group. This apportionment was made by the architects amongst themselves, by drawing lots, the Director of Architecture to have general supervision of all the buildings and of the board of architects, that all might work in harmony and the result be not incongruous and inharmonious.

The decision of the board of architects, in the design of the buildings, to confine themselves to a free renaissance of the Spanish type, seemed most appropriate, in view of the discovery of the Oregon Coast by the early Spanish navigators. While this scheme was ultimately deviated from to a certain extent, it has been carried out in a construction similar to most of the

late expositions, namely, a wood frame, covered with staff, the whole surmounted by red and green tile effects.

In the immediate forefront of the entrance, after passing the turnstiles, is a long curved peristyle of a double row of Ionic columns, through which a mystic glimpse is caught of the broad middle plaza, with the waterway, peninsula, the Government buildings, and distant panorama, beyond.

Flanking the white peristyle, on the left, is the two-storied Administration Building, with the press annex, while on the right are the post office and the police and fire stations.

Leaving the classic peristyle of the entrance, the broad, long vista breaks into view. The immediate foreground being occupied by the spacious Concourse Plaza, with the Palace of Agriculture to the right and the Foreign Exhibits Building to the left. The open space between is designated Middle Plaza, and consists of two broad avenues with sunken gardens between. Dividing the sunken gardens is a simple Italian fountain.

The Agricultural Building is devoted to the exhibits of the various states of the West and the Northwest. It is typically Spanish in character, with broad wall surfaces, richly ornamented window penetrations and broad, overhanging, heavily

bracketed eaves. Surmounting the whole rises a majestic dome, conspicuously marking the building from all parts of the grounds.

The Foreign Exhibits Building, directly opposite the foregoing building, while of the same length, is of but half the width. Still keeping the broad wall spaces of the Spaniard, this building has an individuality of its own. In place of the dome, a number of small towers rise from the center of the facade to emphasize its quiet dignity. The central portion of the roof is devoted to a large roof garden, whence magnificent views may be had of the grounds and the grand panorama of the valley.

To the west of the Foreign Exhibits Building, on a slightly elevated position, is placed a building devoted to the Oriental exhibits. This building, while somewhat smaller than its neighbor, is yet capable of housing the exhibits of many foreign countries, without counting the commodious galleries. The style of architecture is somewhat more classic than that of the two buildings previously mentioned, but is none the less interesting.

East of the Agricultural Building is a building of equal size, devoted to Manufactures, Liberal Arts, and Varied Industries.

At the extreme west of the main group



Middle Plaza. Frederick Remington's famous "Shooting Up the Town" is conspicuous in the foreground.



A portion of Centennial Park, showing the Washington Building to right of center.

of buildings is the Forestry Building, devoted to the exhibits of the Oregon Country and its great industry, the products of the forest. It is typical of its contents, constructed entirely of native products, mostly in the rough. The lower portion, or first story, is of huge logs, with the bark on, while the upper portion is covered with large sheets of fir bark. The roof is of split cedar shakes. On each of its long sides arise colonnades of immense fir logs, supporting an extensive loggia, or gallery; and the great overhanging roof, with its picturesque gables, contrasts markedly with the neighboring buildings. About the interior is a rustic colonnade of still larger and taller firs than on the exterior, supporting rustic balconies. It is a forestry exhibit in itself, in its simplest educational form.

At the far eastern end of the grounds is a building, second only in size to the Palace of Agriculture and the Manufactures Building, devoted to the exhibits of Machinery, Transportation and Electricity. This structure forms the eastern end of a large quadrangle, the sides of which are enclosed by various structures, including the Mining Building, devoted to one of the great industries of the West,

the Festival Hall, devoted to the large gatherings, conventions, musical events, etc., coincident with an exposition of this character, and other minor structures. All of these buildings are of a character in keeping with the main structures.

After leaving the main buildings of the Fair proper, and directly north of the Middle Plaza, is the Terrace of the Lake-view Plaza, which is bounded with classic balustrades, and from which broad flights of steps descend to the band stand and the Esplanade on the lake front. The views from this terrace are magnificent, and not the least among them is that of the long bridge, with the magnificent Government Building in the distance. This bridge, with its approaches, is nearly half a mile long, and consists of a long line of arches, through which gondolas, launches and rowboats pass to and fro. During the evening thousands of electric lights cast their reflections in the placid waters below.

The main object of this bridge is to reach the peninsula, across the lake, on which is situated the Government Exhibit, consisting of a collection of most interesting buildings. The main building of this group, three acres in area, is sur-



View overlooking the Terraces and Guild Lake on opening day.

mounted by two tall towers, each two hundred and sixty feet high. Flanking this structure are two minor buildings, each eighty feet by one hundred and sixty feet, devoted to Exhibits of Fisheries, and of the Philippines and Alaska. Connecting the various structures are two grand Ionic peristyles forming passageways for the public. Behind the main group is placed the Forestry and Irrigation Building. All of these are designed in the Spanish renaissance style, and undoubtedly excel in beauty and impressiveness any government buildings at previous expositions, not excepting St. Louis.

The various State buildings on the grounds were not considered in the original scheme, as it was not then known how many would participate. The first to arrive was Massachusetts. This good old commonwealth has erected a most attractive colonial building directly back of the classic Ionic of Oregon. Next came New York with a beautiful Italian villa, surrounded with flowered terraces overlooking the entrancing panorama of the lake and Government buildings.

California comes with a representative of its most interesting missions. This building is distinctively Spanish, of a

cruciform plan, each of its four fronts presenting a reproduction of one of the four principal Spanish missions of the state.

Washington, Oregon's nearest neighbor, occupies the choicest site on the grounds, and well is it occupied. The grand Ionic facades of the Erechtheum dominate the landscapes.

Idaho, with the exception of the Forestry Building, presents the only purely timber construction on the grounds, and while its roof sends a dominant note of color, the architectural relief is felt.

Utah comes with a distinctive Southern Colonial type, reminding one of Mount Vernon.

Colorado, Missouri and Illinois are attractively classic, and maintain the classical character of the State buildings.

It is to be regretted that the full scope of the Exposition was not known in the beginning so that a better and more intelligent grouping might have been maintained, but this was impossible, many of the states being very late in participating, while the increase of exhibit space required demanded additional buildings and numerous annexes.



A bit of "The Trail."



The Forestry Building or Log Palace, absolutely unique. The most striking building at the Exposition. The only building having real "local color."

THE THING THAT IMPRESSED ME MOST AT THE EXPOSITION

By Kathryn Wilson

THE best art is that which most fitly embodies the characteristics of its subject, preserves the harmonies and emphasizes the aesthetic qualities that make it worthy of reproduction. In these days of rather indiscriminate architecture, where little attention is paid to the eternal fitness of things from an artistic standpoint, it is gratifying to find a structure that meets so many of these requirements as does the Forestry building at the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

Situated as it is on one of the highest elevations on the grounds, surrounded by snow-capped peaks, wooded hills, and sloping terraces mirrored in the clear waters of a natural lake, the edifice is at once the most unique, the most picturesque and the most impressive of them all. With the possible exception of the California building, whose mission style very adequately recalls the first architecture of the sunny state, the Forestry building is the only one which is really representative of a locality. All the others, beautiful as they are, have been constructed along conventional lines which reflect various influences typical of a universal rather than a specific civilization. The Forestry building, however, represents not only a particular place, but it stands at once for the history of the past, the accomplishments of the present, and the possibilities of the future, and thus personifies all the principles for which the Exposition itself was organized.

To the utilitarian who sees in the structure only those great commercial attributes which it embodies, the enumeration of its statistical features is of paramount interest. The fact that two miles of logs five and six feet in diameter, eight miles of poles, and tons of shingles and slabs were used to produce it, is of itself remarkable. When it is learned further that each of these logs is from thirty to fifty feet long and contains lumber enough to build a one-story cottage forty by forty feet, there is left nothing at which to marvel. These things appeal to the

wholly practical man who is interested in the problems of production and who appreciates what it means to fell and saw and skid such massive bulk out of its native forest and down to the waters of the Columbia, where it floats for seventy-five miles before entering the Willamette and passing on to the Exposition grounds. To him also it means much that these huge sections of timber have been raised by powerful mechanical means, piled one upon another, hewed, mortised, and made firm with wooden pegs, to evolve finally into a great building in the construction of which no carpentry has entered.

But to the imaginative mind which perceives less of the practical than the picturesque, there is also a certain poetical significance in the structure—a significance that personifies the whole history of the West.

As one enters the door of the building and comes immediately into the presence of these monarchs of the forest, it is like being transported suddenly out of the confused activities of a trivial present into the solemn hush of a mysterious past. With the first breath of pungent air, fragrant with the incense of the pines, with the first view of immense colonnades outlining a great nave through the center and cutting off chapels on either side, with the soft notes of an organ whispering through its lofts and aisles, one finds himself involuntarily reverential in a cathedral whose deity is Nature. Here is a memory of the forest primeval, of those first temples which for ages have ministered to the needs of living things, and which sheltered that explorer who came with axe and compass to blaze the first trail from the known into the unknown.

In the logs themselves, strong, sturdy, and enduring, one sees embodied the characteristics of those pioneers who followed in the path of the leader and who came as an advance guard to the army of settlers behind them. Powerful in physical strength, firm, steadfast, bearing a rough exterior, but staunch, true-hearted and vigorous within, they, too, have performed their work and accomplished



The Discovery of the Columbia River.
 Captain Gray was obliged to fire upon the natives, who disregarded his orders to keep off.

their destiny. They have each done their part in the evolution of civilization.

The building, as a completed whole, for whose construction centuries have labored, typifies the point where Nature stops and Art begins, where the primitive gives way to the modern. It marks an epoch in which all that has gone before

belongs to a period of its own, and all that is to come will be but the development of that beginning. It stands for the transition stage in Western history, and is an epitome of all that man has done and may do with the forces of nature. It tells a silent but eloquent story of the blazed trail.



The Idaho Building, the only one of the State buildings not built of staff. It is a substantial frame structure of pleasing color.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

By Laura Leonard

THAT famous toast, "Here's to the ladies, God bless them," said to be Thackeray's favorite, can be applied with especial propriety to the ladies of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, without whose gracious presence and friendly as-

sistance the Exposition would lose half its interest. For, after all's said and done, after the grounds, the buildings and the exhibits have received their due meed of praise, there remains to be chronicled its crowning element of success—the presence of beautiful and brilliant women who fill the social moments of the Exposition with hospitality and the charm of gracious personality.

The social life of Portland's Exposition bids fair to be notably brilliant. There will be generous extension of hospitality alike to visiting strangers of distinction and to the rank and file of those less noteworthy. Leading society women of Portland will act as hostesses at various official functions, while women of acknowledged executive ability and personal charm of manner from the states of the Northwest will preside over the hospitality and good cheer extended to all visitors at the various state buildings. With this array of women, each woman striving to outdo the others in the cordiality of her greeting, what excuse can there be for any visiting stranger feeling lonely or unsociable?

At the fore in all "official" functions, the hostess for the most distinguished Exposition guests is Mrs. H. W. Goode, wife of President Goode. It was she who entertained Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks when they came to Portland to attend the opening exercises of the Fair. There is every probability that she will entertain other official guests of almost equal prominence during the summer. Ably seconding her are the charming women who are wives of the Exposition di-



Mrs. H. W. Goode, hostess at all "official" functions at which are entertained the most distinguished Exposition guests.



Mrs. J. Wealey Ladd, of Portland, Oregon,
an Exposition hostess.



Mrs. Pardee, wife of Governor Pardee of California,
and one of the hostesses of the California
State Building.

rectors—Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox, Mrs.
J. C. Ainsworth, Mrs. I. N. Fleischner,
Mrs. Lewis Allen, Mrs. Kenneth Macken-

zie, and Mrs. Charles Ladd. Other women
of Portland whose fame for hospitality ex-
tends beyond their own city will assist



Mrs. Frank R. Gooding, wife of the governor of
Idaho and one of the hostesses of the
Idaho State Building.



Mrs. T. Jefferson Myers, hostess of Oregon
State Building.



Mrs. Adelia B. Scott, state hostess of the Idaho Building.



Mrs. Walter Burrell, of Portland, an Exposition hostess.

whenever occasion requires: Mrs. Walter Burrell, Mrs. Henry Jones, Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd, and

Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery, one of the Board of Lady Managers for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.



Mrs. Frank Wiggins, of Los Angeles, one of the hostesses of the California Building.



Mrs. Albert Mead, wife of the governor of Washington. Mrs. Mead was present at the opening of the Washington State Building.



Mrs. Edmund Bowden, of Seattle, one of the hostesses at the Washington State Building.

California sends to Portland as representatives of her far-famed hospitality Mrs. Frank Wiggins, of Los Angeles; Mrs. T. A. Filcher, and no less a personage than the wife of the governor, Mrs. Pardee. No gayer party at the Exposition is to be found than the little group which lives in one wing of the big California Building. Besides the two official hostesses and Mrs. Pardee, there are the four daughters of the governor, Miss Irma Filcher and Miss Mae Wiggins. And the governor himself is to be "back and forth" between the Exposition and his office all summer.

At the Washington state building there is a continual round of social gayety. The most charming women from the twenty largest cities of the state successively come to Portland to remain a week and to fill that week from beginning to end with good cheer. Bellingham introduced Washington by sending ten of her best-known hostesses, with Mrs. Olive Leonard at their head. And with them came, as honor guest to add distinction to the opening reception, Mrs. Albert Mead, wife of Washington's governor. Seattle will send for her "week" Mrs. E. Bowden. Centralia sends Mrs. H. L. Mean, and North

Yakima sends Mrs. Frank Harsley. These ladies all choose their own assistants in greater or fewer numbers.

The State of Oregon has chosen the wife of Commissioner Myers to be hostess at the State Building during the entire term of the Fair. Mrs. Myers is always ready to greet visitors to the State Building and to make them feel that Oregon hospitality is warm and friendly. She presides over the spacious rooms on the upper floor of the building, to which tired women sightseers are sure to find their way. On special days ladies from other cities of the state assume position as hostess for the day, and arrange their own procedure of entertainment.

New York, while having no official hostess, as she had at St. Louis, is represented in Portland by Miss Marjorie Luce, the daughter of Commissioner Luce, Mrs. De Lancy Ellis, wife of the executive commissioner, and Mrs. Pratt Brown, wife of Commissioner Brown.

Idaho, too, has made generous provision for making Exposition visitors feel "at home." Mrs. Adelia Scott, the state hostess, is assisted from time to time by well-known ladies from different cities of the state. Mrs. Gooding, wife of the governor, spent a few days with the party, and Miss May Wood was also of the number.

Illinois is represented at the Exposition by Mrs. Jessie Palmer Webber, whose father was a former governor of that state and once a presidential nominee.

The old Bay State, which has one of the most attractive buildings at the Exposition, has a gracious hostess in Mrs. Wilson H. Fairbank, wife of the genial commissioner from Massachusetts, whose friends in the Exposition city are already many, though she has been here for so short a time.

From Missouri came Miss Hattie Gordon, under the title of honorary commissioner. Her popularity at home is attested by the remark of Governor Folk when he announced her official appointment—"Missouri's best is none too good for Sister Oregon's show."

The spirit of Governor Folk's neat little speech must somehow have crept into all the official appointments for hostesses, for surely "the best" have been sent to Portland to emphasize the hospitality of the Northwest and of visiting states.



The Agricultural and European Exhibits Buildings.

THE EXHIBITS

By Henry E. Dosch, Director of Exhibits

THE demand for exhibit space at the Lewis and Clark Exposition exhausted every available square foot of space in the buildings devoted to liberal arts and foreign exhibits, and several hundred prospective exhibitors could not be accommodated. It was thought for a time that room might be made for all; but when it was learned that 2,000,000 square feet of space asked for could not be supplied without the erection of additional buildings, 249 applicants were turned away.

As the result of this survival of the fittest policy, the exhibits at the Western World's Fair, while not so numerous as those at the St. Louis and Chicago expositions, are to the general public more interesting, and there are enough of them to satisfy the average visitor who does not expect to spend the summer at the Fair.

The large Oriental and European exhibits buildings at the Western Centennial have been found entirely inadequate, as

regards space, in complying with the demands of the various commissioners, and more than one country was forced to be satisfied with an amount of space far below its desires. Among the countries represented are: Italy, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Turkey, Persia, Algeria, Egypt, Japan, China, India, and Ceylon.

Probably the largest, most valuable and interesting exhibit is that of Italy, which occupies more than one-half of the European Exhibits Building. The participation of this country has been under the careful supervision of Sig. Zeggio, Italian commissioner, and is thoroughly representative of Italy. The exhibit is valued at a figure which closely approaches \$1,000,000. Half of the Italian space is devoted to marble statuary, for which the country is pre-eminently renowned. In addition, the art branch of the Italian exhibit embraces marvelous mosaics from Venice and Genoa, and Florentine silver filigree work.



Peristyle, United States Government Building.

France ranks second to Italy, sending a very large and valuable exhibit to the Centennial. A French drawing-room of about the time of Louis XIV is reproduced and forms an interesting part of the exhibit. In this are displayed gowns of fabulous value, some of them worth thousands of dollars.

Among the various exhibits of the German section, that of fine art needlework proves interesting. One specimen, ten feet long and eight feet wide, is an embroidered facsimile of the famous Sistine Madonna. It required three years in which to make

this remarkable piece of needlework. The specimen is valued at \$10,000.

From Holland is sent a large quantity of Delft ware tiles, hammered brass and copper, painted ivory and cutlery. Natural resources also are represented.

Great Britain's participation in the Lewis and Clark Exposition is rather light, but the exhibit is complete in all respects and characteristic of the country. Graphic arts and fine linens form the principal part of the exhibit, while English porcelain and Sheffield cutlery are creditably displayed.



"The Coming of the White Man." This statue, presented to the City of Portland by the family of David P. Thompson, stands at the entrance to the City Park.

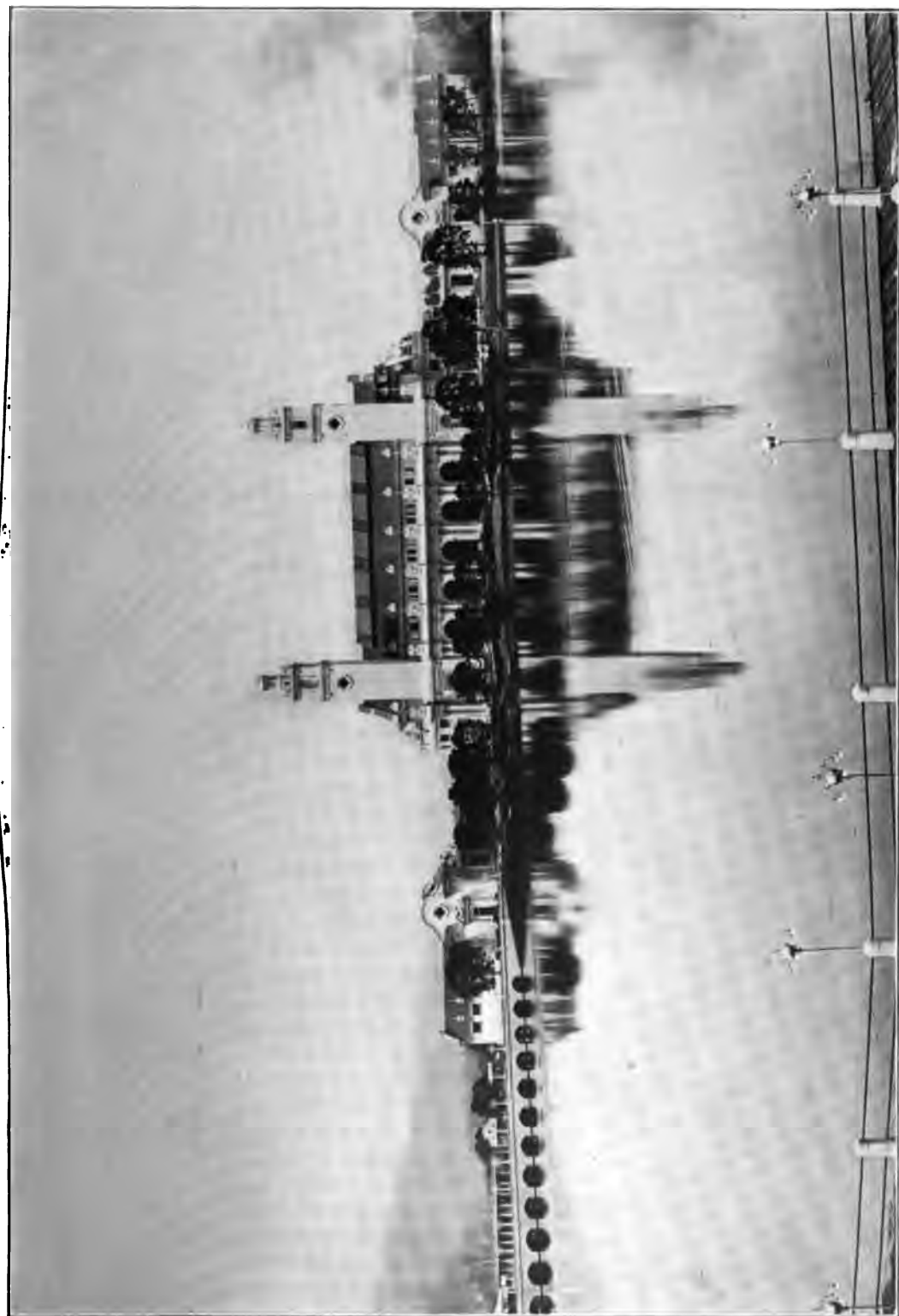


Captain Gray, facing his ship, tells a friend about the discovery of the Columbia River.

Sweden and Norway make a joint exhibit of their beautiful potteries and tapestries, fine furniture and bric-a-brac. Russia has not deemed the war of suffi-



The United States Life-Saving Station. Exhibition drills are held daily.



The United States Government Building, looking across Guild Lake from the Esplanade near the Band Stand.

cient consequence to permit of ignoring the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and she has assembled a representative exhibit. This offers in particular the magnificent furs for which Russia is noted.

The beautiful Bohemian glassware, in which visitors to previous expositions have exhibited so much wondering admiration, may be seen in profusion in the Austrian exhibit.

Fine embroideries, crockeries and wood-carving forms the principal part of the Hungarian exhibit.

Swiss watches of the latest patterns and the ingenious cuckoo clocks have been sent to the Exposition from Switzerland. The magnificent laces of this Alpine country and fancy carved woodwork also are shown.

Participation by Asiatic countries in the Lewis and Clark Exposition has been exceedingly liberal. The Japanese section of the Oriental Exhibits Building contains a very elaborate and instructive exhibit, showing the various products and manufactures for which the country is noted.

China sends a very thorough and repre-

sentative display of handiwork. India's exhibit shows to advantage the marvelous rugs and shawls peculiar to that country. Turkey, Algeria, Persia and Egypt have cast their lots together and make a common exhibit.

The domestic exhibits are drawing the largest crowds. These are very complete in all the various departments. A majority of the manufacturers make live exhibits, their displays showing the methods of manufacture rather than mere collections of finished products, thus making the exhibits of real educational value. Especial attention has been given to the developments in electricity and machinery. The Mining Building is attracting large crowds, the exhibits there being of unusual excellence. Many hours may well be spent in these magnificent palaces studying the progress of events.

Mention should be made of the fine display of the products of the earth in the Agricultural Building. These exhibits are most attractively arranged and show to the best possible advantage the marvelous results obtained in the great West—mostly by irrigation.



Bird's-eye view of Portland, showing Mt. Hood.



The Washington Building, one of the largest and most beautiful of the state buildings.



The rustic stairway at entrance to Centennial Park.



Grown in Portland.

Columbia River Scenery

THERE are many regions in this Western wonderland that defy the word painter and even the brush of the skilled artist. In this respect no section stands out more conspicuously than that part of the Columbia River between the mouth of the Willamette and the city of The Dalles.

The ruins of little castles of feudal barons perched upon the rocky points of the Rhine have no counterpart along the Columbia, nor is pastoral scenery to be observed. Nature, wild and untamed by the hand of man, still rules supreme over the passage of a great river through a great mountain range, presenting landscapes of imposing grandeur and beauty.

Great forces have moved and have produced great results. There is the broad expanse and reach of water, the rugged, towering mountains, thousands of feet high and reaching far into

the clouds. Well known forms of vertical escarpments and conical pinnacles peculiar to basaltic formation crown the successive heights to the very mountain tops. Slender ribbon-like falls hang lightly from the brow of a sheer precipice or dash in foam down some rocky gulch, and the morning mists that linger on the wooded peaks veil in mystery the beauty beyond. One's desire to possess and perpetuate some scene of beauty becomes irresistible, when, out comes the camera—snap—and the thing is done! Of this long passage between The Dalles and Vancouver, a well-known artist has said that the scenes of interest and beauty would furnish a lifetime of sketching. The eight views presented herewith are the second in the new series of Columbia River views taken by Mrs. Sarah H. Ladd, the first having appeared in the January, 1905, number.



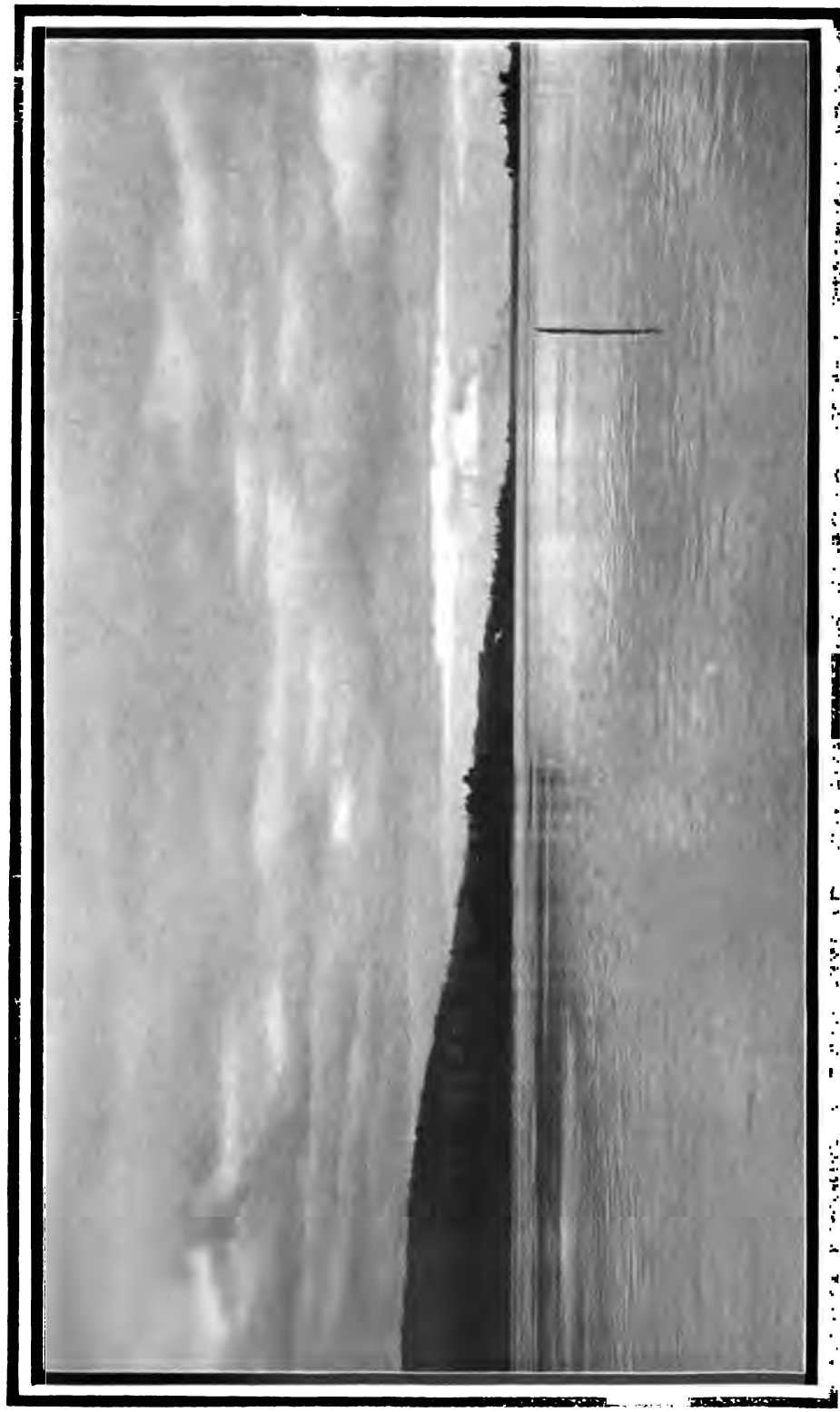
The Pallisades of the Columbia

From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd



From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd

After the Storm



Morning Mists—Looking Down the River

From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd

Mt. Hood



Part of the Famous Gorge

From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd

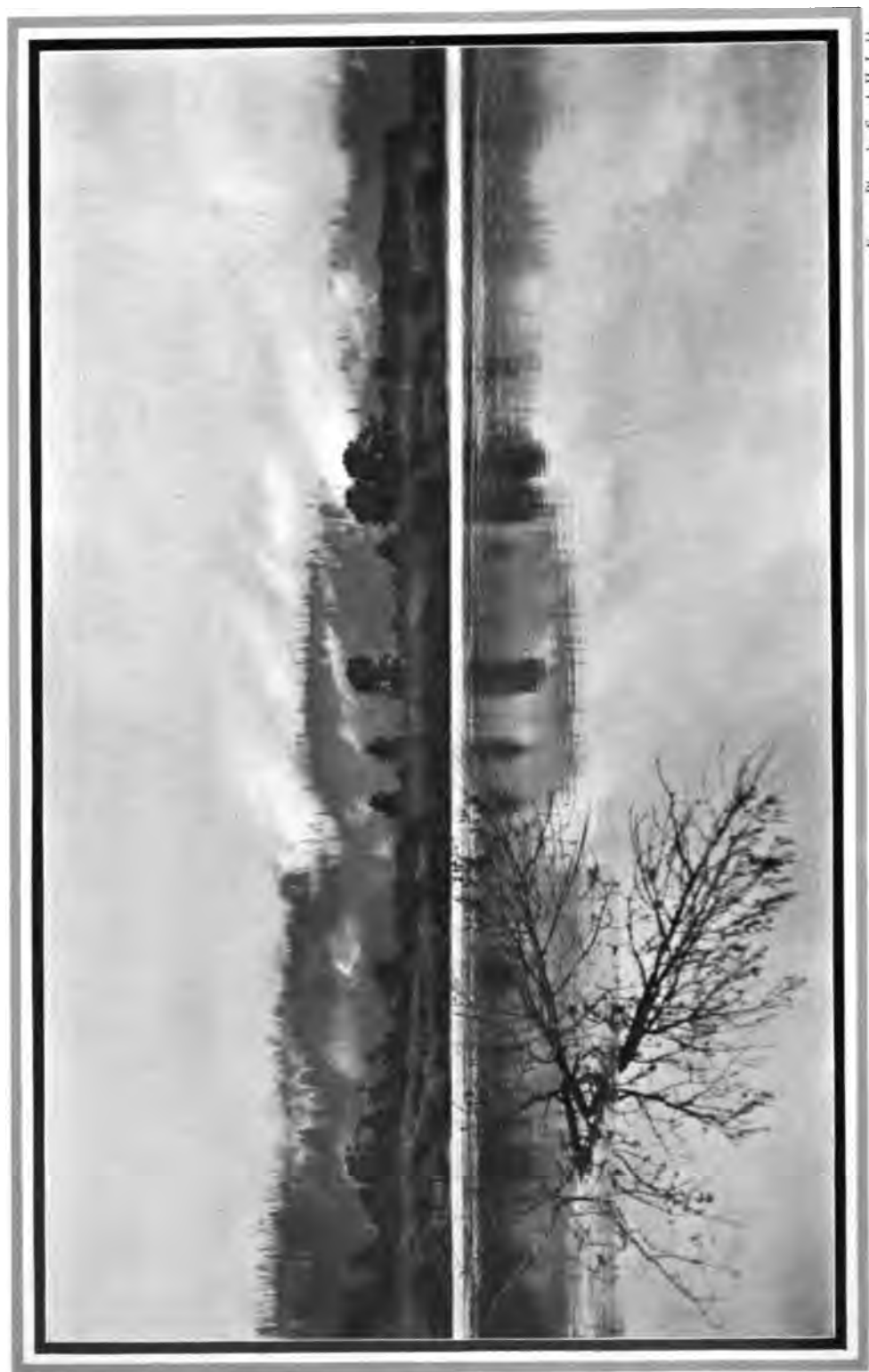
A Rugged Bank on the Upper Columbia

From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd



From a Photo by Miss Maud Ainsworth

St. Peter's Dome
On the Columbia River Near the Cascades



From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd

An Early Morning Scene Above Vancouver



From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd

A Fish Wheel is Shown at the Right Extending from an Island near the Middle of the River.
The Scene is Below the Cascades



From a Photo by Sarah H. Ladd

A Stormy Day

SHORT STORIES

This department is devoted to short, crisp, interesting stories. The aim is to publish each month more short stories than any other illustrated ten cent magazine. Manuscripts are solicited. :: : :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

LOCO

By R. C. Pitzer

HE wore a red vest.

You can shut your eyes, now that you know this, and Richard Lacey will materialize before you. You are sure to see him if you know that his moustache was small and of a clerkly blonde. He was the foreman of the dress goods counters in a well-known department store, and, after the third season there, he was given a two months' vacation. The West was a sealed book to him; so he determined to go out into the Rocky Mountains and have something to talk about the rest of his life.

He followed the beaten track until he reached a summer resort in Western Colorado, where he met Bill Cummings. Bill was a professional guide and bear killer, and was looking for something to be guided.

One afternoon he found Lacey at the postoffice, and told him all about Routt County. The result was that he then and there hired Cummings to take him into the pleasant lands. They bought an outfit and went away from the sulphur springs, the weak lungs, the fishing rods, and the blue dresses and white trousers of the resort.

Three weeks in the hills made a wonderful difference in Dick Lacey's appearance. His blue shirt and corduroy suit lost their newness, his face turned red, and a fringe of dirty whiskers sprang out around it. He was of an excitable temperament, and the wild spirit of the mountains entered into and possessed him. He became a hunter, without the skill to hunt; a hillsman, without the strength to climb.

Then, one day, he saw a deer and shot at it. He was surprised when it doubled up and lay down under a pine tree, but exultation mastered even that emotion, and he cheered lustily. Cummings ran up the hill to learn what had happened.

"Hurrah!" Lacey cried again. "I've killed it! I've killed it!"

"Killed what?" Bill puffed.

"A deer; see, there it is over yonder."

Bill sat down suddenly. "Say," he ejaculated, "you are a tenderfoot, an' no mistake! D' you know what that means?"

"A tenderfoot? Oh, yes, you've called me that—"

"No; I'm talking about that deer there. It means a good big fine, an' a good stiff sentence."

"Eh?"

"It's agin' the law to shoot deer this time o' the year, as I've told you fifty times afore—an' we passed a game warden this mornin', too. Good Lord! I'm in for it!"

Lacey's face lost its exultant expression. "That's so," he mused; "I forgot about that. But it isn't likely that the warden'll ever know, is it?"

"He seen you was an Easterner, all right, an' I ain't got too good a reputation myself. Bet your boots he'll be a snoopin' around here by night. Well, there's only one thing to be done, an' I'm goin' down to camp after a shovel. You sit right there, an' don't let nobody come nigh here. If anyone does, p'int your gun at him. Might as well be a black ram while you're about it."

Bill went down the hill, and Lacey sat and thought. The more he reflected, the more nervous he grew, until every noise in the woods above startled him. Once he imagined that he heard a horse nicker, and he promptly hid in a group of jagged boulders. The silence of the hills unmanned him. He was but a city clerk, after all, accustomed to the quiet monotony of his life, and an unreasoning sense of fear stole over him as the slow minutes went past. At last Bill returned, and together they went to where the deer lay.

"A doe," said Bill, as he scowled down at the carcass. "She's got a young un' in the bushes, a waitin' for its mammy to come home. That makes it a bigger fine. Here, grab a root on this shovel, an' we'll bury the brute."

Bill spat on his hands, swung a pick over his head, and went to work. It is not child's play to sink a pit among the boulders and rocks on a mountain side, but they finally succeeded in excavating a four-foot hole. "A grave," Lacey thought. How like murderers they were, sweating at their guilty task in the hot afternoon sun!

They had been so engrossed with the work that a man came unnoticed from the pines and stood not far distant from them. Their first knowledge of his presence was brought about by a hoarse chuckle, and the tools rattled from their hands as they wheeled upon the intruder. Bill swore, but Lacey turned white under his sun-rash, and became possessed of a wild, breathless terror.

"Mighty hot work," said the stranger, as he flung a rifle barrel across his left arm with a significant gesture, "couldn't a-taken more trouble if you'd shot a man."

Bill looked at the rifle, and then his eyes wandered over to where Lacey's gun stood against a rock. The warden grinned wickedly.

"This'll be mighty hard on you, Bill," he said. "It's the third offense, an' you'll get a heavy term for it, too."

"It were an accident," Bill growled. "This cub here shot it, thinkin it' were a bar. Ain't that so, kid?"

Lacey's teeth chattered, and he stared straight before him, seeing nothing but judges and juries, fines which he could not pay, and dismal prison cells. His eyes grew round and bloodshot, and his face turned to a mottled blue.

The warden looked at him and doubled up with mirth. This increased Lacey's terror, if anything could do that, and with a gasp he "turned loco," and sprang off among the pines. The warden's merriment left him, and he bounded after the fugitive, swinging his rifle into place as he ran. He fired, and the bullet sang over Lacey's head; the second shot knocked his hat away. Then he turned, foaming like a terrified animal.

"Stand still, thar," the warden shouted. Lacey obeyed, but his pupils had contracted, and there was a new light in them—the red passion that one sees blazing from the eyes of a cornered rat.

"Hold out your paws," the warden continued, as he jingled a pair of handcuffs. Lacey did so, and the gesture was followed by a flash of fire and a sharp report. The warden jumped back, clutched at his shirt, and fell; and then Lacey toppled over on him in a dead faint.

When he came to, his head and shirt were wet, and Bill stood by with an empty pail.

"Well," Bill remarked, "are you locoed yet?"

Lacey sat up and held his head. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I seem to remember—Oh, my God!" He sprang to his feet and glared about him, his eyes searching for something they could not find.

"Where—where is it?" he gasped.

"I buried it with the deer."

"He's dead? Actually dead? I've murdered him?"

"That's a ugly word, kid, but there ain't no controvertin' that he's dead, sure pop. Are you straightened out yet?"

Lacey broke into a passionate wail and covered his face. "My God!" he sobbed. "I'm a murderer—they'll hang me!"

"Now, don't you go nutty again," Bill cautioned. "You brace up an' be somethin' like a man. I'm goin' to pack up an' wander over into Utah, an' if you take my advice, you'll ride to the railroad like as if nothin' had happened. Then you'll get out o' this country as quick as God'll let you."

"Yes," Lacey returned, "I'll go home. How can I reach a station?"

"Come on an' saddle up," Bill responded. "See that bald mountain over there? Well, there's a road runnin' on t'other side o' that, an' when you hit it—which'll be about dark—you turn north an' keep on goin'. Here's some blankets; I'll fasten 'em to the saddle. You got to camp whenever you see water an' grass, but to-morrow noon'll find you in Fryngpan. There's a train goes through there to the plains every evenin'—an' every mornin', too, but you can't catch that one. Good-bye, kid. Brace up, now, an' don't let on. Nobody'll tumble, an' you was locoed, so it ain't exactly your fault. It just happened."

Lacey nodded and rode away, but his heart was heavy, and a black shadow drifted along behind him. He reached the road without incident and turned north as directed, but he did not stop when a fit camping place was reached. Instead, he rode steadily through the night, and the morning found him, fagged and ugly, at Fryngpan.

He put his horse in a livery and inquired when the train would arrive. It was not due until 10 o'clock; so he went to the hotel for breakfast. He sat down opposite a bearded fellow, who nodded affably.

"How," he said. "Stranger here? Looks like you'd been a ridin' all night." He laid down his knife as he spoke.

"Yes," Lacey responded, "I—I wanted to catch the train."

"U—m; what might your name be?"

Lacey hesitated. "It's Jones," he said, "Richard Jones."

"Easterner?"

"Yes; I've been with a—a camping party south of here."

"I see. Got a sudden call to the city, eh?"

"That's it. A friend of mine—hurt on the street—must see him at once."

"U—m; queer hour y' got word out in them hills. Who told you?"

Lacey's invention failed him, and he stuttered an unintelligible reply. Then the other grinned.

"I reckon you don't want no train this mornin'," he said. "I'm Davidson—marshal here—an' I know just what's happened. You shot a deer an' the warden dropped down on you; an' you're makin' tracks for tall timber. Might as well give up that idea, because I'm goin' to hold you till to-morrer."

Lacey felt his brain whirling insanely again, but he mastered himself. "Keep cool, keep cool," he repeated over and over as he stared across the table. "I'm lost if I loose my head." Then aloud: "I've told you my story; you're at liberty to think what you please, for I'll say no more."

Davidson laughed. "All right, old buck," he answered. "You come along an' sit in the office. We'll wait an' see what happens."

Lacey bought a cigar and went. "You're pretty cool," the marshal remarked. "Likely you think the warden won't get here, and I'll let you go to-morrer, eh? Well, you just listen to my yap." He waved his forefinger under the other's nose. "If that warden don't come in by mornin', me an' you'll saddle up an' ride out after him."

Lacey bit his cigar in two, and his hand trembled as he threw the pieces away, but he showed no other signs of the wild emotion that possessed him. The day

seemed an Artic one, and sometimes he fancied that Davidson was a new Joshua, but night fell at last and Lacey was locked up.

In the morning the marshal saddled the horses, and the two men rode out together into the silent, dream-haunted hills.

* * *

Months later the department store tried to learn what had become of its man, Richard Lacey; but it never found out. There is a rough outlaw with the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, who is said by his partners to be one of the worst men in the hills. His name is Dick Jones, though he is commonly called "Loco," and he is wanted for the murder of Davidson, and for many later and more notorious crimes. He could tell you all about Richard Lacey.

EDEN POSTPONED

By Christabel R. Sobey

IN a tropical garden, dense and sweet, Sam West lay at full length in a hammock lazily smoking a cigarette. His sensuous nature was drinking in the soft Brazilian music floating from the house, as part of the perfect moonlight night. His thoughts, if he had any, were of the comfortable present, rather than of the strenuous past or the uncertain future, and he felt a vague, indefinable resentment when the music stopped suddenly.

A girl in white appeared among the long palm-leaf shadows lying on the gravel paths.

"Why stop?" inquired Sam plaintively.

"Because I want to talk to you," she said with perfect frankness.

Sam sat up and threw away his cigarette.

"Miss Elizabeth, you alarm me. After all these days when you have so palpably ignored my devotion, something serious must have happened to make you come to me. Something serious, indeed!"

He led the way to a bench, deep in the shadow of some thick bushy plants, and sat thinking during Elizabeth's hesitating silence.

When he and Jack Hardesty, together with a certain professor from one of the lesser American colleges, all intent on coral specimens, had first arrived in Pernambuco, they found the whole country in an uproarious ferment over America's war with Spain and the apparently approaching trouble with Bolivia. Fearing trouble, they had gladly accepted the invitation of the English consul and his daughter to make his house their refuge.

During a long delay, occasioned by their inability to beg, buy or steal a boat in which to make their extended trip in and about the coral reefs, their little hostess had become very fond of the lively college graduates.

On their sudden forced return into town after fracasés with the natives at every village where they stopped for provisions, the Englishman had lodged them in an outhouse in his high-walled garden, where, he thought, they would be safe. His daughter was at the same time enjoying every minute of their stay, nothing having happened to break the playful serenity of their intercourse, the harmless nonsense of the college men serving to hide their anxiety.

"Sam, have you and Jack quarreled?" she asked at last.

"Why, er—no. That is, we had a small difference of opinion about—er. But you couldn't call it a quarrel, you know."

Elizabeth leaned back and picked a white, heavily scented flower, and sniffed at it absently. Sam, watching her with his poetic soul in his eyes, forgot his worries again. How she fitted into the night, this transplanted English rose!

"Where's the Professor?" asked she, turning her gaze slowly upon him.

"Down in the bathhouse, sorting bugs," he sang flippantly, beating the wooden seat with his palms in accompaniment to the air. But his eyes, which denied the flippancy, were hidden from her.

"And Jack?"

"Couldn't say. Have cut him off the list of my acquaintances for the rest of the day."

"Why?"

"I told you we had differed—on a very important question, by the way. How did you know anything was wrong?"

"By your excessive politeness at dinner, and your avoidance of each other afterwards."

"Where do you suppose he is?" lazily inquired Sam. "He isn't in the bathhouse—unless he's sulking under one of the beds."

"I'm worried, Sam, really," rebuked the girl. "You don't suppose he's wandering around the town after what father said to you both, do you?"

"Let's talk about something more interesting," was Sam's answer. "Let's talk about ourselves, for instance. Sooner or later I must give in to Jack and leave this Garden of Eden. Will you miss me?"

But Elizabeth was impatient of his tender words. "Sam, he's not in the house and he's not out here, and I don't believe he's in the bathhouse. Where is he? Father says that ever since that gunboat was sighted this afternoon, the people have been wild to arrest you Americans. They are terribly in sympathy with the Spaniards in this war, and the talk about Bolivia has driven them crazy. Oh, I know he is out somewhere in that reckless way of his! I'm dreadfully worried. If you had only gone away on that last steamer!"

During Elizabeth's words Sam had stiffened up, his hands had plunged deep into his pockets, and the real obstinacy of the man at last looked through the college veneer.

"We couldn't go away because our work is not finished. There is no real danger to us as long as we behave ourselves. Yes, I know what the others say, and I know your father thinks we're foolhardy to stay. That was why we quarreled, Jack and I. He keeps talking about our having to go, and I told him flatly that I wouldn't. I said he and the Professor could go, but Jack said—well, I said—But what does that matter? I won't go, that's all."

Elizabeth was distressed. She watched him as he sat kicking at the gravel under his feet, trying to think of some argument strong enough to move him.

"Why must I go?" he went on recklessly. "See here. Hidden away in that bathhouse, safe inside this garden, I can be quite safe until this trouble blows over. If Jack and the Professor go they will think I'm in the party—these patriotic people of this crazy town, I mean. Anyway, the mythical maps and charts made for our government would assuredly go with them, wouldn't they? Well, what difference would it make if they did find out I was here?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure you're all wrong," cried Elizabeth. "I don't know what to say to you, but I know your logic is all crazy. Why do you want to stay in the garden doing nothing, when you could be doing good work somewhere else? You have kept making your work the excuse for staying and now you say—"

"Don't you understand, little girl? Can't you see that it is you I can't leave? Don't you know that you are the Eve of this wonderful Garden of Eden? You don't want me to go, do you dear? We have been so happy here. You must have known I loved you. I didn't mean to say anything about it until I was sure you cared for me though. You have been so distant lately, that—that I knew you understood what I—" He drew a long breath. "Elizabeth, could you ever care for me?"

The girl raised a dismayed, troubled face to his.

"Sweetheart, you don't mean—" he began, but she interrupted him by springing to her feet and giving a little cry.

"Hark! Listen! What was that?" Loud and clear over the waters of the bay came the notes of a bugle.

"That's taps, dear," he whispered. "That gunboat of Uncle Sam's that came in to-day. Do you know what it says?"

"No, no! Not that. Listen again."

They heard distinctly the sound as of some one fumbling at the gate latch, and then a low knocking.

"It may be Mr. Hardesty—Jack," she cried, springing up. "Let me open the gate. It might be a trap, a trick to get hold of you," she added, as they hastily crossed the garden.

"Bother!" said West, and with a bound had reached the gate and shot back the bolt.

Elizabeth heard a smothered cry, and the gate was slammed in her face. She sat down upon a garden bench, her senses dizzy with the suddenness of the event. They had him. That was clear. But who was it? And which way had they gone? Catching her black lace mantilla from her shoulders, she covered her golden head and fair face, opened the gate softly and peered out.

There was a knot of men on the street corner going toward the bay. She ran across the garden to a low gate, almost hidden in shrubbery, and opened it a little. There she crouched until the men passed by. She distinctly saw Sam's fair head and tall figure among them. Softly following them at some distance, she saw them enter a large house fifty rods down the street.

"Olivera's house! Olivera, my father's friend!"

Safe inside the garden, she ran to the old Professor, who was placidly sorting specimens.

"Is Mr. Hardesty in yet?" she called, trying to fight down the fear that he, too, had been kidnaped. Serene in his unconsciousness of anything outside his work, the scientist did not notice her perturbation, merely shaking his head and smiling as he pasted a label on a tiny box.

Running to the house, she searched all the rooms and the dusky, silent patis into which they all opened. She saw no one but a black man asleep on a bench.

"Oli! Oli!" she cried, shaking the bench violently. The black man rose sleepily.

"Where is my father?"

He shook his head.

"Hello, little Miss Elizabeth!" called a merry voice, and Elizabeth, running to meet the white figure approaching through the dimness, stumbled and almost fell.

"What is it?" he whispered as he helped to steady her. "Has anything frightened you? Where's everybody?"

"It's Sam," she wailed. "He—they—and I thought they had you, too. I couldn't do a thing. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Where is Sam?"

"They have taken him away. You see, I let him open the gate, and they—Oh, Jack, do something, do something and hurry!" She caught his arm appealingly. "But what are you doing like this? These clothes—your skin so dark—oh, am I crazy?" She leaned dizzily against a pillar, her hand to her head.

"It's all right," he cheerily explained. "I've been playing Haroun Al Raschid. Look like a really, truly half-breed, don't I? Been all over town. Passed your father, and he didn't know me. Isn't it great? And say, Elizabeth, that gunboat will send an escort for us and take us on board in the morning." He took off his straw hat and tossed it.

"Yes, yes, but Sam?"

"Oh, I'll find him in short order," cried the confident young fellow. "These clothes will take me anywhere. Which way did the ruffians go? You said somebody took him away, didn't you?"

"Yes, I watched them go, too. I followed them and saw them go into Olivera's house. I didn't know what to do—I was all alone—I—" She shuddered.

"You must help me, then, for I've a plan. Come, quickly, and show me the house."

When they re-entered the garden he sent her to the servants' quarters for women's clothing, which he proceeded to put on over the garments he was wearing.

"Can Sam get into these, all right?" he gasped.

"Yes, yes. They are Big Sal's. He's taller, but not so—oh, there! This string ties so." With her hands trembling with excitement, she adjusted the brilliant scarf over his head. "Go, and hurry!"

"Now, child, don't you worry. We'll both turn up safe in a few minutes. Get a heavy shawl and sit right here by this little gate until you hear three knocks. Don't open to anything else."

He was gone, and Elizabeth, crouching by the gate, watched him enter Olivera's house, and then closed it noiselessly. She heard her father come in, but was afraid to leave her post to go to him. He called, but receiving no answer, he must have thought she had gone to bed, for he put out all the lights. Sitting there in the shadows she prayed for Sam's safe return. There would be no question of his leaving her now—that had all been settled for him. But before he went she would tell him—

Three knocks, and Elizabeth opened the gate. In crawled two figures, one a woman's, and Elizabeth smothered a scream of laughter.

"I've been crawling in the gutter," explained cheerful Sam. "We thought it was safer that way. You see, Jack thought the length of this skirt was dangerous. He said I put my legs too far through it."

"Doesn't he look like a giantess?" asked Jack, chuckling. "And wasn't he scared?"

"How did you find him?" asked the girl breathlessly. "Didn't anybody—"

"Door was open. I walked in. Men and lights in first room. I tiptoed by. Second room dark, impatient footsteps inside. Pushed back bolt, dressed my lady, and here we are."

Sam had removed the muddy garments and was gazing at his dirty hands.

"You wouldn't wait out here until I washed, would you, Elizabeth?" he asked eagerly.

Jack looked at her, grasped the situation, and came to the rescue.

"Yes, she will," he answered. "I have something to tell her while you're gone. Don't hurry."

Elizabeth followed him to the bench in the shadows, where he took her hands in his.

"Little girl," said he, "I wish you joy. Sam is a noble fellow, and you will be very happy together."

"But we—but I—oh, you're quite mistaken!" exclaimed the girl, confusedly.

"Perhaps a little premature, but not mistaken," he answered quietly. "Now, Sam will be here in a moment, and you must listen to me first. When I told him that we were to move hence to-morrow, the captain of the gunboat being willing, he flatly refused. He said—well, it wasn't polite. But he intimated that we were a crowd of afraid-cats, your father included. There is real danger, for all our actions, though quite innocent, have been against us. We did explore reefs. We did make maps of them. Do you think we could persuade these hot-headed patriots that our motives were purely scientific? We're safe on the gunboat. She's come in for water, and will take us to safer reefs down the coast."

"Well, will Sam go, now?" The real misery in her voice appealed to the man.

"Yes," he said. "He knows now what to expect if he stayed here."

"Oh, I wouldn't have him stay now for anything in the world. He can come back later, can't he? It's hard—" with a sob. "There, he's calling me. I shall see you to-morrow before you go, Jack. Good-night."

He sat where she left him, and presently an uncomfortable little laugh came forth.

"I didn't tell her the truth, after all," he thought. "But it's just as well. She would have told him, probably, and all my work to get him away from this dangerous paradise would have been lost. Anyway, they would never have forgiven me. Olivera won't tell, and I can fix her father all right. It would have been a joke if Sam had recognized me among the kidnappers, though."

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

By Florence Martin Eastland

THE warning whistle of a departing steamer accelerated the steps of the hurrying crowd. Before the dock was reached I was pushed on the heels of two men who were talking animatedly.

"Yes, I am going to Victoria on the Robert Boyd," I heard one say. "You see he has been in Alaska for ten years, and is now coming out with a fortune. He hasn't a relative on earth. He will probably lose all his money in speculation—"

"As so many of them do," interrupted the older man.

"Unless I can sell him a big annuity. He reaches Victoria to-day, and I will do business with him or my name is not Ludlow. When we were chums at college he usually relied on my judgment."

"Success to you," returned the other. "By the way, did you know your premium was due?"

"Sure; I settled with the cashier before I left. If anything should happen to me, Wells, my wife and baby are protected. And if what I expect happens, if I sell this annuity, the mortgage on my home will be paid and a snug sum placed to my credit in the bank."

Just then the crowd parted and the two turned to the left where the steamer lay, while I joined my friend. We rowed out in the bay to his vessel, which was waiting ready to sail. As we passed the steamer I saw the younger of the two men standing near the rail of the lower deck. He waved his hand to his friend and shouted, "Good-bye, Wells." We boarded our bark, and the wind being favorable, we soon set sail.

The afternoon of the second day we were nearing the mouth of the Strait when we sighted a large piece of wreckage drifting toward us with the incoming tide. On closer inspection it proved to be a portion of the upper deck of a steamer. Lying across it with one hand grasping the broken railing was the figure of a man almost nude. A boat was lowered and the unconscious man taken aboard.

The usual methods failed to resuscitate him. We were about to give him up as dead when he suddenly opened his eyes and looked at us vaguely. A warm drink still further revived him. At length he hesitatingly inquired:

"What vessel is this?"

"The Sophie May," answered the Captain.

"For what port is she bound?"

"Nome; with a cargo of lumber."

Presently he passed his hand across his eyes and pushed from his forehead his wet hair, which was curiously streaked with white. He shuddered as he weakly said, "It was an awful sight when the steamer went down."

"What steamer?" I asked.

"I—do not know," he said at length.

The Captain and I stared at each other in surprise, and I interrogated further.

The man appeared to answer with difficulty or else to deliberate on the nature of his communications; but which I could not determine.

"What is your name? From where do you come?"

"John—Bixbee." A long pause. "From Dawson."

He was too much exhausted for further conversation, and we assisted him to a bunk near mine. Being the idlest person on board, for several days I acted in the capacity of nurse to the man. As his strength returned he grew less taciturn, and I found him an intelligent, agreeable gentleman.

He displayed a peculiar reticence concerning himself. Never once did he refer to the wreck. In some inexplicable manner we inferred that Bixbee must have been aboard a Dawson steamer, although we saw no further signs of her. I was greatly surprised when Bixbee approached me toward the end of the voyage.

"Scott," he began rather diffidently, "have you any definite business plans when you reach Nome?"

"None in particular. I am going to prospect. I have some money and a good outfit, and I thought I could 'grub-stake' some man to go out with me."

"Will you take me?" he asked eagerly. "Of course I lost all—in the wreck. I made considerable money mining near Dawson, but I never did the actual work. Still I am strong and willing and would like you to give me a trial."

"Done," I answered, and we sealed the agreement with a hearty hand-clasp.

For two years John Bixbee and I labored early and late. Slowly our little pile grew. By the time we worked out our last claim we felt an insistent longing for civilization, and concluded we had enough money to start us in business. We had grown to depend on each other, Bixbee and I, and our intercourse was untroubled. We had no thought of separation.

"Dick," observed Bixbee on the southbound steamer, "we have discussed various business enterprises without making a choice. Why not try life insurance?"

"I don't know a thing about it."

"I feel as if I were familiar with the subject, although I must possess my knowledge intuitively. I have a friend in the business in Seattle, Harrison Ludlow. We might interview him."

On reaching Seattle we hunted up the insurance company for which Bixbee's friend worked as a special agent. We found the manager, who gazed at Bixbee in wide-eyed amazement as he answered the inquiry for Ludlow.

"Harrison Ludlow? You gave me an awful start. Bless me, man, I took you for his ghost."

"I beg your pardon. Not—"

"Dead these two years. Went down on the Robert Boyd."

Bixbee was visibly overcome.

"A dreadful calamity," continued the manager. "I saw Ludlow board the steamer on that fateful trip."

"I remember," I interrupted. "He was telling you he was going to Victoria to meet a friend from Alaska to whom he expected to sell an annuity."

"Probably myself," said Bixbee.

"And now that you have called my attention to it, Mr. Wells," I went on, "I notice the resemblance between Bixbee and Ludlow. I always fancied I had seen Bixbee before."

"How strange," remarked Bixbee. "No one else ever spoke of our being alike, and we were college chums."

"There is a difference," observed Wells, studying Bixbee critically. "You are much older; yet that might be due to your white hair. Your features are much the same. But your manner is entirely different."

We talked business for awhile, and ended by each writing his name on an agent's contract. A desk was assigned to each of us. By a strange chance the one formerly used by Ludlow was given to Bixbee. He was seated at it when several of the old agents entered the room. As one man they stopped and stared.

We were at the hotel but a few days when Bixbee informed me he had found

an excellent private boarding place. We made the change immediately, finding it quite to our liking.

One evening we were sitting on the wide veranda enjoying the magnificent view of the bay. I was so absorbed that I did not miss Bixbee until I heard his voice in earnest conversation on the lawn adjoining. Looking in that direction I saw him walking about with a pretty child's hand in his own and listening to her prattle with evident enjoyment.

"Where are you, Edith?" called a sweet-looking woman as she came around the house with an armful of roses.

Before Bixbee could lift his hat the woman dropped her flowers and, with a sharp cry of "Harrison!" fell to the ground. Bixbee was plainly worried over the affair.

"Dick, I do not like this resemblance business," he confided to me. "Isn't it strange no one ever noticed it at college? I feel that I owe an apology to that poor little woman."

In the weeks that followed he consumed much of his time in apologizing to Mrs. Ludlow or to consoling her. His visits grew longer and more frequent, till I was quite prepared for his announcement, "Mary—I mean Mrs. Ludlow—has promised to become my wife."

So impatient was Bixbee for the wedding that it took place very soon. I acted as best man, and later became a member of the Bixbee household as boarder and confidential friend.

There was no doubt that Bixbee was very happy or that he adored both wife and child. Yet occasionally a shadow rested on his face for which I could not account till a few months after his marriage.

Mrs. Bixbee was sewing near me on the porch while her husband, closely followed by Edith, was gardening a little about the yard. She sighed as she said:

"How much John reminds me of Harrison. Sometimes I am really startled by the similarity, and a few times I have been so indiscreet as to mention it to John. I fear he feels I married him because of the resemblance only. And occasionally I wonder if such were not the case. I can not tell, I am sure."

Feeling rather indisposed one forenoon in the sixth month since Bixbee's marriage, I preceded him to lunch at the house. I lay on the couch in the back parlor when I heard his latch key.

"That you, John?" I lazily asked without rising as he came into the room. He stopped quickly with a surprised "I beg your pardon."

"I was feeling rather knocked out, so I did not wait for you," I answered.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated. "I don't quite understand. Are you a friend of Mary's?"

His wife came down the stairs melodiously humming an old love song. An expression of relief crossed his face and he wiped the big drops from his forehead.

"Thank God, Mary, you are here. I fear I am going to be ill. I am surely laboring under a terrible delusion. As I came home just now everything seemed changed since morning—new buildings, improvements on the streets, and not a familiar face. I thought I must have lost my mind."

The postman's whistle sounded unheeded by either. I went to the door and received a letter for Mrs. Bixbee, which I gave her. Bixbee, standing close by her, read the superscription.

"Mrs. John Bixbee," he exclaimed. "The postman has made a mistake. Here, let me have the letter and I will return it as he leaves the next house."

He snatched it hastily, but she laid a detaining hand on his arm. "It is mine, John."

"John," he repeated. "Are you, too, losing your mind that you should forget my name is Harrison?"

I was dumb with astonishment; but the wife gently drew Bixbee to the couch, and placing her arm lovingly in his, softly said:

"Dearest, tell us what you mean. Are you not John Bixbee?"

"Am I? Great heavens! why do you ask such a question? You know he is the college chum who is coming from Alaska. I am going over to Victoria on the Robert Boyd to—Great God! The Robert Boyd went down. Tell me," he cried, wringing his hands, "tell me if that is so, or is it another phase of my insanity?"

His wife had fainted, so I replied.

"The steamer sank three years ago."

"Three years!" he gasped. "Where have I been all this time?"

"With me; and you were called John Bixbee."

A STRATEGY IN PHYSIC

By Charles Ellis Newell

Author of *A Tip from Jupiter*, *An Artistic Vengeance*, Etc.

WHILE the majority of the pioneers to the southern part of Oregon were stampeding around in search of pay dirt, a few who had brought their families, possibly being more inclined to settle down and likely attracted by the richly pine-wooded district, conceived the idea of starting a sawmill, the product of which they saw—with true Yankee sagacity—would soon be profitable and more permanent than the elusive pay streak.

There proved to be no error of judgment, for the rapidly increasing demand for lumber soon swelled, what began as a mere logging camp, into a thrifty village of some forty families with numerous offspring, which—"race suicide" then being unheard of—multiplied to such an extent as to demand a temple of learning.

This edifice was erected about a quarter of a mile from the cluster of houses surrounding the mill, in a grove of trees. Here were held all social and public functions, from the Friday afternoon declamations to the grave matters of municipality and the welfare of the public weal.

For a time all seemed to run on Arcadian lines in this embryo metropolis, until a long continued spell of cold, wet weather developed a disease that threatened extermination of the infantile population of Wilcut, which was diagnosed by the anxious mothers—there being no doctor nearer than a hundred miles—as croup.

Application of such remedies as the limited knowledge of Wilcut suggested proving ineffectual, and the stock of castor oil in Lank Peters' general store exhausted without avail, a consultation was held in the school house to devise ways and means for the extermination of the fell scourge.

If all the remedies proposed at this council had been recorded, they would probably have proved the foundation for a new school of "materia medica." However, Mr. Peters, with an inspiration born of stress of circumstances, suddenly remembered that syrup of ipecac was the one thing needed for such an emergency; the mere mention of which brought such a flood of remembrance to the others that the remedy was adopted immediately, and Mr. Peters commissioned to procure a supply as soon as possible by special courier, regardless of expense.

But here Mr. Peters' knowledge of medicine came to an abrupt halt, for by no amount of exercise of his mental energies could he satisfactorily determine what amount of the drug to send for or what constituted a dose. But the exigencies of the situation requiring immediate action, and diplomatically comprehending that a critical crisis demands heroic treatment, he therefore resolved to be on the safe side, and sent for ten gallons of the saving compound, which duly arrived in various sized packages, which the faithful messenger explained by saying that "he had to scour the hull damned town of Portland over to get it."

Whether it was owing to the efficacy of the treatment, or the influence of the balmy summer air, the end of June saw the end also of the last case of the membranous menace. It was resolved to celebrate this event with joy and thanks-

giving; and in view of the nearness of the Fourth of July, it was deemed appropriate to make this the occasion for a befitting demonstration of gratitude, both for past and present deliverance.

With that enthusiasm so characteristic of the Western argonaut, elaborate preparations were made to make the "National Bird" dilate his vocal organs.

There was to be a salvo at sun-up, from the village anvil, followed by a parade in the forenoon, headed by "Ike Finn" with his fiddle, and the Tomkey brothers, each with a snare drum and fife, including the volunteer fire bucket brigade with bright red shirts, and a cart with a dry goods box throne tastefully draped, whereon should repose a diaphanous Goddess of Liberty. Lank Peters—arrayed as Uncle Sam—was to read the Declaration of Independence after the procession arrived at the school house, which had been decorated with evergreens and flags.

The afternoon was to be given over to games and contests for both old and young. In the evening there was to be a grand (pine) torchlight procession ending at the school house, where the inspiring strains of "Old Dan Tucker," "Sugar in the Corn," etc., at the hands of the inimitable Ike Finn, should invite terpsichorean revelry until midnight, when the day's festivities were to close befittingly with a grand banquet served on long improvised tables against the sides of the school house.

These preparations—the luscious pies, the frosted cakes, the bakings and boilings and the discussion of liquid refreshments—were viewed by old "Sand-in-His-Eyes" and his band of dirty Siwashers—who loafed about the town—with Indian stoicism, but with heaven only knows how much inward turbulence of spirit.

The Indians—near two hundred—lived at a rancheria about three miles from Wilcut, and had never been known to be hostile to the settlers, coming and going at will, and were looked upon much as a village dog; sometimes employed doing chores or other light work, the compensation for which being quickly exchanged for something stronger than water.

Whether the outbreak was a thirsty yearning, inspired by these anticipatory demonstrations, or the cropping out of the warlike instincts of their forefathers, will never be rightly interpreted. However, a few days preceding the Fourth, old "Sand-in-His-Eyes," the tribe's medicine man, and several other "high muck-a-mucks" went into executive session, resulting in much bonfires, dancing, howling, and savage adornment of person, and inflammatory addresses by insidious spellbinders.

Rumors of the bellicose doings of the despised aboriginee disturbed the good citizens of Wilcut not any, who complacently carried out their program as arranged, up to the scheduled "revelry by night." In the midst of resounding boot heels, laughter, and grand right and left, there burst in among them an excited messenger with the tidings that the Indians had broken out and were headed that way, bent on a general massacre.

Lank Peters rose to the occasion, also to a table, where, like an ancient Rienzi, he quelled the rising confusion.

"Ladies and Gents," said he. "These varmints think they're goin' to take us onawares, and this is the fust point they will attack; they'll come right in here, an' I'll fix 'em. You men, scatter fer yer shootin' irons. You wimmin, take to the brush with yer infants. I'll do the rest."

Without further words, he dashed out the door, mounted a cayuse, and started on a furious gallop toward town. When he returned about ten minutes later all was quiet, not a soul was to be seen, which told him that his instructions had been obeyed.

Carefully holding an armful of packages, he ran into the building, which was still bright from the many burning candles. Just as the woods were echoing with war whoops, he reappeared with a grin on his face, and with a muttered, "I reckon that'll fix 'em," slid into the dense shadows of the trees.

However much the Indians marveled at their easy capture, and whatever of disappointment or chagrin they felt in their failure of wholesale extermination, their feelings were in a measure compensated by the sight that met their gaze when they crowded into the deserted school house.

On each side was ranged rough tables, laden with everything dear to the human palate, from pie and cake to roast turkey and chicken. But what was more to the taste of the thirsty warriors, was the ostentatious display of several gallon demijohns and numerous black bottles distributed over the banquet boards.

Thus whetted, the appetite of these primeval men chafed with impatience the signal of their chief, who, after gravely inspecting the contents of one of the bottles, finally gave the delayed sign for the orgie to begin.

The chief—perhaps because of his long interview with the black bottle—was the first to pause in his gastronomic exercises. In the act of raising a succulent morsel of turkey to his mouth, his eyes suddenly took on a far-away look and his mouth twitched convulsively.

Perhaps in that moment of introspection something in his inner being said to him that he had not been a good Indian. At least something mighty stirred within him, as he gave a spasmodic leap into the air, and with a yell that would have put a steam calliope out of commission, broke for the door and disappeared into the night.

It was only a matter of a minute or so more until the whole band of conscience-stricken Siwashes blazed a wide trail from there to the rancheria; nor did they stop until they had removed a hundred miles further from temptation. And it was many years before an Indian could be persuaded to come within ten miles of Wilcut.

But Lank Peters—with a wisdom gathered from close observation—disagrees emphatically in the general belief that "the only way to make a good Indian is to kill him."

"Just give him a good stiff dose of ipecac," says he.

TANAKA THE COWARD

A Story of the Russo-Japanese War

By J. Gordon Smith

OVER the mountain track the ever-lurching kuruma had jolted me down to Chuzengi; the untiring kurumaya had jogged mile after mile, his brown skin glistening with moisture and caking with dust. His mushroom hat had bobbed before me, and, winking in the pitiless glare, I had seen dimly a ghostly landscape beyond a screen of dancing hats. The open shojis of the lake-side teahouses, revealing the lake, cool and blue, beyond the matted verandas, had been so inviting—and I had not resisted the invitation.

The flutter of a gay kimono, the twang of a samisen, the sight of dainty "musmees" flitting like the butterflies they so much resembled, and I capitulated. Vainly the kurumaya said, "Honorably pardon, the august hotel is but one ri more." What else I had thought when the jinriksha stopped before the open door, now I knew my destination was here at the "august teahouse of the Honorable Stork."

There, as the sun sank, I drank tea, kneeling the while on a balcony that looked out upon a lake beyond which a dull brown hill showed hazily; beyond that hill was the world. Plaintively attuning the old song to her tinkling samisen, O Haru San, the fairy sprite of this lakeside Elysium, sang for me:

"Time never changed since the way of the gods,
The flowing of water; the path of love."

I heard many songs as the day waned, and I listened, reclining on the cushion the maid brought me, while the geisha told me of her lover. Together we looked out across the waters watching the bamboo-ribbed sails that were filling in the evening wind—and one of those junks, whose sails glowed red and gold in the fading sunlight, held the man who was loved by the dainty O Haru San.

When the paper lanterns glowed mellow and the high-pitched voices of geisha mingled with twang of samisen and tinkling of koto; when the rice-paper panels of the hamlet homes silhouetted the feasting villagers who sat behind them, the fisherman would come. And O Haru San would be glad. Together we tossed broken biscuits to the gold fish which swam in the pool below the balcony, a pool bounded by quaint grottos and crumbling stone lanterns, lilliputian hills and tiny shrines like miniatures of temples—a little world with minute landscape cramped into the smallest space. What a land, this of Japan, this dreamland where colors fade only to blend with those more beautiful, where art lives unalloyed by the cankers of modern vulgarism!

How we dreamed; the temple gongs had resounded hollowly over the water, but they were lost in the common sound of song, music, and laughter. There were no temples, there was no world beyond that blue-gray hill across the lake; there was naught else but the teahouse of the Stork—and O Haru San.

Night came, moonbeams danced on the lake, fires showed faintly on distant shores, and glimmering lights shone dimly like far-away fireflies to warn the junkmen to steer clear. The dream was ending, for with the night came the villagers, young men whose fathers had been lords in the recent feudal days, samurai whose two swords were laid away, farmers and storekeepers—all speaking of one thing, the war just begun.

There were various rumors to tell. One said the Rokoku from the dewy land were coming to Korea in millions; another that more warships had been sunk by torpedoes; still another that the entrance to Port Arthur—Riojunkou—was now securely blocked. One told of the Tenshi Sama's dream of victory, others of omens the priests had noted, of how the doves had flown from the temple of Hachiman as they did when the war against China was begun.

The conversation of the habitues of the House of the Stork was all of the war; the conversation of all this quiet land was of war, and excitement had no part in that conversation.

From the balcony I watched them and the butterflies flitting among them with loaded trays, and, as I watched and listened, a sworded policeman, quaint with his white-braided uniform and brass buttons, came seeking several of the younger men. To those he sought he gave pink papers—the "doinrei"—which called them to the colors to give their lives for the Mikado.

Alone, looking over the still lake, watching its inky sheen and the shimmer of the lights, I sat smoking, reminiscently searching in memory's picture book for a face, when, in the dull glow of the paper lantern that swung some yards away, I saw O Haru San and her lover.

In his hand he held a pink paper.

* * *

The railway station was thronged. Its cemented pavement clacked loud with the clatter of thousands of stilt-like geta, bands flared noisily, brassily. Crowds surged with lofty banners swinging from tall bamboos, banners that were many hued and oddly inscribed with parting greetings to the soldiers; bright red-streaked standards and the Hino-maru, with its blood-red ball on a snow-white field, fluttered in the noon-day glare.

"Banzai—banzai. Nippon Teikoku Banzai—Banzai—San-ju-shi Rentai Banzai."

Again and again the thousands took up the cry. Japan, imperial country, for ten thousand years—His Majesty—the thirty-fourth regiment for ten thousand years. The bands were noisier, and, how odd, they were playing "The Battle

Hymn of the Republic." A whistle sounded, and hundreds of khaki-clad soldiers, with thirty and three pounds of impedimenta, which included everything from tant poles to spare boots, from a paper fan to a rice pannier, bowed stiffly among little groups of equally ceremonious relatives, and scrambled into a train whose porters were even then slamming the carriage doors.

A final toot, a re-echoing "banzai," and a forest of waving arms and fluttering flags, and only the rear-end buffers of a military train were seen at the platform's end. The thirty-fourth regiment had started for the front.

The House of the Stork was quiet when I returned—it is a dusty ride from the station. The samisens were laid away and the geisha, who had seen their dear ones go dry-eyed, wept behind the paper-screened partitions. O Haru San was saddest of them all.

"Honorably pardon," she said, when I asked her why she wept. "It is for shame; Tanaka San is a coward."

From O Toyo San I heard all. In this land of bravery and fatalism, of duty and death, of a patriotism that is the embodiment of self-sacrifice, who would have thought to find a temple so prostituted as this disgraced Nakao-mura on Nakao hill? In all this land there was, doubtless, but one other such abhorrent place—that shrine near Kyoto where the cowardly Heimen of Osaka prayed to the gods of peace to aid them evade the conscription.

Nakao-mura is a lonely temple, deserted and with high-grown weeds hiding its once pretty courtyard with the rows of well-made, but now crumbled, lanterns; its gratings, age-worn and covered with dust, were thick with papers and offerings—amongst which was the prayer-paper with the written plea of Tanaka San, the deserter, who called upon the gods to save him from the army which sought him. He had deserted from the regiment I had seen leaving, even as it was being entrained. He had, in his ignorance, gone to the temple in the woods of Nakao hill, where the gods of his fathers would save him, and he would go back to O Haru San.

Toyo San told me of how he came back, at dead of night, and of how, with lashing tongue, O Haru San had told him she would have none of a coward.

The rest I did not hear until long afterward, when I sat at the edge of the "kowliang" on a Manchurian field watching the guns coming up for the battle of the morrow.

It was Tanaka, the coward, who told it to me. He had fled from the police who sought him, and hid in the confines of a city's yoshiwara with the courtesans, until, remorseful and sad, he put on the uniform they had given him and went to the barracks at Aoyama to rejoin the colors. He was a coward no more, he said, and he cursed the fishermen who had told him of the temple on Nakao hill as he waited the expected punishment.

All these things he told me—and more. He had snatched the captain's sword from its scabbard when the officer berated him for his desertion, and he would have committed "seppuka" and let his life's blood wash out his offense, but the officer stayed his hand.

"No, not thus," the captain had said. "Your life is forfeit; you should give it, but give it to the Emperor in battle, not worthlessly."

He would give it, and O Haru San would see that he was no coward.

I had given him a tin of corned beef; he had given me rice, and we ate as he told me these things. Then I left him, for the camp of the correspondents was afar, and it was night.

* * *

The battle had been waged for two full days, and it was eventide. Scattered over five hills, serried with trenches and covered ways, broken with gun pits and shelter galleries, were eighty thousand Russians, and a hundred thousand Japanese were hidden in a great plain, grown thick with giant millet. From the millet, as day dawned on August 29, a party of engineers crept into wire entanglements at the foot of a grassy hill and sought to cut the wires in the face of a rain of lead. Only a score returned; the others lay twisted and inanimate among the wires.

Battery after battery threw shrapnel and common shell, howitzers shrieked and their missiles whirled with a heart-rending twang, mortars hurled common shell and Shimose explosive to the parapetted trenches on the hill crests; the sky was thick with flashes and little smoke clouds which dissolved quickly after the shells broke in air to hurl their splinters onto the soldiers and their works. The whip-like smack sounded loudly at hand, and dully along the distant line; little geysers of earth were lifted, and the whole welkin was discordant with the tumult of war.

At times a broken line of brown, with sun flashes showing on the steel, ran from the tall grain and a rattling inferno echoed as the rifles and machine guns on the parapets swept down a cloud of missiles that cut swaths in that rushing line of men. There were cheers and shrieks and groans as the cruel barbs of the wire tore the flesh—heart-stirring cries as unfortunates tumbled into the pits to be impaled on the stakes therein.

For two days these things had been recurring; seven times a whole line assault had been repelled, and the defenders were still in the strongholds on the hills. The balloon of the enemy still ascended and descended, giving ranges to unseen batteries that fired indirectly from the back of the hills; the long lines of ponies carried ammunition cases from the south, blockades of thousands of lumbering Chinese carts with the stores of an army waited at the edge of the plain; orderlies galloped about; busy wiremen strung lines of shiny copper on little bamboo poles; bearers hurried up to relieve overworked men. How busy they were, these bearers; how busy were the surgeons with knife and scalpel in the usurped Chinese houses from whose tiled gateways red-cross flags drooped down.

Two days ago I had tied a Chinese pony to an altar in the courtyard of a lama temple, and had eaten fish and rice in a long-suffering battery, diving to the shelter pits as the gunners did; had trudged, foot-sore, with relief ammunition carriers, jolted over routes that were even worse than China's roads on lurching caisson carts; marched, singing as I went, with intrepid infantrymen, and wound tight my lint on the sore-torn arm of a comrade—and, when we sat in a hastily-sapped trench at eventide, awaiting orders, discussing the calls that Kuroki had sent for assistance that could not be given, Tanaka San came and offered me cigarettes.

As he left he shook hands; he intended to give his life for the Tenshi Sama that night.

* * *

It was a sight never to be forgotten. From the shelter of a Chinese burial mound near the base of the hill the flashing tongues of fire were seen plainly. The blue-black of the summer night was lit by the occasional flash and flame of breaking shrapnel. Machine guns rattled and rifles rolled, their line of flashees showing like the serrated sides of a massive comb of fire, and, beyond, a column of light was lifted into the dull blue as the far-away searchlights of Liaoyang were turned skyward.

Dull shadowy shapes moved at the hilltop, and, from the hiding places of the millet field came crowd after crowd, crouched and irregular, of rapidly-moving soldiery. They were like an army of gnomes coming from a mysterious blackness. Across the open space to the entanglements the shadowy gnomes ran, and from the hills came flash after flash. The noise became deafening. But soon the ear became accustomed to the roll. The noises which pierced the sore-tried drums were the shrieks, blood-curdling cries of the soldiers caught in the tangled wires and the barbarous pits. The clustered entanglements were thick with struggling men; no longer gnomes, but humans whose loud-voiced cries of pain stirred the heart.

Now see! There were accumulating groups on the grassy incline beyond the wires. More joined them. How they passed the thick-strewn wires and the rows of closely-sunken pits is more than I can tell. They were surging up the hill.

Oh, the horror of it all! With wildly swaying arms, men staggered and fell, clutching madly at the grass roots in the agony of death; rifles and swords were

thrown aside and men rolled down the slope, tripping those who came behind. From the trenches above poured a rain of lead, the seemingly unbroken line of flashes showing the fierceness of the fusillade. And ever the din of human voices seemed to rise above the roll of musketry.

"Banzai! Banzai! San-ju-shi Rentai! Banzai." It was the thirty-fourth regiment, waving its regimental banner, that was surging irresistably into the trenches, regardless of the gaps the enemy's rifles made.

Where did they come from, these on-rushing forms which went onward and upward and would not be stayed? To the stolid Siberians on the crest they must have seemed like demons who would not die. But they died.

Even as I looked the thirty-fourth regiment was being led by a soldier who had sprung out from among his comrades. It was Tanaka, the fisherman. The officers were all dead on the grassy incline. Waving the flag he had snatched from where it fell to the ground with its slain bearer, its broken pole thrown aside, Tanaka scrambled on into the enemy's trenches, and a shrieking, cheering, howling horde of demons surged in behind him.

The Siberians fought, giving thrust for thrust, blow for blow, bite for bite, and scratch for scratch, dying, even as did the assailants, with their teeth sunk in the throats of their foe, until those that remained scurried to the trench above, whence death had been raining on friend and foe as the maddened horde struggled in the broken trench.

On over the groaning forms, bayoneting the prostrate, the thirty-fourth regiment surged in the wake of the fisherman, to renew death's carnival in that narrow gully on the hill crest.

What they did that night showed horribly in the morn. Then the sun rose on trenches glutted to the parapets and glacis and approaches that were carpeted with mangled dead. It was a terrible place.

But the hill was carried, as were the others. The regiment had lost two-thirds of its numbers, but it was proud—especially of Tanaka San. How he survived surprises me. As the scavengers of the army, the burial parties and the bearer companies came to the hill followed by the flocks of carrion crows and the pariah dogs, and the field guns were moved to the plain beyond to batter the way into the city of Liaoyang, I met the remnant of the regiment marching out of the hill. I will not forget that scene.

The pathway was through a lane of dead, but the regiment was singing a gay marching song. Before it a betto led a riderless horse and carried a broken sword; he was the major's servant. Behind the led horse was a litter of branches, raised high on the shoulders of four soldiers, and on it sat Tanaka San, nursing a new bandaged arm and wearing a blood-soaked bandage about his head.

He sang, as did those who carried him. The bearers of another litter also sang, although they carried the dead body of the major, the mud-stained corpse hidden under the ragged regimental flag. Tired, hungered, but glad, the regiment trudged wearily, yet with a certain jauntiness, behind the litter of the regiment's hero and its dead commander, the wounded, with their unsoiled lint new-bound, staggering in the wake of the column.

I joined them, for I wanted to tell Tanaka San how pleased O Haru San would be when she heard of how Green Hill was taken.

In the field dressing station I found the fisherman, and together we drafted a letter to a geisha at the Honorable Teahouse of the August Stork.

* * *

Two months later the kurumaya set me down at the open shoji of the Tea house of the Stork. O Haru San and her sister geisha knelt low on the mats to welcome me, as O Toyo San untied my boots and the neisans—the elder sisters—brought me slippers. How beautiful the lake seemed now; how gay the passing junks. What a place this to sit and smoke and dream.

O Toyo had brought me tea, and I told her, as she sank down on to the cushion, that the song was pretty; that O Haru San sang well.

"The heart that is happy is full of song," said O Toyo quickly; "she is to be the wife of Tanaka, who comes, wounded, to escape the fighting."

"Bah," she said, "Tanaka is a coward."

But I knew different—so did O Haru San.

WHEN WAR EAGLE THROBBED

By C. H. Henry

"**Y**OU'RE my style of a man, Prescott, for a bookkeeper, but as a son-in-law—well, twenty years from now you'll probably still be humped on a stool for a hundred a month. Not saying but your job's a notch above the pick handle and you've prospects of climbing; but, man, the honeymoon trip would break you and then you'd be down on earth again with a lead pencil and no figures to work on. You say she loves you, and I suppose she does, in a way she'll naturally get over."

When Superintendent Banners, of the War Eagle Mining Company, concluded, Prescott's face showed the red and his lips moved as if to resent such an off-hand refusal.

Banners held up his finger. "The man who marries Mollie has got to look down the ladder, not up it."

Prescott winced and nodded. He understood.

It was noon hour and hastily changing coats he left the office just as the big mill whistle screeched the joyful news. A mule in a freight outfit unloading at the company store brayed a sonorous approval and the night shift turned over in their bunks and yawned a curse.

"I don't believe I want any lunch today," mused Prescott, and he turned aimlessly into a trail that crept around huge boulders here and there and then with frightful acclivity darted up and up.

"The great and only superintendent of the War Eagle Mining Company can't keep his bookkeeper from thinking of her, anyway," he confided to the trail, as he dug his toes into it and unforgivingly eyed a steep place ahead. "I guess it's up to some fellow with the glitter. It acts like an injection of strychnine on that heart of his."

The ceaseless stamps below pounded and the occasional boom of a blast was tossed from one echo to another till the last seemed to hush it with a reproving whisper. Old War Eagle Mountain was being utterly disembowled.

A low beckoning whistle halted Prescott. He threw a pebble at a chipmunk that scolded him from the branch of a mountain mahogany and then the flutter of a blue parasol in the mouth of the old tunnel used as a powder house caught his eye, and the very face that caused him to climb steep trails instead of lunching, peeped down at him. The chipmunk ran scolding to its mate as Prescott sat down beside the girl on an empty powder box.

"Well Mollie, I've done it."

"Pooh! anybody can climb that hill; you're short winded, that's all!"

"Short-sighted, too, I guess. At least I don't see how you are going to be Mrs. James Prescott."

The girl was pretty, small and dark. Anybody could love her on an hour's acquaintance and even a bookkeeper could be pronounced sane for begging a few moments' private conversation with the superintendent.

"Papa says I shouldn't come here. It's dangerous you know, because there's a carload of giant powder stored behind us. Don't you feel a little creepy?"

"Mollie, I'm a nonentity in his eyes. Luck has got to work double-shift with

me if we are married very soon. You'll be given to the first fool that comes along, if he happens to own a gold mine."

Her brown eyes were on the point of her parasol as she dug it into the gravel at her feet.

"Jim, why can't you buy War Eagle shares? Papa says they'll go ever and ever so much higher, and you've three thousand saved up. Your uncle is a stockholder and can't he get you 'inside the ring,' as papa says?"

"The president wouldn't waste a postage stamp on an offer for less than two thousand shares, and they're ten dollars per share; besides, Mollie, it would be just like buying a chance on you, and if the shares didn't boom, I wouldn't get you. Your father is steeped in mining booms, and he half regards you as a good prospect it would be well to hold for a higher bid."

A few loose pebbles, disturbed over the tunnel's mouth, fell into their laps; they started at the idea of an eavesdropper and, listening, heard footsteps running rapidly down the hill. Prescott sprang on a boulder and watched an opening below.

"I know who it is," said Mollie from the top of another boulder. "It's Jack Wilson, the man who discovered this mine."

"Wonder what he's slinking around here for; he's liable to get his neck twisted."

"Papa says he gets on a regular spree every time he comes over. He was prospecting here for the men who own the mine now, and was to have a third interest or something, but he claims they locked him out when they found he had struck it rich. He lives the other side of the mountain in the junipers, and makes periodical trips over to get drunk and swear vengeance on the mine and the men who swindled him."

The hard-hearted mill whistle screamed below them, and they picked their way down, hand in hand, separating when the window of the superintendent's office crept around in view.

The old tunnel, where they had met, was the first effort of the War Eagle Mining Company on a vein that "pinched out;" the mother lode had to be tapped farther down. Two hundred feet in length and timbered thoroughly, its end served as a store house for the tons and tons of giant powder, caps and fuse. While the tunnel was in progression a problem in the form of bad air hampered them, and a shaft or air vent had been sunk from above entering the tunnel nearly at its end. As bad air escapes with a draft, the vent served as a sort of chimney, sucking off the bad and drawing in the pure. Just beyond where the vent entered the tunnel was a door to which the shift bosses and superintendent only had keys.

The afternoon was hot. Even the mountain air seemed sleepy as Prescott perspired over the monthly report, casting an occasional longing look up at the comfortable looking white head of old War Eagle. The superintendent was showing the mine to some lace-booted, corduroyed gentlemen from Spokane, and Prescott worked lazily.

Below the mill, "tough town" fumed and cursed. Roney's cool beer was the only relief, and even the blacksmith came over to put his feet on a card table and cool off.

Jack Wilson was swaggering at the bar and drinking his grievance into larger proportions. "I tell you, boys, the whole d— camp ought to be wiped out. All I ever got could be put in your eye." The bartender grinningly nodded, as he wiped the bar with a mechanical right-arm swing.

Midnight and Prescott was still awake. At intervals he punched the pillow unmercifully, but the feathers only tantalized him by creeping into the corners.

Why was gold placed above life itself? Mammon must stick its ogre head into his visions. Surely a hundred a month would keep a wife.

He got up and sat at the window with his chin gripped hard in his hands. In the moonlight he saw a wobbling figure slowly climbing the trail to the powder tunnel. It was Jack Wilson taking the short cut to his cabin in the junipers.

"I tell you, boys, the whole d— camp ought to be wiped out. All I ever got could be put in yer eye," floated up to him in a drunken, whining voice.

Suddenly the big mill hushed its pounding with a wheeze and the whistle shrieked and screamed to the dwellers of the camp. A moment later a hundred lights were lit and loud cries and hurrying of hob-nailed feet jumbled in a roar.

The powder tunnel was on fire! The old, dry, half rotten timbers were blazing and crackling. Air vents could suck fire as well as air. A quarter of a mile to water—and up hill. A carload of giant would split old War Eagle from top to bottom and the mill—the store—the homes would be literally bombarded to splinters by huge boulders slung from a mighty catapult.

Jack Wilson, a diabolical grin on his drunken face, sat on a rock a mile up the mountain muttering, "The whole d— camp will be wiped out."

Far up the gulch the frenzied people ran to escape the awful cannonade soon to open.

The superintendent and Prescott, their clothing smoking and eyebrows gone, stayed, hoping to the last to catch the roaring monster gasping for breath and strangle it.

"Come on, Prescott!" shouted Banners. "The camp's gone. Let's save the women—my family—God! Did they go with the rest?"

The bookkeeper stood, a wild look in his eyes, gazing into the furnace.

"Come on!" shouted Banners in his ear, trying to drag him.

"Save them—Mollie—I'm going in—the other end—tear down the timbers—feed them to the fire."

Banners looked him in the face.

"Five minutes more she'll go. Good-bye, Prescott," and he was gone.

Prescott jerked up a tuft of green grass, dipped it into a bucket of water, then, clinching it in his teeth, he grasped an axe and plunged into the mouth of the blazing tunnel.

The fire, now half way in, sucked him gleefully on, and the heat seemed to bake him to the marrow. If he could only get through it. Smoking timbers were falling around him now. His arms clasped around his head, he charged the flames with the fierceness of a wild beast.

He fell; rose to his knees; he felt himself a coal of fire and loving tongues licked him. He crawled. The hot track rails marked great scars into his arms and legs. The heat grew less. Up now with the axe while strength was left, and he hurled timber after timber into the eager flames, wrenching them loose when he could, and chopping the rest.

Twenty feet of cleared space! and the flames lashed themselves into a fury as Prescott's hand felt the powder-house door. Three or four feeble blows battered it open and he fell in across a case of fuse.

The crowd up the gulch waited in vain for the rending of War Eagle. The superintendent led them back to their homes, thanking God, but no one heard a word from his lips.

They gathered about the mouth of the tunnel, and when the superintendent, followed by two shift bosses bearing a blistered form came out, they understood and bared their heads.

A doctor knelt, and when they heard the words, "A good nurse," the brown boulders of old War Eagle were nearly jarred from their beds by the cheer that went up—for one brave man.

Every woman in camp volunteered as nurse, but the doctor was one of those sly diplomats who believe one's heart should be in his work, so Prescott's blisters were lotioned and bandaged in the superintendent's own home.

A telegram arrived from the president of the company:

"Give P— anything he wants. Two thousand shares deposited to his credit."

The superintendent blinked only once and answered.

"Mollie is all he wants."

A DREAM

By Vlasta Houdek

BLUSTERING March had given away before April's tears, which in turn were dried by the persistently sunny nature of May. It was May that coaxed a green carpet from Mother Earth, that persuaded the flowers to unfold their soft petals; that clothed the naked trees in rustling leaves; that encouraged the birds in home-making among the leafy bowers. May did all this, but it was June, beautiful June, that with richest touch, tuned the earth and all creation to the one grand, perfect chord; that of life and love.

An old man, feeling its subtle power, was tempted out of doors for the first time in many weeks, and seating himself under a spreading maple, watched the dancing sunbeams at his feet, and listened to the leaves above, as they whispered to him of other days.

Pretty soon the snowy head began to nod drowsily, and the Goddess of Dreams, touching him with her magic wand, led him into a happy field, where the birds were singing and flowers nodded him welcome as they gaily rocked in the breeze. He looked wonderingly at the beauty around him.

"This is what Father Time calls Childhood," said she, smiling tenderly at him, as he once more trod the paths of those bygone years. Hardened by severer things, he did not feel the pebbles under foot that hurt him when, as a child, he had passed that way, nor did he feel the little thorns among the flowers he plucked, and she did not tell him of them.

"Father Time next brought you here," she continued, as they entered the field adjoining. "This is called Youth." He noticed the flowers here, although not so bright, were of a richer, deeper color, while the birds' warbling had a note of thoughtfulness in it.

They came to a stream of dark, turbulent water, and as they crossed over, some vague, half-forgotten memory seemed to bother the old man.

"That is the stream of Disappointment," said the Goddess of Dreams, in answer to his backward glance. "The first time you crossed it was not bridged, and being very deep and cold, you were almost overcome, but since then you have bridged it over with Faith, and this bridge seems to grow stronger and firmer each succeeding year."

The path seemed to get rough and more stony as they passed on, and he began to notice weeds growing among the flowers, and that a careless step brought him in contact with the thorns and prickly leaves of the same; and as he gathered the bright flowers of Ambition and Success, he found it impossible to pluck the same without getting in the sombre ones of Care, Sorrow, and Regret. He held a mixed bouquet, and in gazing at the bright blossoms, he seemed to forget the sombre ones, and, Goddess of Dreams, did you remind him of the pangs they had caused him, when, as a young man, he had in reality gathered them so many, many years ago? Soon they came to a single rose bush, weighted down with its burden of white, and sinking upon his knees, he pressed the nearest flower to his lips, while his companion laughed softly.

"That is the flower of Love, which you know so well," she said, and the flowers he already held in his hand drooped for an instant, but he did not cast them away, and thereafter the flower of Love was added to those he already held, and shed its fragrance about them, as they continued their journey through the Past.

He soon began to tire. "Let us rest here for a while," he begged of the Goddess of Dreams, but she shook her head. "Father Time would not hear of it; we are not half through Middle Age yet; wait until you reach the end of your journey, then you can rest; you have but one more field to cross," and with a sigh

he once more pressed forward, but he noticed the flowers that grew so thickly about them before were beginning to appear less and less often, until they finally came to the last field she had spoken of, and where only the white blossoms of Peace and Content waved in the restful breeze.

He felt weary, and with a last look on the now withered bouquet of Ambition, Work, and Success, with its clinging companions of Care, Sorrow, and Regret, he flung it from him and sank down to rest in the shade and quietness of Old Age.

The Goddess, never aging, looked pityingly at the bent form and bowed head, thinking with what reluctance he had come to this field, and cast off those flowers when he first entered it twenty years ago.

She stooped over him. "Once more we have gone over the Past," she whispered softly. "Now tell me what you would have liked best, to bring from there with you to the land of Old Age?"

He smiled feebly, as he tenderly caressed the rose, still fresh and glowing in this hand. "Nothing more than I still have; 'tis something that never grows old," and a tiny breeze caused the rose to tremble joyously.

Father Time then touched the Goddess of Dreams on the shoulder. "Come, you have been with him long enough, depart." And with a last caress that brought a smile to the sleeper's face, she turned away.

Looking at the resting figure again, Father Time beckoned to the Angel of Death. "He looks tired," said he; "take him home," and lightly the spirit of the aged one was borne Heavenward, while Father Time passed on.

Slowly the sun had disappeared behind the hills; the birds had long since sought their nests, and even the flowers had closed their delicate petals, while the quietness of evening rested upon Mother Earth, and silently wrapped her in its folds. The old man still sat in his chair, his chin resting on his bosom, and above the leaves now sighed mournfully. It was growing damp, and his daughter missing him, came out to bring him in.

Something in the pathetic droop of his whole figure sent a throb of pity through her, and stooping quickly over him she pressed her lips upon his brow, only to find it cold in death, while a smile of Heaven still rested upon his face.

THE ROMANCE OF A LITTLE OLD MAID

By Eva B. Pillsbury

THE chilly November wind was not too kind to the Little Old Maid as she tripped across Morrison street. She was on her way to the big department store where she earned her twenty-five dollars a month; but she curled down into the upturned collar of her blue kersey jacket, braced her umbrella against the wind, and fluttered along like a half-dried autumn leaf driven before the breeze.

But she found it warm in the big store, and the cheerful red soon left the Little Old Maid's nose, and found its rightful place in her still unwithered cheeks, though her bright brown hair, impolitely handled by the wind, stood out in fluffy disorder not unbecoming to the prim little face.

As she passed through the men's furnishing department on her way to her own counter, she noticed that a new lay figure had been added to the group of irreproachable masculine dolls, whose mission in life is to present to the eyes of the Portland man all that is newest and most elegant in male attire.

In passing the figure, a sense of familiarity quickened her languid interest, and she glanced again at the face under the gray felt hat. It was as though a door

closed for twenty years had suddenly reopened, and her long buried lover had appeared on its threshold.

In spite of its faultless perfection, its immobility of feature, and its slightly false coloring, the likeness was startling, and the Little Old Maid paused for an instant, staring with fascinated eyes, and then passed on trembling as if she had seen a ghost.

She was absent-minded all the forenoon, and once the elderly floorwalker in her department reprimanded her for inattention to customers. The tears sprang to her eyes, and her chin quivered, while the floorwalker stalked down the aisle muttering savagely, "I hate a snivelling woman! Wh'ad she need to cry for! It makes a man feel like goin' out an' kickin' himself around the block."

When the floorwalker sauntered up the aisle again the Little Old Maid would not look in his direction, which made him even more irate than before. "Course she is mad," he observed to himself. "Most women haven't any more sense 'n a hen. I'm thankful I don't have to deal with any of 'em outside of business hours."

But the memory of the tearful eyes and the quivering chin tormented the soft elderly heart buttoned inside the black cutaway coat, and 12 o'clock found him again reconnoitering near the Little Old Maid's counter.

She was alone and rearranging the goods, thrown into disorder by careless customers. The floorwalker cleared his throat violently. The Little Old Maid glanced up, caught his eyes, and deliberately turned her back.

"Excuse me, Miss—ah, Winters. Mebbe I was a little rough this morning—" he waited, listening, but no answer came. "You see, when a man has only a cup of muddy coffee and a few cold pancakes for breakfast he gets kind a down in the mouth after a while."

The Little Old Maid studied the boxes on the shelves with unswerving interest. "When a fellow is knocked about in the world and hasn't no friends to speak of—" his listener cocked one eye at him half reluctingly, "he is hardly responsible for every mean thing he says. Folks that have homes now—"

The little figure turned like a flash. "Haven't you got any home?"

"Never had one since I was born. Hunt the word up in a dictionary once 'n a while just to see how it looks," and he chuckled amiably at his attempt to be funny.

The Little Old Maid straightened some boxes on the counter, and replied with obvious embarrassment:

"You didn't say enough to—that is, I—"

"It's all right any how," interrupted the floorwalker, trying to cover her confusion and put an end to her self-accusations, and mercifully turning his eyes away from her flushed face, he got an inspiration. "There's Hendrix down there flirtin' with them girls at the glove counter again. He knows that kind o' thing's forbidden here. I'll tend to him for good an' all this time," and striking out boldly toward the glove counter, he sidetracked down the first aisle, and left the flirtatious Hendrix undisturbed.

The Little Old Maid took herself mentally to task with unsparing honesty. "Just think o' me getting mad at that poor man, that hasn't a home to go to, and me with everything comfortable," and a vision of the tiny three-room flat rose before her, with its wee shiny kitchen, its snug living room carpeted with green ingrain, the picture of Mount Hood against the walls, the Nottingham lace curtains, the shelf of books, and the little air-tight stove that imparted such comfort on cold nights.

At 6 o'clock she donned her blue jacket and her little ready-to-wear hat, and on her way out through the men's department stole a long look at the lay figure resembling her lost "Archie."

"It just seems like it must be him," and as she passed the immovable figure she softly whispered, "Good-night, Archie," trembling at her own temerity.

That night her sleep was broken by dreams of the lover who had been dead for twenty years, though sometimes, instead of the dark curling locks she so well re-

membered, his head appeared to be surmounted with a rim of thin, iron-gray hair, with a liberal display of shiny scalp at the top.

As time passed on the Little Old Maid formed the habit of looking each morning for the handsome dummy with the face of "Archie," and when no one was near she would whisper softly, "Good morning, dear," cherishing the foolish whim that she could hear in reply a whispered, "Good morning, little woman."

And every night at 6 o'clock the soft-hazel eyes of the Little Old Maid spoke a loving though inaudible good-night to the melancholy brown orbs that must have looked expressionless to any one but this little, lonely, fanciful maiden of thirty-eight.

The girl clerks around her, with the worldly wisdom of modern eighteen, began to cast shy looks at one another when she seemed particularly absent-minded.

"There goes Winters to 'er lunch. Just notice, Mame' how she always goes through the men's department. Bet she's stuck on some one in there. Must be one o' them dummies, I guess. She'd be too scared to look at a real man."

"Gee, I shu'd say so, poor old thing. Wonder how it feels to be an old maid. Say, Kit, how do you like my hair this way? Bob says— Buttons, ma'am. Yes'm, right down this aisle, third counter to the left. Who was that, Kit? Swell, ain't she? Regular Klondiker, but her hair is bleached all right."

"Sure," responded Kit fervently, studying the outlines of the stylish imported suit disappearing down the aisle.

Finally there came a dark day for the Little Old Maid. The handsome dummy did not stand in its accustomed place one morning in late November, and she was somehow smitten with a sense of loss.

Then the elderly floorwalker in passing her counter laid a big golden aster down in front of her. She glanced up from the flower to catch a smile and wink nimbly exchanged between the young girls at her side.

With one sweep of her duster she whisked the flower from the counter to the floor, and viciously stepped on it, immediately hating herself for the deed.

Late in the day, after dealing with a particularly trying customer, her tired brain served her a shabby trick. Figures may not lie, but they are frequently guilty of far greater sins, and on this occasion they danced wickedly before her wearied eyes with such mocking hilarity that somehow the mistake was made that resulted in her being sent for by the cashier.

She never knew how it happened, but of course the firm could not afford to lose nine dollars, so she must bear the loss occasioned by setting down the wrong figures.

It was a dreadful calamity to befall a little woman who was really in dire need of a new winter suit, and when the mistake had been adjusted and the responsibility properly fixed, the Little Old Maid crept out of the office and through the half-lighted building with burning eyes and a heavy heart.

It was past the hour of 6, and the store was deserted. She passed between long canvas-covered counters, on to the men's department, where the draped tables chilled her with their funereal suggestiveness. Everything was silent, cold, forlorn, and the forlornest thing of all was this bit of unhappy womanhood.

She resolutely choked back the tears and hurried along through the empty aisles that an hour ago had been populous. All at once she recognized with a thrill that the dear counterpart of "Archie" stood in its accustomed place, just a few feet down the aisle.

As she drew near it she cast one anxious glance around. Not even the janitor was in sight, and the Little Old Maid laid her head softly down against that manly shoulder, sobbing under her breath, "Oh, Archie, Archie, I'm so lonely and tired!"

In the tumult of her grief she did not feel the beating of the heart under the gray fall overcoat.

An instant later a tremulous elderly voice spoke from under the soft felt hat. "My name is Lemuel; but I knew you was all broken up, so I waited."

She gave a little scream of terror and started away trembling with shame and confusion, but a large, masculine hand shot out and grasped the little, cold fingers and drew them gently through his arm.

"Come along, little woman," he said, leading her half unwillingly out through the echoing spaces into the gayly lighted street.

Then he spoke again: "I s'pose I'm no great shakes of a man to look at, but I've missed most o' the things that go to the makin' of a man, anyhow. But some ways—lately—since I've seen you, I've got to thinkin' that maybe there was somethin' for me yet to look fo'ward to. I don't expect you could care for me right off. Wouldn't be natural. But I'd wait a year, or two years, for that matter. I've waited all my life for somethin' like this, and I can wait a little longer if—I have to."

The unconscious pathos of those last words smote the tender heart of his listener. Still he must know the whole truth.

"There was some one else once," she said hesitatingly.

"Yes, Archie?" he asked, compassionately looking down at the little pink ear, her face being averted.

"But he died twenty years ago," she breathed the answer out in a regretful sigh.

"I s'pose he was young an' handsome," said her gray suitor gently; "looked maybe like that new dummy we got at the store. I've seen you look at that dummy like it was some one you'd known before somewheres. I bought the coat an' hat o'fen it to-day, thinkin' it might improve me some, but what's the use. When a man was born homely to begin with, an' has had all his lifetime to get gray an' bald, he ain't goin' to look purty no matter what you put on 'im."

Then as they stood at the busy corner, where the endless procession of home-goers surged to and fro, and the noisy electric cars whirled around the curve, he added patiently: "But I guess I ought to 'a waited, an' not a' took you by su'prise so. All I ask is that you'll take time to think about it. I don't ask you to say 'yes' now if you can't. All I ask is that you won't say 'no.'"

And the Little Old Maid turned up to him the same look and smile that she had worn twenty years ago and said softly, "But I'm not a-going to say 'no', Lemuel."

THE SPECTRE OF THE SANDS

An Episode of Death Valley

By T. Shelley Sutton

IT was a hot, sultry, almost unbearable afternoon. The sun, suspended like a sulphurous ball of fire midway between the glaring zenith and the long, low stretch of desolate sand-hills at the western horizon, seemed to be pressing its brazen cheek to the bosom of the barrenness; and in the dazzling distance of the waste—rising as if in somber defiance of the arid earth and parching sky—like a grim, mute sentinel against the shimmering, tremulous background of undulating heat-currents, stood a Spanish Bayonet, that white-plumed relative of the yucca, which, save for a few scattered patches of lava and greasewood, afforded the only actual relief to the sand-seared eye.

Here, in this region of death and desolation, even the hardy cactus, so common to other sections of the Great Basin, refuses to subsist; and there are none of the weird, fascinating beauties so characteristic of many portions of the broad Mojave. Today, in all the purview of wretched vastness, only the one lone yucca lifted its magic blossom from the torrid earth; and this, to the eyes of two men, at least, was

as a glimpse of Eden to the damned; yet its stalk was dry and pithy, and gave no moisture to their lips.

The serpents, which had unwontedly found their way from the distant circumference of the valley, crawled wearily at its roots, as if anxious for the faint, almost invisible shadow which its plume mercifully spread on the alkalescent sands. A chuca-walla lay panting among the spines; and near it lay the green-striped lizard known as the "four-legged snake," whose black-forked tongue curled as if in thirst from its baneful mouth. These, and the desert-rattler, are the formidable monarchs of the Great Death Valley.

This valley is not the marvelous region of fiction, where human skulls lie grinning by the cold but poisoned waters of the desert-well; where the verdant oasis lets forth its mysterious monsters to devour the wanderer, or where the fabled "Octopus-vine," so vividly described by imaginative journalists, reaches out its vampire tentacles to grasp and hold the passing prospector in the clutch of death, while the fragrance of its soporific flowers soothes him to unconscious slumber. But at the time of which I speak, when the borax caravan had cut no road through the awful vastness of the valley; when the whip of the teamster and the curse of the swamper had never penetrated the oppressive stillness of the void; when only the reptiles and the sun, the sand and the silence, were holding their doomful sway in the Valley of Death, it was an arid hell more terrible in truth than the fancy of a Verne, or the morbid imagination of a Poe, could in their wildest flights conceive or contemplate.

This afternoon, in the igneous glare of an August welkin, not even the sweltering breath of the red simoom, or the seething gyrations of the fierce sirocco, relieved the stinging, intolerable monotony of the heat and silence. To the west, where the valley broadened out into a sea of burning sand, the heat-waves rendered the atmosphere almost impenetrable beyond a brief distance; but out of this veil of incandescence two men could be seen slowly plodding their way in the direction of the Spanish Bayonet.

One of them—a tall, middle-aged man carrying two canteens and a heavy knapsack, and clad in a blue denim "jumper" with faded blue overalls—walked considerably in advance of his companion; and by his steady, measured walk and easy demeanor evinced that he was more accustomed to his surroundings—perhaps an old denizen of the American Sahara. He glanced neither to the right nor left, but trudged steadily, straightly for the shaft of yucca.

The man behind him, who was much younger, heavier, but not so tall, though similarly attired, seemed terribly fatigued, and dragged, rather than lifted, his feet through the deep, hot sand. It seemed that each step would be his last, and a restless, hunted, almost insane expression gleamed forth from his rolling, bloodshot eyes. He was quite stooped, but a rifle, strapped to his shoulder, and a belt of cartridges, were his only burdens. Anon, as he heaped some malignant oath upon his companion for thus forcing him to hurry, there was a metallic ring of hatred in his voice; yet his tongue and lips had now become so parched and swollen that he spoke with difficulty.

They were two prospectors—George Donaldson and James McNully, respectively—who less than a month before had started from Oro Grande in quest of a fabulously rich mine which a dying Mexican had claimed to have discovered in the central section of Death Valley. Before breathing his last the old Mexican had given them a map of the valley, on which was diagramed the location of the rich bonanza. And so, procuring four good mules and a load of water and provisions, they started in search of the mine—two life-long friends, who from childhood up had shared each other's joys and sorrows. They had not anticipated the treacherous difficulties of desert life, and the second week out, while slowly winding their way through the mouth of the fatal valley, a terrific sandstorm forced them to seek protection beneath the wagon.

Five days they remained helpless beneath the invincible attack of sand and wind, and when the storm was over three of their mules were dead, and one was

blind. Donaldson, by some evil accident, had lost his compass, and upon thrusting his head from beneath the wagon found that the entire topography of the desert had seemed to change. The mountains appeared to him reversed, and to the north, where they had seen a high hill of barren sand, lay now but a vast blank of desert; and three long hills that were not previously observed loomed up to the eastward. Their course had been so winding that from the position of the wagon they could not determine from whence they had come. Donaldson admitted that he was lost.

It was an act of charity to slay the mule whose eyesight had been destroyed by the blasts of sand, and this was done before they started on foot to return from the valley.

Leaving their wagon, Donaldson took a course that he averred was the right one, but McNully disputed it, and a doubt remained. However, at first with hope, and later with despair, they continued in their course. All the water that they could carry had been taken with them; but McNully had contracted a fever, and all but the contents of two canteens had been consumed. But now, in vain Donaldson endeavored to convince his companion that every drop must be treasured, and that only by drinking economically, and by denying themselves to the last limit of endurance, could they expect to find their way out of the valley. This McNully stubbornly refused to do, so Donaldson—with wisdom rather than with selfishness—carried the canteens and refused McNully even a taste of the precious water.

It had been two days since either of them had drunk. There was now little hope of finding a well, and only by this terrible denial could they escape death. Donaldson told himself that when his companion was no longer able to stand it he would let him drink, but until then he must suffer.

The hours had worn painfully by, and moments were now as eons to the two famished prospectors—especially to McNully. They had reached the Spanish Bayonet, and Donaldson with a quick incision of the knife found that it was dry. In despair his eyes roamed desperately over the desert, as if in search of some charitable cactus from whose thorny barrel he could extract the juice. But there was none in sight. The “four-legged snake” darted across the sand; the chuca-walla crawled lazily from him; waves of intolerable heat danced before his dry, bleared eyes as though mocking him.

Another half-mile was covered, and before them lay the same unbroken vastness, the same seething glare, the same nothingness! Their steps became slow and alarmingly heavy, and the wild, haggard expression of McNully’s eyes had hardened ominously. The gleam of insanity shone from their depths as he gazed bitterly at the bent and burdened form of his companion in advance. Donaldson had told him that they must not drink till the last moment. Well, the last moment was approaching.

“George, I must drink, I tell you. I cannot stand it!”

“Nary a drop fur two hours, Jim. If we drink now we will run out of water and die on this blasted desert. Be sensible, Jim, an’ wait a bit.”

The white, hot sun burned as in hatred upon his brow, and the sky, leering above them, assumed a more parching aspect. Ah, what a precious thing was water!—just a drop of it to moisten the feverish lip and dry, parched tongue! Donaldson, in his two canteens, carried the only water that this damnable desert had ever known; and he refused to let him—McNully—taste it, even now, when he was dying—yes, dying of this inward fire! In those two canteens there was sufficient to last one man until he could find a well, but if both of them drank they would both die. They could not expect that both would escape; but if only one consumed the contents of the two vessels there would be enough to last him, and only one—the other—would be compelled to die. It was better that one should die to save the other than that both should give their bones to the hated sands. McNully carried the rifle. Donaldson was unarmed. Who would know if McNully pulled the trigger and Donaldson perished on the desert? McNully could say that his companion collapsed, and the Valley of Death would not reveal its secret.

Donaldson was now walking much slower than was usual, but he was still a

couple of hundred feet in advance, and seemed visibly uneasy, for again and again he turned his head to look back at his insane companion. And, while McNully was struggling through the sand in contemplation of the bloody deed, Donaldson drew the canteens around upon his breast and trudged more rapidly forward. Finally, after several minutes, he returned them to their former position, but still kept his hands in front of him. McNully was now gaining rapidly. The terror of death consumed him, and so—

Nervously, but cautiously, McNully lifted the rifle to his shoulder and ran his bloodshot eye blindly along the barrel. Finally, when he feared that Donaldson would look back, he pulled the trigger. Donaldson, with a smothered cry, fell forward on the parching sand—face downward, with his hands beneath him. Now, as in the last delirium of insanity, McNully staggered wildly to his side and kicked the body. There was no response, no movement of the limp, still limbs. The bullet had reached its mark.

But McNully did not observe the absence of a bullet-hole. He was too eager to taste the water. Like a maniac he tore the vessels rudely from their place, and started, with a groan, as he observed how light they were. There were only a few pitiful drops in each canteen, which he drank exultantly. Then he gazed down at the outstretched body of his companion. So, he had been a traitor, and after all, had deserved to die! He had stolen the water of the two canteens, and drank it when McNully was not observing him. No wonder Donaldson had been able to walk so fast! Well, McNully had avenged himself.

A buzzard, appearing magically from some unknown quarter, circled lazily in the air above him, with its eye fastened upon the prostrate body of the prospector. Once or twice it flapped its greasy wings, and then flew on until lost in the far firmament. McNully gazed after it and smiled; he took the knapsack from Donaldson's shoulders and trudged wearily on into the white vastness of the valley. He did not look back, for suddenly, before him, lay a land of fruit and water—a vision of heaven outstretched on the grim, hot desert. A great, wide emerald river overshadowed by Hesperian groves of fruit and semi-tropic trees invited him to health and rest—to life—to water. Ah, God, how thankful he was that he had reached the river! But—what river was it? Perhaps a stream that had never been discovered—a river unknown to the nomads of the desert.

These were among the tangled thoughts of the crazed McNully, as he staggered faintly in the direction of the wood-fringed river. There was nothing to tell him that he was pursuing the dread mirage—the fatal, death-delusion known as the Desert Lie. Only when the sun went down, and he found himself staring vacantly into an endless, unbroken desert of desolation did he realize that it was all a phantom of the sun's creation—an iridescent picture of Tantalian mockery.

The fever was eating at his brain. A mixture of sand and alkali whirled in an eddying cloud before him; and a blast of air—like the breath of some bantering devil—arose from the white bosom of the parching barrenness, seeming to sap the last remnant of strength from his brain and body. He lay upon the sand and breathed with difficulty. Finally his head fell back, and his eyes closed wearily. Again the buzzard appeared, soaring in wide circles, and exulting at the wretch whom it knew must soon become its feast.

The sun descended and soon the air became more tolerable, but McNully was now resigned. The despair and anguish had given place to apathy—a dumb, cold feeling of indifference. But as the moon arose above the far, gray hills of the horizon, scanning the desert with its spectral, ghastly face, McNully discerned a visitor, a black, restless phantom that moved uncertainly among the sands, at times disappearing behind a near-by knoll, and later appearing in another portion of the desert—now behind him—now before him—going slowly and furtively around him, and drawing nearer and nearer as it went, until at last it vanished and was visible no more. He could not stand, but he grasped the rifle, which he still carried, and lay there, watching eagerly, deliriously, for the spectre.

Gradually the moon ascended and the lifeless, lustre-lacking stars came out

to view his wretchedness. His fingers had released the rifle, the glaze of death had blinded his eyes to the spectre that crawled slowly, deliberately, toward him.

"Jim! Jim! Don't shoot—it's me—your partner—Donaldson! I've got some water, Jim."

Yes, it was Donaldson. McNully lifted his head with an effort, but instantly it fell back upon the sand.

"I—I won't shoot, George," was the husky answer. "Water! For God's sake, give me water!"

Donaldson came toward him, and from the bosom of his shirt extracted a couple of flasks containing the precious moisture. Hurriedly, tenderly, as brother unto brother, he lifted McNully's head and pressed the mouth of a flask, with its warm but welcome water, to the dying man's lips.

"George! I—thought—I—had—killed—you!" McNully gasped.

"I was too slick, Jim. I thought this morning that you were gettin' demented, so I says to myself that I'd just keep my weather eye open. Long about the middle o' the afternoon I seen you playin' a little nervously with the trigger, so I tried to keep out o' range, an' while you wasn't lookin' I emptied the canteens into these two flasks, for I knew if you got hold of 'em we'd never pull through to water. Then, all of a sudden you fired the gun, but I knew you was insane, so I furgived you, old pal, and jest flattened out on the sand, thar, an' acted possum. I made careful to bury the bottles under the sand beneath me, so if you turned me over you wouldn't find 'em. I calclated to get hold o' the rifle, but you kept it out'en reach, an' I wouldn't scrap for it. I jest let you take the empty canteens an' knapsack, an' when you was nearly out o' sight I gets up an' starts after you. I jest thought I'd let you travel as fur as you would, then I'd come up an' give you some water. You had the gun, though, an' tonight I was a little skeered of it, so I kept mum waitin' for you to go to sleep so I could sneak up an' steal it. That's all there is to it, Jim."

There was no answer. Jim opened his eyes and smiled faintly, but his voice had left him. He reached out and grasped Donaldson's hand. Finally his eyes again closed, and thus, from the darkness of the desert, he passed peacefully into the deeper darkness of death.

Donaldson's water had come too late.

* * *

In the morning Donaldson was crossing the Amargosa with a good supply of water—and a village not far distant.

THE DEFENSE OF THE RANCHE

By T. L. Grahame

"I GUESS it will be pretty lonely out on the Red Elk Creek most of the year," remarked ex-Trooper Billy Boyd, late of

Her Majesty's Fourteenth Hussars, as he pulled up his sleigh team at the gate of Fort Perry, North Alberta, where old Sandy Cameron was kindling his beloved pipe for the morning smoke.

"An' is that where ye're for?" answered the old frontiersman.

"Yes," replied Boyd, "I've got a good

place over there, military grant, you know, and I've got it all ready for occupancy. Wish you'd give me some pointers as to the peculiarities of that section, Sandy."

Cameron grinned cynically and eyed Boyd in an exasperating way under his coonskin cap and dense white eyebrows.

"Well, man, while ye'll likely be gray an' thrang wi' company ower yonner, I'm thinkin'."

He was one of the oldest trappers in the Hudson Bay Company's service at

that time in North Alberta. He knew the whole country from the Great Slave Lake to the Montana boundary line, almost to a square yard, and was well acquainted with the territory on the Red Elk Creek, twenty-five miles from Fort Perry, where it empties into the North Saskatchewan.

"Reds or breeds?" inquired Boyd, nonchalantly.

"Oh, plenty o' them, too," said Cameron, "and worse nor them, forbye. The gray beasties are just hotching (swarming) in the spruce in yon quarter, lad."

"What, wolves?" cried Boyd contemptuously, laughing, "why, Fruin there and I will soon attend to them. Won't we Fruin?"

Boyd's fine collie frisked in the snow around the waiting horses, at the idea, and barked at the croaking old sourdough who was predicting evil.

"Is that the only drawback, Sandy?"

"Ye'll maybe think that's plenty afore we ha'e the sight o' ye at the Fort again," growled Cameron. Boyd laughed gaily, gave the old hunter a playful stroke across the back with his blacksnake and "tchiked" to the horse, which sprang through the gateway and off across the snow prairie at fine speed.

Boyd, after serving a term with the Northwest Mounted Police, had obtained his discharge and was taking up farming at Red Elk, a lonely spot, with no living companions save his faithful Highland collie and his team of bays. His nearest neighbors were the Masons, who had a ranch twelve miles west of Red Elk Creek. Mason was also a retired British soldier, having been sergeant-major of one of the dragoon regiments. He lived with his wife, son and two daughters. The eldest, Maisie, was betrothed to Boyd. The Masons had helped Boyd to build his castle, as he called it, and now, his duties as mounted policeman completed, he was going to enter into occupation.

That winter set in to break records for cold. Boyd's ability to keep tally on the steady drop of the mercury vanished one morning late in January along with the volatile fluid itself into the red bulb at the bottom of the thermometer glass.

Then he knew it was what they call cold out on the Alberta plains. Indoors one was forced to stay during such spells. Feeding the horses and keeping the stove going with spruce logs were the only occupations.

The "big freeze" lasted nearly a week, the monotony of existence being broken by a succession of blizzards from the northeast. They brought the very burrs of Hudson Bay in their teeth, and thoroughly tested the stability of Boyd's castle. Had it not been built by what the people at the fort called a crank it must have succumbed to those arctic tempests. Fortunately its timbers were mortised, dovetailed and pinned like one of Caesar's bridges, so that where a board shanty, the usual Alberta home, would have been whirled into kindling wood, Boyd's house weathered the gales.

It was one story and a half, with a lookout tower on top from which he was wont to survey the surrounding country. From this coign of vantage the soldier-rancher often watched the deer, arctic hare, jack rabbits and little antelope wandering around the house and clearing in search of food, and, of course, the coyote, every inch a thief, flitted at all hours like a yellow ghost about the open spaces and lurked in the shadowy places.

From a peep hole alongside the door Boyd fed the deer with scraps, which they took greedily from his hand. The peep hole is one of those devices of the middle ages which the lonely settler in untrodden Canada is wise to incorporate in the front elevation of his abode. It is built so as to enable the inmate to rake the whole clearing in front with his rifle without opening door or window, when unwelcome guests, Indians, bear, or wolf, happen to call. Then, Boyd's military instincts had led him to contrive that the windows on the lower floor should all open outward on hinges like port-hole coverings. On the wall of his little dining-room hung his old cavalry sabre, his cavalry trumpet, relic of his early days in the service, his Winchester rifle, and big service revolver. On the bugle Boyd was fond of practicing the calls for amusement, and the clear note of the instrument could be heard across the snow-bound prairie for many miles.

One morning a strange thing happened.

The poor deer, which were as tame as hearth cats, and hung around the peep hole all day like a crowd around a railway ticket office on an excursion day, watching with great tearful eyes for any crumbs Boyd might spare them, suddenly disappeared. Not a living thing was to be seen anywhere around the house all day. The air was much warmer, but still as the tomb. Overhead the sky stretched blue and cloudless, and it was filled with warm sparkling sunshine. Boyd, who had been getting out spruce poles up the woods for a new barn to be built in the spring, set off with his axe and cord, to continue the work after his week's idleness. When about a quarter of a mile from the house he remembered that he had left his iron splitting wedges behind him, and turned back to get them.

"Hallo, what's this?" he exclaimed as he stooped down to examine the snow beside his own outbound tracks. Close by the depression made by his moccasined feet were the deep dents left by either a very large dog or a wolf. They came out with the footprints to a certain point; stopped, turned and went back toward the house, sometimes toping the first trail. He was puzzled to understand what had become of the animal, but at the same time pushed on for the house. While still about two hundred yards from the door a long low howl that made the silent woods echo strangely, broke upon his ear. He had heard a wolf's howl before at Fort Perry; but not like that. It sounded like a signal; a strange, sustained ululation, ending in a sharp yelp. Boyd doubled his speed, running across the clearing for the door. Again the long warning howl burst forth, this time accompanied at a greater distance by many others. There seemed to be hundreds of those horrible voices yelling in the woods. Then Boyd understood. He had been tracked by an old skirmisher scenting for his band. The wolf had turned when it saw Boyd stop, and then had slunk back toward the dwelling, only to plunge into the bush and give his mates the summons. As Boyd sprinted the remaining fifty yards to his door the howlings came nearer and nearer. Axe and cord he cast aside, for he was heavily clad and knew his danger. If even one of the wolves should get between him and the house he was done for. Fruin's anxious bark came from the house. He

scented the peril and feared for his master. Had Boyd required any stimulus to increase his speed it would have been supplied by the appalling sight which met his eye at the fringe of wood behind the house, where a dozen gaunt, dark-gray timber wolves, in groups of twos and threes, in full cry, were bursting through the tangle into the open. Their long red tongues lolled out of their slobbering jaws, and the soldier even in that desperate moment noted the glitter of those rows of fearful fangs. No man ever ran faster clad as Boyd was during that last ten yards.

"Back Fruin; lie down, lad!" he shouted before he opened the door, fearing that the dog would spring out and trip him. In he flung, and as Boyd dashed the door shut with a thunderous slam two of the gray fiends tumbled in a confused mass over one another on the very step. It was like the fall of a gray breaker on the beach in stormy weather. Another instant and their fangs would have fastened upon him. Shooting the iron bolts Boyd surveyed the scene in his front yard with mingled feelings. There were scores of the savage brutes. In their rage and disappointment they behaved like mad things. They bounded high into the air, whisking their brushes and snapping their tremendous jaws with a sound such as the swarming sharks make in Kingston Harbor, Jamaica; howling and wailing the while in the most appalling fashion. They scratched at the door; stood up on their hind legs under the windows; hurled themselves in masses against the door, and fought with one another for place near the building. Then they would race madly around the house and stable until they had a track like a circus ring beaten in the snow with their feet. It was a grand though terrifying sight. The poor horses also smelled danger and whinnied and stamped in their stalls. Boyd took down his Winchester and opened fire on the wolves, taking the first one clean through the heart. In less time than it takes to say it the beast's bones were picked. Just a flash of red and gray, some crimson stippling in the snow. Fruin's excitement became intense. He and one of the wolves swore furiously at one another through the door. Boyd had no ammunition to waste and his intention was to pick off a wolf now and then, but his plans were

sadly altered. Fruin in his eagerness to help his master leaped clean through one of the windows which had been insecurely fastened. Before Boyd could rush to the window to fire and cover the poor collie from attack Fruin was gone under a wild surging pyramid of frantic, clawing and snapping wolves. Boyd fastened up the window and pointing the rifle straight at the mass of grey demons opened steady fire on them. Again and again he filled the magazine until uneaten wolves lay in heaps around the door and the rest of the band skulked behind the stumps. All that remained of poor Fruin was a small red spot just under the window. Then began the siege. For three days and nights the wolves, whose numbers had been considerably augmented since the battle on the first day, kept close watch over the lonely dwelling. Now and then Boyd picked off one of the brutes, but although the wolves must have been famishing, they did not dare to touch the carcasses by day. At night the dead were dragged away and devoured.

Late in the afternoon of the third day of the siege Boyd suddenly remembered that the Masons had promised to visit him on a certain day.

"What day is it?" he frantically shouted, rushing to his little desk in the upper room. In the excitement and danger of the fighting with the wolves he had forgotten his reckoning of the days. With throbbing pulses he sat down to try to calculate the day. They were to come over the last Wednesday of January. Well, the wolves came Monday morning; they were there all that day; all Tuesday, and now it was late Wednesday, and no sign of the Masons. He sprang up with a cry of joy.

They had decided to wait; they would not be coming until the Sunday; they—

Hist! Hark! What was that? Could it be? No, no, surely not—yet, there again came the sound borne in through the open window of the little tower—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! The sleigh bells! The Masons' sleigh bells!

The strong soldier felt his veins grow cold and perspiration burst over his brow. He rushed madly downstairs and gazed through the peep hole. Not a living wolf was to be seen. Not a sound of them from any quarter. Only the two that he had shot that morning near the wood pile. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, came again the sil-

very sound borne on the western wind from the well-worn track leading to the Masons' ranch.

Seizing his cavalry trumpet, Boyd dashed upstairs again and with all the power of his lungs blew the cavalry call "Retire!" If he could hear the sleigh bells surely they could hear that well-known call, which was understood quite as well by the members of Mason's family as by the old sergeant-major himself.

Boyd paused in an agony of anxiety. Maisie might be there! Alas! she was almost sure to be there, for she never missed an opportunity to see her affianced. Again and again the soldier blew the call from the upper windows as the darkness settled over the snow-covered prairie and the line of gloomy woods.

Then came the sound of galloping horses, wild cries, shots, howls of wolves. Yes, yes, that crack team of Mason's was giving the brutes a race for it. But could they do it with that distance to traverse? Boyd watched the corner round which the flying sleigh team would appear in a few moments, ready with his rifle to thin out the pursuers. Faster and faster came the hoof beats; the good steeds were flying for dear life; the pistols and rifles crackled incessantly; wildly howling, the great band of wolves raced beside the galloping horses and tried to leap upon them and into the sleigh.

Like a lightning flash they swept round the corner in full view of the house, and simultaneously Boyd's rifle began spitting death into the masses of the pursuing wolves.

But he had a better plan than that. Opening the huge stove, he seized the ends of two flaming brands and rushed from the house flourishing them wildly above his head. This proved better than all the rifle fire, for the wolves fled from the blazing gumsticks, and kept at a distance while the trembling team was unhitched and crowded into the stable, while the visitors and their host thankfully closed the doors and windows and gathered round the stove to discuss their adventures.

Under the steady and combined fusillade from the rifles and pistols of the party next morning the besiegers melted away into the woods and left the little settlement, apparently forever, for wolves have not been seen in that locality in any considerable numbers since that time.

DECORATIVE SCULPTURE AT THE LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

By Anabel Parker McCann

NO feature of the Lewis and Clark Exposition is more pertinently suggestive of the mighty changes wrought by the century which has passed since the two great captains threaded the Oregon forests, than the display of decorative sculpture which adorns the plazas and terraces of the grounds. The Exposition harks back to days when the great Oregon land felt for the first time the tread of the white man; it slants, in long perspective, to the scenes of early settlement, when houses of rough-hewn logs, furnished only with the simplest necessities and fashioned for comfort rather than beauty, nestled in the clearings; it recalls times of struggle, of labor, and of the increasing prosperity which was their reward.

But in all these days, beauty was yet

afar off. Art had not brought her gifts into the homes of the Northwest. The first needs of daily life pressed so closely upon the Oregon home-builder that he was forced to think always of utility rather than of beauty.

The Exposition honors these days of the past. Its stately buildings, its beautiful lawns and gardens, its fountains and bridges, its opulent embellishment on all sides—these, indeed, point the contrast between then and now. But in splendid unison they proclaim that the thousand-fold richer life of to-day was made possible only by the strenuous living of the pioneer; that the material prosperity whose foundation was laid by him paved the way for the leisure, the culture, and the intellectual attainment of his successors; that the handsome cities, noble architecture, great libraries, public and



COWBOY AT REST. "Artistic in conception and beautiful in design." Solon H. Borglum, the sculptor, was born in Ogden, Utah, and his work reflects, in a marked degree, the true spirit of the West.



The statue of CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS. "One of the handsomest men of his time." "Tall, lithe, intrepid and fearless." The sculptor is Charles Lopez, a Mexican, who is now modeling a statue of President McKinley for Philadelphia.



THE BLIZZARD, by Solon H. Borglum. "One can feel the sharp onset of the gale as it twists the horse's mane and blows the grizzled beard of the prospector in wavering strands."

private collections of art which exist in the Oregon of to-day are all bound by ties of direct succession to the heroic days of the past.

With distinct utterance, this tale is told by the noble groups of statuary in the Exposition grounds. They bespeak an art worthy of the highest civilization, and, in two-fold expression—since, for the most part, their subjects are events of pioneer life—give insistent emphasis to the swelling tide of the century's progress.

It matters not that nearly all the groups of statuary at the Lewis and Clark Exposition were brought from St. Louis. They fit admirably into the decorative scheme here, and are thoroughly typical of the Northwest. Moreover, they have a landscape setting here which was lacking at St. Louis, and this offers such satisfactory background that persons who saw the groups there cannot fail to discover new beauties in them when viewed in this new environment.

Had special commissions for sculptural work been given out by the officials of the Portland Exposition, it is doubtful

whether more satisfactory results could have been secured. The Indian, the cowboy, the prospector, the moving figures of the Lewis and Clark Expedition—what subjects are more typical than these of the early days of the Oregon Country?

The bronze statue of Sacajawea, which is to be placed in a commanding position near the top of the grand stairway, will doubtless hold first place in popular favor. As a newly discovered heroine in the panorama of American history and a rival of Pocahontas—for Sacajawea, too, was the daughter of a chief—the Shoshone girl has captured the warm heart of the West. The story of her fidelity and her fortitude has already been told in *The Pacific Monthly*. To the women of the Northwest is due the credit of having recognized her virtues and first given them the meed of public praise: to a woman, also, fell the pleasant task of creating a permanent idealization of the young Indian mother.

Here one may pause to reflect upon the distinction that our great expositions have conferred upon women sculptors. At the Columbian Exposition, the model

ing of the statue of Columbus which stood in front of the Administration building, was assigned to Miss Mary Lawrence, now the wife of Michael Tonetti, the sculptor. At St. Louis, the figure of Victory which surmounted the dome of Festival Hall, the focal point of the decorative scheme, was the work of Miss Evelyn B. Longman. That this place of honor was won by merit is shown by the fact that the figure was modeled for a place on the Varied Industries building, but upon its arrival it proved to be so fine a work of art that the chief of sculptors gave it the first place of honor. At the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver, the sculptor of "Sacajawea," has won first honors.

The four strong groups by Solon H. Borglum strike a note of originality achieved by few American sculptors. Mr. Borglum has chosen for his subjects the Indian, showing one of his aboriginal customs, the Indian as affected by his relations to the whites, the plainsman, and the prospector.

His group "The First Step to Civiliza-

tion," which stands in front of the Auditorium, depicts the Indian after contact with the white race. A noble looking chief, holding the Bible to his breast, is telling his son that in the ways of the white man is wisdom found. The youth peers forward searching the future and seeming to catch the spirit of a new day. Fine dignity of character is expressed in the figure of the Indian and the grouping and composition are admirable.

The three other Borglum groups are installed on the terrace overlooking the lake. The soft green of summer foliage, the deeper shades of the tall firs behind, and the rising mountains farther back furnish an unparalleled setting of beauty for these. One could not wish a fairer sight than that of their pale splendor gleaming amidst these bowers of green.

"Cowboy at Rest" is both artistic in conception and beautiful in design. There is splendid repose in the prone figure of the plainsman stretched beside his faithful cayuse and in every line of the animal as it stands, with lowered eyelids, content under the will of its master. There is no



SHOOTING UP THE TOWN. The sculptor, Frederick Remington, has caught the spirit of the plains. "It recalls the days when the Saturday night frolic of the cowboys who came to town was the chief social institution of the week in border towns."



The statue of CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK. "A look of high calm resolve shines from his face."
Frederick Wellington Ruckstuhl, the sculptor, was at one time the secretary
of the National Sculpture Society.

monotony of repose, however, for, though at rest, the cowboy keeps watchful eye. His sombrero shields his face from the sun, as he looks out across the plains to where his herd is grazing. Perhaps he watches lest the silhouette of an Indian should move across the distant sky. His pistol is ready at his side, but in this hour of repose he has no need of it. The lariat hangs from the pommel of his saddle, but the strong arm which can wield it so well is relaxed and inert.

"The Blizzard" tells with picturesque strength the story of the lone prospector and his pony caught in the fury of a fierce storm. One can feel the sharp onset of the gale as it twists the horse's mane and blows the grizzled beard of the prospector in wavering strands. Crouched in the shelter of the pony, the man has thrown down his pick and the other implements of his work, giving his whole power of resistance to the wrath of the storm. The stress and intensity of this figure will be sure to strike a chord of remembrance in the breast of many an old prospector who will visit the Exposition during the summer.

The "Indian Buffalo Dance," while it can scarcely be called artistic in idea, is virile and striking. Four Indians, in various degrees of frenzy, are celebrating the buffalo dance. One stands upright, firm and strong, poised on one foot ready to swing into the next step. At his left, executing a wild fandango, is a second brave bedecked with the hide of a slaughtered buffalo. Behind, one is fiercely beating a tom tom. At the right crouches a fourth. The faces of the Indians are interesting studies. The red man of the wilds is there in all his untamed savagery before yet the pale face has invaded his domain.

No less eminent a critic than Lorado Taft, of Chicago, has said of Mr. Borglum: "His work is only begun, but it gives promise of a new and virile interpretation of the magnificent 'Epic of the West'; of an art of national flavor, yet distinctly individual, which will be enjoyed long after the cowboys have followed the wild red men over the 'long trail' into the dim land of legend and song."

The statues of Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, which stand at either end of the balustrade at the top of



MISS ALICE COOPER. The sculptor of the statue of Sacajawea, the Indian girl who acted as guide to Lewis and Clark one hundred years ago.

the Grand Stairway, near the Sacajawea statue, are full of historic interest.

Captain Lewis, who was called one of the handsomest men of his time, is depicted tall, lithe, intrepid and fearless. His right hand grasps the flintlock musket, his trusty companion; his left is extended, palm downwards, as if some new cause for wonderment or admiration had been discovered. Or it may be a gesture of pacification. Two knapsacks he carries, one perhaps for the papers and field glasses that were so necessary a part of his equipment. A sword swings at his side and a powder horn hangs with the knapsack from his shoulder.

Captain Clark is garbed in leathern coat and leggings which are fastened with leathern strings and ornamented with heavy leather fringe. A look of high, calm resolve shines from his face, and the equable temper of a lawgiver—such a look as one might expect on the face of the man who for years in later life, from the Council Hall in St. Louis, dispensed justice to tribes of Indians throughout all the West.

The statue of Captain Lewis was modeled by Charles Lopez, a Mexican by birth, but a pupil of the American sculptor J. L. A. Ward and subsequently of

Falguiere in Paris. Mr. Lopez was recently commissioned to execute a statue of President McKinley for Philadelphia.

Mr. Frederick Wellington Ruckstuhl, the sculptor of the Clark monument, is widely known as the founder and for some years the secretary of the National Sculpture Society. Important sculpture by him is to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, in the Congressional Library in Washington and in the Appellate Court House in New York City.

"Shooting up the Town," the cowboy group by Frederick Remington, which greets the Exposition visitor as soon as he enters the grounds, strikes the festive note of the great "Fair." It recalls the days when the Saturday night frolic of the cowboys who came to town was the chief social institution of the week in border towns. There is so much of Remington's individual art, or, at least, of the kind of art by which he is best known, in this group, that one who had known him merely as a brush artist would at once query the relationship of the sculptor to the famous artist upon first seeing this group without knowing its creator.

Of classical sculpture, the Lewis and Clark Exposition boasts two beautiful groups. These are by Philip Martiny, who has been awarded first rating among decorative sculptors. They adorn the water front at either end of the boat landing, "Neptune" and "Amphitrite." The god of the sea and his consort have risen from the deep in their shell chariots. They survey calmly the waters of the tiny lake as if pleased with the vision of beauty.

Neptune stands lordly in his chariot, his right hand loosely closed around the trident, symbol of his power. He is borne along by his sea-horses with bristling manes and fiery nostrils, their superb energy controlled by tiny cherubs who have garlanded them with roses and curb their impetuosity with silken strands.

Amphitrite, fresh from her sea gardens, her beautiful form only half concealed by the floating drapery which she gathers in one hand, looks the equal of her lord in regal power. She stands as erectly poised and there is in her carriage the very air of command which a powerful goddess must ever show.



COW ATTACKED BY MOUNTAIN LIONS. This group tells its own story. The sculptor is E. C. Potter, of Connecticut, who is famous for his equestrian statues.

SACAJAWEA.

THE BIRD-WOMAN

In memory of Sacajawea, a Shoshone maiden, who was at the head of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and whose statue graces the Exposition, now open, in the City of Portland, Oregon.

In the mighty Western country,
Stretching far on either side,
Where the Shoshone caught the salmon
While he wooed his dusky bride,
Lived a bright and comely maiden,
Near the rapid flowing stream
Which glides onward toward the ocean
Like a lover's brightest dream—
Filling all the land with music,
And with flowers of gaudy hue;
Springing from her towering summits,
Reared against the azure blue.

Stolen by the treacherous Blackfoot,
Driven far across the plains
There to be the slaving mistress
For a master's selfish gains.
But a child, in years and stature,
Still a babe was at her breast,
When for Clark, she led his convoy
To explore the unknown West.
Not a shadow clouds her visage,
Tho' she knows the dangers well;
Where their path lies, thro' the desert
She alone, of all, can tell.

Swift to see the safest channel
Through the rapids, foam and spray;
Showing where to camp at evening,
Ever watchful thro' the day.
Saving many an ugly blunder
By her skill and lack of fear,
Sacajawea led them onward
Till the cataract they hear,
When the boats are safely hidden,
And the trail is quickly found,
When with silent, fawn-like footsteps
Swift she races o'er the ground.

Never sad, nor discontented;
Joyous as a mountain bird;
Through the day she sings of Nature,
And at night her voice is heard
Crooning love songs to her infant,
Clasped in rapture to her breast—
Of the friends who soon will meet them,
In whose homes they both may rest.
Thus she cheers the weary travelers
With her promise soon to meet
Those who are her nearest kindred,
In their flowery decked retreat.

And when bright the "Leml"* glimmers
Neath the low descending sun,
Well she knows the noble river—
That her task is nearly done.
Welcomes now a band of warriors,
Clasps her sister to her breast,
Sobs with joy, to meet her people,
Telling them with fervent zest,
Of the kindness of the pale face—
Of their care of her, when ill,
Asking that they guide them onward,
That their mission they may fill.

Aided by her chieftain brother,
Soon a laden fleet of boats,
Gliding onward toward the ocean,
Down the placid river floats;
And at last they stand enchanted
On the sandy, sloping shore
Where the waves of the Pacific
Like the distant thunders roar.
Gazing on the mighty waters,
Sacajawea shrank with fear;
Then she smiled and told her baby
"God is great—His voice I hear."



Statue of Sacajawea at the Exposition.
By Miss Cooper.

That was all the pay she asked for;
That was all the prize she sought;
Though she'd earned a prince's ransom,
Soon her labors were forgot.
For a hundred years she's slumbered,
While a mighty empire grew
Where she led the noble captains
And where now is spread to view
A bouquet of regal splendor,
Dazzling, like the mid-day sun:
Sacajawea, Clark and Lewis
Earned success and grandly won.

E. F. Eldridge.

*"Leml," the Indian name of the Snake River.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

By Eva Emery Dye

Author of "The Conquest," "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," Etc.

ONE hundred years ago the civilized world clustered around the theater of Napoleonic wars. To-day the grand stage is the Pacific; in battles by land and sea, surpassing any the world has ever known.

One hundred years ago every breeze bore news that over-awed the nations. Napoleon interdicted the commerce of the world. Even Jefferson exclaimed: "Why are we safe from Bonaparte? Only because he has not the British fleet at his command."

The Ohio River was covered with floating caravans of men, women, children, cattle, hogs and horses "going west," one hundred years ago. Everywhere inventive minds were puzzling over motors, paddles—duck-foot, goose-foot and elliptical—wings and sails, side wheels, stern wheels and screws—inventing the steamboat.

To-day new caravans are passing in new vehicles, taking cross-cuts where the fath-

ers followed the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Columbia. And everywhere inventive minds are puzzling over new motors, new paddles, wings and sails, side wheels, stern wheels and screws—inventing the airship.

Wild deer crossing the Ohio heard the bugle call of flatboatmen bearing Kentucky hemp and flour, Ohio apples, cider, nuts and cheese down to New Orleans—one hundred years ago. Clouds of wild pigeons darkened the sky. Myriads of wild turkeys hung in the sycamores, and Tecumseh was arousing the Indian to a last stand against the onrushing white man.

St. Louis was a village on the border; beyond lay darkest America, untraversed even by the trapper. Lewis and Clark were approaching Oregon, one hundred years ago, resting in this July at the Great Falls of the Missouri, that since the beginning of time had thundered down those rocks unheeded.

One hundred years ago a few Spaniards



The Oriental Exhibits Building, Lewis and Clark Exposition.

had set up their missions in Mexican California, a few Russians had built a trading fort at Sitka, a few ships had touched Oregon; but the United States was a cluster of obscure settlements looking to Europe for news and merchandise. Europe, in the throes of continual conflict, paid little heed to infant America, even when Jefferson shut up her ports and sealed her warehouses. But America developed within and westward.

To-day, like thistle-down blown all abroad, ten thousand cities smile where yesterday the red man's cattle ran. To-day, when Roosevelt speaks, the nations listen.

To-day we celebrate not only the conquest, the arduous, strenuous, and not always peaceful conquest of the West, but the meeting with the East. The centennial expositions of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Oregon are steps, promises and prophesies of to-morrow, when, perhaps, Nome City will invite the nations to the

lair where late "the wolf's long howl was heard on Unalaska's shore."

The back door of America has become the front door of Asia, the portal up whose grand staircase ascends the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

Fifty years ago American editors established a newspaper that is published to this day in that identical Panama whose wide-swung gate will soon admit the merchant marine of the world.

The sails that swept round purple Tyre and Sidon, to Carthage, Greece, and Venice, to the Dutch of Holland, and to England, are whitening other and wider seas, distant no longer, but washing our own shores of the Pacific. And the significance lies in the diffusion of intelligence. For lack of it Russia has fallen. By support of it Japan has risen.

That the advance guard of the American college sailed in a whaling ship to Honolulu before Maine or Missouri were



A glimpse of the natural park on the Exposition grounds.



One of the immense columns in the interior of the Log Palace.



The Agricultural Building.

admitted as states, seems almost unbelievable, but to that, as much as anything, we owe the possession of Hawaii. That California gold miners sent their children to Oregon colleges fifty years ago has been forgotten. In the fact that a hundred centers have sister universities with Yale and Harvard, lies the glory of the West to-day.

When Lewis and Clark crossed the continent one hundred years ago, the Greater West hove in sight. To-day that Greater West is no West, but East. And in that lies the significance of the Lewis and Clark Pacific Centennial. The front of the world has changed. A wiser world, a wider world, and a better world is here than was known a hundred years ago.



The European Exhibits Building.

THE STORY OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

By John A. Morris

THE Lewis and Clark Exposition now taking place in the City of Portland commemorates the original exploration of a vast country, through which run multitudinous railroads connecting great cities, where scarce a hundred years ago roamed only savage tribes and unnumbered herds of buffalo.

Meriwether Lewis, one of the young men engaged in the enterprise, was born near Charlottesville, Va., August 18, 1774. He was a distant relation of General Washington, his uncle, Fielding Lewis, having married Washington's sister. At 20 years of age Lewis volunteered to put down Shay's rebellion; and afterwards he became private secretary to President Jefferson, who organized the Lewis and Clark expedition. This brilliant man died from a pistol shot, in a house where he sought lodging over night, en route to Washington on a visit to President Jefferson. As he was subject to fits of melancholia, many say he committed suicide, though his relatives claim that he was murdered.

William Clark was born in Virginia August 1, 1770, and at 22 years of age he entered the army, intent upon leading the soldier's life. He was forced to resign five years later, on account of failing health; and Lewis, becoming acquainted with him, seeing engineering and executive ability in him, persuaded him to accompany that which is now historically known as the Lewis and Clark expedition. This he did; and the company, numbering forty-four men, left Washington July 5, 1803. These consisted of Frenchmen, Americans and one negro—all hardy, venturesome fellows.

The first thousand miles up the Missouri River from St. Louis was truly appalling on account of the difficulties encountered. Snags and half submerged logs seemed to combine against the craft, to prevent it from invading the head-

waters of the river; but owing to the determination of the men the obstacles that beset them were overcome, and they finally reached Council Bluffs, where they distributed their presents among the Indians.

After staying here for a time, they pushed on their way into the country of the Omahas, whose villages along the river were decimated since Cruzatte, one of the company who spoke their language, had traded there years before. Blackbird, an enemy, had poisoned the little town out of existence by means of arsenic.

While the party was preparing to erect its winter quarters among the Mandan Indians, in the southern part of what is now Dakota, an Indian woman named Sacajawea, known among members of her own tribe as the "bird woman" because of her gift of song, came forward to help the intrepid pioneers, Lewis and Clark, in the ultimate purpose of their expedition. She it was who led them through the vast wilderness of the Northwest, piloting the vanguard of civilization across a continent.

It is thus to her credit that America presents its modern appearance on the map of the new world, for were it not for the presence and power of Sacajawea, the little band would in all probability have been massacred, and Lewis and Clark would not have been able to complete their explorations and surveys in time to enable the country to lay claim to such an extensive area of territory.

At 13 years of age the Dakotas had stolen her from her people, and brought her far away into their own country. They treated her well, however, and a few years later a French fur trader, named Charboneau, gave them the price of her ransom and made her his wife, promising her that she should some day visit her people. Learning that Lewis and Clark were in search of a guide, the lit-

the Frenchman informed Sacajawea that this was her opportunity.

She was at this time 18 years of age, and readily promised to lead the expedition over the pathless wilderness that stretched for hundreds of miles westward from the headwaters of the Missouri.

In the spring of 1805 they came into the land of the Shoshones, whom they found honest, true and fearless. Their horses were their pride, and they had so many that they were willing to trade some of them for tomahawks. Until the white man came among them they had never seen steel hatchets, guns, rifles and the like. The lightning-like feats of the paleface with some of these weapons were a continual source of astonishment to the Indians.

In the western part of Idaho they came across the tribe from which Sacajawea had been stolen five years previous, and one of the old women recognized the girl as the child who had been taken away from her. The relatives of the Indian maid tried to persuade her to abandon the party and remain in her old home, but Sacajawea was "true blue" and would not rest content until she had seen the explorers reach the Pacific Ocean. Besides, had she not given her word?

One of the most memorable (though almost tragic) occurrences of the trip was the meeting of the Lewis and Clark band with Sacajawea's brother and his warriors. Doubtless, if the little "bird woman" had not been with the party the expedition would have ended then and there.

It was just before they came to the headwaters of the Columbia River as they were defiling down a narrow canyon when a band of Indians, in war paint and thundering the war whoop, came down upon them. The chief, a fierce-looking savage, looming tall and strong at the head of the column, seemed intent on wiping the company out of existence. He probably would have done so, as the band of white men were weak from a long fast, and the Indians far outnumbered the explorers, had not Sacajawea sprung forward with a little cry of pleasure and surprise, and in the language of the at-

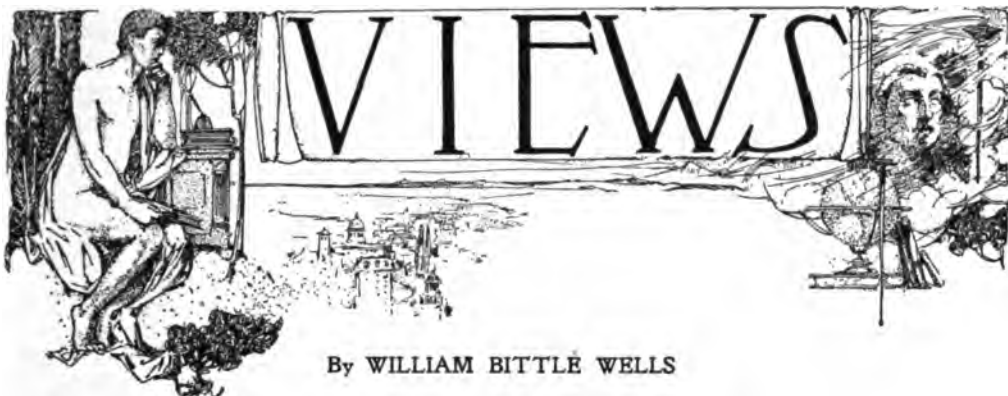
tacking tribe soon convinced the chief that she was his long-lost sister. He sprang from his horse and caught the girl in his arms.

When he found out how fond the white men were of her, how she was regarded as their leader, and how a white man had made her his wife, the chief became their friend, seeing that they had all the rations and horses they required. He also sent runners ahead to warn the Shoshone people as far as the setting sun not to molest the travelers.

Not until November 7, 1805, after more than two years of hardship and privation, did Lewis and Clark reach the western limits of sunset land. Here they built a rude fortification, which they named Fort Clatsop, after a friendly tribe of Indians they had met on their way to the sea. Here the company spent all winter, the men spending their time in writing up reports, studying the customs of the tribes about them, the fauna, the animal life, the climate, the topographical and geographical formation of the country, etc.

Sacajawea was an object of supreme curiosity to the Chinook Indian women, among whom they now stayed. She had a white man for a husband, a little half-breed boy, Toussant, for a son, and acted as guide for a large band of white men.

On March 23, 1806, Lewis and Clark and their band of intrepid men left Fort Clatsop to retrace their steps to civilization, back to the Mandan country where they had first met Sacajawea, the "bird woman." She insisted on going with them, and she had her way, although her people begged her to remain with the Shoshones. Near where the town of Bismarck now stands, in South Dakota, the white men left her with her husband and little boy. On parting Lewis gave \$500 to Charboneau in payment for his services as cook, while to Sacajawea he gave a number of trinkets and bead work. Clark begged to be allowed to educate the little Toussant, and when he was three years old Sacajawea and her husband took him to St. Louis, where General Clark placed him in a convent. He received a good education and became a man of worth.



The Political Situation in Oregon

The political situation in Oregon presents a peculiar anomaly. The state is normally Republican by a majority of from ten to twenty thousand votes. Portland, the leading city, is the center of Republican influence, and the stronghold of the party. Yet, to-day, Oregon has a Democratic Governor; the Sheriff of Multnomah County, the leading county in the state, and in which Portland is situated, is a Democratic Sheriff; the District Attorney for the section in which Portland is situated is a Democrat, and now Portland has elected a Democratic Mayor. The Republican nominee, Judge Williams, was a Republican of National repute, and has taken a conspicuous part in the counsels of the Nation, especially during Grant's administration. While, therefore, it may appear on the surface that Democracy has triumphed, and that the Republican party has been defeated, such, as a matter of fact, is far from being the case. Oregon to-day is a Republican state, and Portland is a Republican city, but the people of Oregon have demonstrated conclusively that on occasion they can rise superior to parties and politics and will register their convictions as men and not as subservient tools of a party machine. The election of the four Democrats was, if we may hazard the statement, not so much an indorsement of the Democratic nominees as it was a protest against methods which have prevailed to a large extent in the Republican party of Oregon. Two bitter factions in the party have been striving for the mastery of the state. This contributed to the election of Governor Chamberlain and to the Democratic District Attorney. Unfortunately, however, the same thing can not be said regarding the election of the Democratic Sheriff and the Democratic Mayor. Mr. Word was put into office as the crying protest of an indignant and outraged public at a time when the city was pledged by its officials for unrighteousness and municipal rottenness. Dr. Lane goes into office as a further protest against such conditions. There could not, therefore, be a healthier sign of public morality and responsibility than is to be found in the fact that a Republican state and a Republican city have thrown off the shackles of party politics and asserted that manhood which must be the controlling factor in preserving our National life from disintegration and ruin. The shoals which have heretofore wrecked the greatest nations in history will, if unheeded, result in the downfall of this Republic. No man, no set of men, no nation, therefore, can stand for unrighteousness with impunity. This fact is clearly branded on every page of history. That we can rise superior to party and politics; that we are willing to assert our manhood; that we, as American citizens, are loyal to our best and highest traditions is encouraging and strengthening. It means that a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people shall endure and not perish from the earth.

* * *

The Moral of the Russian Defeat

The sweeping victory of the Japanese over the Russian navy in the Sea of Japan is simply a further demonstration of the startling incapacity, unpreparedness and general inefficiency which has characterized the Russian army and navy and the entire management of the war from its inception. It would be difficult to conjure up a more pathetic spectacle than that which is presented in the helplessness of the Rojestvensky squadron

when it fell into the grip of Togo. The overwhelming victory of the Japanese has been made evident in the light which has been thrown on the movements of the Russian fleet since it left Russian waters. The vessels were fully manned. There was no dearth of coal, and a few, at least, of the warships were of the most modern and approved type. The guns were probably capable of shooting straight, and the battleships had sufficient armor plate to withstand a good hard knocking, even at the hands of a superior adversary. Undoubtedly, neither the ships, nor the ammunition, nor the guns, nor the coal were to blame for the disgraceful defeat of Rojestvensky. The harrowing result can be laid almost entirely to the state of mind of the Russian officers and men. Rojestvensky, according to the newspapers, had no confidence in his own success, his only hope being to reach Vladivostok in a shattered condition. In the Indian Ocean, the crew on one of the vessels mutinied, and a number of the men were executed. There was a feeling throughout the whole squadron of uncertainty. While the attitude of mind might not be called exactly that of fear, it certainly must have broached so near that feeling that the line of demarcation between it and a natural state of apprehension could hardly be established. With officers and crew in such a state of mind, and, on the other hand, with the Japanese alert, eager, watchful, determined and aggressive, in all human nature there could be no other result. The moral of this battle is that it is men that count, and not guns or ships or coal. Napoleon once said that God is on the side of the heaviest battalion, but it is not so. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a case in all history where such a bare statement, not accompanied by explanation after explanation, can be found to be substantiated. The greatest factor in the struggles between nations, as well as the struggles between men individually and collectively, consists, we are forced to believe, in the attitude of the mind of those who are the combatants. In all departments of human endeavor, unquenchable confidence in one's own ability or policy is more than half the battle. A football team that enters the field without enthusiasm and confidence is already beaten. It is worse than folly for men to undertake any commercial enterprise without enthusiasm and the fullest confidence and belief in ultimate success. So in all forms of human endeavor, and in all forms of struggles between men for the mastery. It is the man that counts. Without belief, without enthusiasm, the cause is already lost. Russia was defeated before she began. America was entitled to her independence, and the first shot on Boston's streets sounded the death knell to English supremacy on this continent. The wrong may seem to triumph temporarily, but the right eventually conquers and remains. The laws of righteousness are right. They are unchangeable. The world advances steadily and is coming day by day and year by year into a better and higher conception of right. There can be no such things as final defeat of right. Truth is marching on.

The Seventh Year

The Pacific Monthly celebrates its seventh birthday with this number—doubtless the best issue of the magazine which has ever been published. The edition, 50,000 copies, is easily the largest which the magazine has ever printed, and the illustrations are the best that could be procured regardless of price. Seven years' study of conditions that confront magazine publishing on the Pacific Coast strengthens the belief of the publishers in the opportunity for a great Western magazine. That others have recognized the situation, is shown in the fact that during the seven years that the Pacific Monthly has been in existence, over twenty different monthly publications have attempted to secure a foothold on the Pacific Coast. Three of these have been absorbed by this magazine and the balance have failed. The policy of the publishers of the Pacific Monthly has been to improve the magazine continually in every way possible. This policy has already attracted wide attention of the press and of readers of the magazine. In fact, every number of the magazine in which exceptional progress was shown, owing to the great demand, is now out of print. This gratifying and encouraging result of the policy which we have adopted has led the publishers to adopt a still more vigorous and progressive course in reference to the quality of illustrations, the number of stories to be printed monthly and the general character of the magazine. It is our purpose to print more short stories each month than any other illustrated 10 cent magazine, and although the high quality of the illustrations of the Pacific Monthly has been a feature of the magazine during the past two years, better paper and better ink will be used in order to improve, if possible, the magazine in this respect. Readers of the Pacific Monthly who are interested in the coming supremacy of the Pacific and the lands which border it, or in any phase of the subject, will find the articles of Dr. Wolf Von Schierbrand of extraordinary interest and value. With clear-cut, interesting stories, rare and beautiful illustrations, illustrated articles on industrial problems connected with the great West, and representing the energy, enthusiasm, and optimism of this part of the world as no other publication attempts to do, the Pacific Monthly should, for the next year, be of more than ordinary interest to every magazine reader in the land. In taking this opportunity to call attention briefly to some of the extensive plans which the publishers have for the enlargement and beautification of the magazine, we wish to acknowledge the generous support which we have received in the past from advertisers and magazine readers on this Coast. We can assure them that they will not only get value received, but ere the time of their subscription or advertising patronage has passed they will thank us for suggesting at this time a continuation of their support during the coming twelve months.



Another Armada

Russia, vanquished on land, twice driven from strongholds, once from one of the greatest fortified cities in the world, completed her disgrace in the Orient by a defeat on the sea which was not even palliated with heroism. Rojestvensky and Nebogatoff, with their combined fleets, entered a Japanese trap off the Korean coast, May 28, and were forced into an inglorious defeat after three days' fighting. Rojestvensky is accused of having hidden in the bottom of a torpedo-destroyer, and Nebogatoff surrendered his portion of the fleet without attempting to defend himself. The Russian vessels were undoubtedly hard-pressed, and were not in fit condition for fighting after the long sea voyage, but from the accounts of the battle which have gone abroad they did not make use of even those advantages they had. Nebogatoff is said to have surrendered when he had plenty of powder, and his men were perfectly capable of fighting. Rojestvensky wrote ruin for his hopes of escape by hesitating in his movements when sudden and violent action would have alone brought success.

Mosquito Fleet's Work

How the battle was planned is not known, as the Japanese will not give official information, and the Russians were mere dupes. All that is known is that on the morning of May 28 the Japanese sighted the Russian combined fleet, which they were evidently lying in wait for, off Lincourt Rock, between Japan and Korea, in the most hazardous portion of the progress of the Russians. Immediately the whole Japanese fleet divided itself into squadrons, under the general command of Admiral Togo, and proceeded against the advancing Russians from every side.

The Russians were moving on steadily in double column, Japanese vessels swarming in from every side. The Russians opened fire and immediately the command went through the whole Japanese fleet to attack. From that moment for three days the Russians were not given a second's respite.

All the most modern methods of naval warfare were used, projectiles taking disastrous effect in many cases and, when this means failed, torpedoes did the work from underneath. The first day's battle left the Russians edging off to the northwest, making headway, but decidedly "groggy." The Japanese did not interrupt their attack, and during the night the Russians were less able to hold their own. The second day the advantage was all with the Japanese, and the Russians were on the run. On the second night the destroyers and torpedo boats completed their deadly work, and the Russian fleet was practically annihilated, with twenty-two vessels lost.

Roosevelt as Peace Maker

The Russian fleet, nothing but junk, and that in the hands of the enemy, President Roosevelt was the first to begin talk of peace. Roosevelt seems to take the stand that Russia's pride will prevent her from deliberately suing for peace, and that an outsider must intervene. This humanitarian view is shared by the powers, but they leave the work to this country's President, and he seems more than willing to take it up. His first move was to call Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, to a private conference, explaining to him what a hopeless thing it is for Russia to continue the war with Japan and the uselessness of such dreadful loss of life. Count Cassini listened to the friendly advice, and gave the strange-sounding retort that Russia had not really lost any ground in the East, and that Port Arthur itself was only leased. Such sophistry may be well enough to ease the wounds of a nation's pride, but in the light of actual events is foolish. Russia has experienced nothing but defeat and loss in the Orient. The destruction of armies and of fleets is something in itself, though the mediaeval carelessness of life of the Russians would make this weigh less. Count Cassini spoke of the loss of territory as being suffered by China, but the memory of Kuropatkin turns this to ridicule. Meanwhile Roosevelt received an actual rebuff. Word came from St. Petersburg that the news of the terrible disaster removed all possibility of talking peace with Nicholas.

Russia's Attitude

The position that Russia takes on this peace matter is that of a bully who is licked and hates above all things to admit it. And like all bullies, Russia, even in defeat, takes on a patronizing air and stands on a false pride which is rapidly losing for that country what little sympathy the world accorded it in the beginning. Ordinarily a completely defeated nation is at least sympathized with, but not Russia. In its stupid way it broke its head on a fence, and then it stands and blinks at the fence. The world in general prefers a knave to a fool, and Russia has posed in the light of the greatest fool nation in history, and nothing has testified to this so much as the bland way in which Rojestvensky sailed into a trap which he must have known would be set for him in the neighborhood of the Korean Straits.

Mobs Once More

The news of Russia's complete defeat upon the sea became known throughout the empire, and the feeling against the government grew threateningly strong. The police instinctively felt this, and the first faint sign of revolution called from them a brutal attack upon a peaceable gathering. On Sunday night, June 4, a crowd of 5,000 people gathered in the Pavlovsk Gardens, near the Czar's palace Tsarkoe-Selo, and began services for the dead sailors who were killed in the naval engagement. Twenty police entered and were evicted by the crowd. Shortly afterwards, however, several hundred police returned and, with drawn swords, drove the people into the streets and through lines of infantry with raised rifles. No demonstration followed this assault, but everywhere throughout the empire there has arisen an uneasy feeling which might readily be turned into revolt, and it would probably not take the form of a strike this time.

Social War in Chicago

The teamsters strike in Chicago, which has been growing stronger for weeks in spite of all the efforts of power and money to import sufficient numbers of men to carry on the work, has developed into little less than a social war. It is not a strike for more wages or shorter hours, nor even for recognition in the ordinary sense of the word, but for control of the industrial situation. Chicago, being the home of the most advanced modern movements, has by this become the first city in which this inevitable conflict has arisen. With the unions lined up in firm array on one side and the employers on the other, and neither willing to give the other an inch of advantage, the struggle has worn on for weeks and no end has been sighted. Both sides have attempted to foment trouble among their opponents. President Shea of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters swore that Montgomery, Ward & Co., the firm against which the strike began, had attempted to bribe him to direct the boycott equally against a rival firm, Sears, Roebuck & Co. Libel proceedings were started against Shea for this statement, and he was arrested, though released on \$5,000 bonds. He claims the charge was trumped up with the purpose of creating trouble in the labor ranks.

The trouble arose of its own accord when the Building Trades withdrew their support from the strike, because the teamsters encroached upon their class of labor to some extent. However, the ranks of the unions have not been greatly broken, but neither have those of the employers. And at the present writing there is less likelihood of settlement of the difficulty than ever. The strikers would be more willing to come to terms, if they did not believe that the loss of this battle would mean continuous defeat. Previously they never had such strong employers' organizations to combat, and now they feel that they must win or lose forever. Meanwhile the employers continue importing teamsters, and the strikers still fight daily with the police, and war continues openly.

Philadelphia Gas

Public opinion won a victory in Philadelphia over boodlers by defeating the attempt of the gas company to secure a franchise from the city over a period of seventy-five years for \$25,000,000. The sum was considered so low and the price of gas stated in the franchise so high in the light of probable cheapening in the cost of production that the people would not submit to a hold-up at the hands of the city's council, and by the aid of Mayor Weaver's veto balked the scheme. The United Gas Improvement Company had undoubtedly bought up a majority of the council and railroaded the ordinance through before an opportunity for an opposition to develop was given. But immediately the fraud was made known a popular demonstration took place, which took the form of an immense crowd gathering before the city hall and demanding that the action of the council be rescinded. The leading newspapers took a position of active opposition to the franchise, and Mayor Weaver, willy-nilly, was obliged to follow the public demand. He gave his veto, but the gas company, backed by the Republican machine, boasted that it would pass the ordinance over the Mayor's veto, and had injunction proceedings started to prevent the new appointees of the Mayor to the heads of the departments of public works and public safety from occupying their offices. But here the Mayor's authority over the police counted more than anything, and the leaders in the gas deal retired to Atlantic City to reconnoiter.

Exposition Opens

The Lewis and Clark Exposition opened on time, June 1, practically complete. A beautiful day added all that was not provided to make the opening a success. An attendance of 40,000 people filled the grounds, but did not crowd them. Most of these people were from Portland, but the city has been filled constantly since with from 5,000 to 10,000 strangers. The first month of an exposition is always the worst, and it is not generally until the middle of July that the large attendance of outside people begins. Towards the end, especially in September, it is expected that a great many Eastern travelers will arrive, as the Fair has been very broadly advertised all over the country, particularly by the railroads. The scope of the Exposition is as broad as the world, but the chief interest centers about the Pacific Ocean, the Pacific States, Alaska, and the Orient. The distinguishing feature to this Exposition is the prominence given the Orient, and on this account it is different from any other exposition ever held.

* * *

Peace in Venezuela

The squabble in Venezuela ended in a clearing of the diplomatic decks and the placing of W. W. Russell, formerly minister to Colombia, as representative of the United States at Bogota, and the filling of his berth by John Barrett. With the removal of Bowen from Venezuela, the United States has taken away the element of personal feeling in the trouble between the two countries, or rather between Venezuela and the asphalt trust, and an amicable arrangement will eventually be reached.

The diplomatic change involved in this method of peace-making has brought John Barrett once more prominently before the public. This young man of restless proclivities, who claims Oregon as his home, has filled many difficult positions in the diplomatic corps, not having received the plums, such as European courts, but the out-of-the-way places, such as Siam and Argentine. Removed to Panama, he upheld his dignity among a class of officials who were inclined to disregard him, and when his usefulness there was ended, it seemed for a short time as if his career were to end. He was easily the most prominent diplomat assigned to posts outside of Europe, and there was no outside position left to fill.

Then it became necessary to remove Bowen, and it seems now rather odd, in the light of Barrett's meteoric flights, that he was not sent to Venezuela instead of Russell. It was hinted some time ago that Barrett feared political death, and was about to dodge it by resigning. But as those who have watched his career might have expected, he bobbed up as serenely as ever, and is now filling a post which is sure to become conspicuous in the public eye, with the canal zone only a little way off.

* * *

Chinese Exclusion Act

The Chinese Exclusion Act, which has been the subject of debate in this country for a score of years, has been assaulted from a new quarter. As this act is enforced, not only coolie labor, against which it was particularly aimed, but all classes of Chinamen are excluded from this country. China, now that it is beginning to awaken to the modern world, begins to feel the stigma of insult in the general exclusion of its people from this country. It feels as if its merchants and scholars at least should be allowed to travel through and reside in this country as freely as Americans reside in China. The commercial bodies of leading cities, such as Shanghai, threaten a general boycott on American goods, unless a more enlightened policy is adopted by this country. At present the exports of the United States to China are comparatively small, but as the country opens they would naturally swell greatly.

The desire of Americans to enter the Chinese field has been made very apparent by them in their search for concessions from the Imperial Government, and American merchants are seeking to extend their operations constantly in the same territory. The astute Oriental, knowing the commercial turn of mind of this country, purposes balking this expansion, and if necessary cutting off trade altogether as a lever by which to obtain reciprocal privileges from this country.

* * *

Railroad Rates

Regulation of railroad rates by the Government has become one of the definite purposes of the Roosevelt administration, and the next session of Congress will undoubtedly devote a great deal of time to this very important industrial matter. The administration has made it generally known that it would carry out the fight against the railroads to the end, and with the exception of Secretary Morton believes in using the hammer-and-tong method. Secretary Morton, being a railroad man, perhaps realizes that the question is more delicate than the Interstate Commerce Commission considers it. Railroad men generally complain of the personnel of this body, and say it is not fit to solve the problem. Moreover, there are questions in the adjustment of rates which are said to require a shifting rule. Notably mentioned among these is the necessity of making special rates in parts of the country in which development must be stimulated. Secretary Morton might have been a valuable aid in the solving of certain railroad problems incidental to rates, but his resignation to accept the presidency of the New York subway system removes him from that field of valuable public activity.



By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

Every law which meddles with trade is a blunder or plunder.

Russia

It is said the Czar has issued an ukase making Trepoff dictator and has prohibited any meeting of the Zemstovs and any agitation for Constitutional government.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. There need have been no English revolution if only there could have been English evolution. But Charles obstinately adhered to what he believed his God-given prerogatives and lost his head, and the evolution came through bloody revolution. The Archbishops, the Bishops, the Clergy, supported the Divine Rights of the Crown, and their preachings and teachings made Charles more obstinate. Louis XIV, Louis XV, and even Louis XVI, though he cut but little figure in the already breaking tempest, adhered to their Kingly special privilege, and in this were maintained by cardinal, archbishop and abbe. The old gentleman with the unspellable and unpronounceable name, who is the Grand Metropolitan or Chief Synod or Pope of the Greek Church, stiffens the neck of the Czar against all reform, against every change in the "God-given" and very enjoyable special privileges of the ruling classes, and notwithstanding the fine leaven of Constitutional government which is working all over Europe, it is probable that the Russian lump will be leavened only with blood, as were England and France.

Whipping Post

Oregon has established the whipping post for wife-beaters. Certainly wife-beaters deserve beating of some kind, but as I read of the first chastisement—the observing crowd, the bared back, the skin gradually welling out its blood, the groans of the victim—I wondered if in the creation of so brutalizing a drama we were not paying a high price for the cure. Whether the public was not being hurt more than the back of the man brute. Still that cannot be, for this is a law—and the Law is all wise, without fault.

I thought, too, what a soothing effect this would have on the lower nature of the man, and how it would tend to make him return home to love the wife who had testified against him. As I understand the case, he had deposited his wages with her, and because she would not give them back to him, he beat her and struck her in the face and bruised her badly. So far as he is concerned, I am not wasting any sympathy, but I am wondering how his being beaten and then turned loose with a lacerated back will tend to elevate public morals or increase happy homes, or even prevent wife-beating.

The Japanese Naval Victory

This is another argument in favor of Molinari's theory that war will cease and international arbitration and an international police system will come because war is too expensive. A battleship costs about four millions, and it becomes a useless waste, if a quarter of a million dollar torpedo-boat can put the battleship to sleep in three minutes.

Interstate Protective Tariff

If it were not for the interstate commerce clause of the United States Constitution we would surely have interstate protective tariff, in spite of the fact that freedom of commerce among the states has been one of the elemental causes of our progress as a nation. Formerly stove peddlers and wagon peddlers went through the rural districts of Idaho and Oregon and sold good stoves and good wagons at prices lower than those fancied by the country store. To buy good stoves and wagons cheaply was a benefit to the farmer, but that doesn't count. He is only a victim. So the Legislatures of Idaho and Oregon, representing the country store and the local dealer, passed laws putting such an outrageous tax on the stove and wagon peddlers as to put them out of business. But the Farmer is still patient. Job was a farmer.

Charles Byron Bellinger

I would be glad to think when I am dead that some one would say of me: He was a kindly man. He loved Justice. He hated oppression. He was sympathetic. He was charitable to the erring. Such a man was Judge Bellinger. A brilliant lawyer, an able and upright judge. A genial friend with a large sense of humor and a large store of pity. And yet his greatest quality as judge and as a man was his sympathy with all men. All men to him were brothers. He was a rare man.

Frenzied Finance

That "Frenzied Finance" is not suicidally frenzied the following from the New York American will show:

"Several years ago the National City Bank bought the old custom house from Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. The price to be paid was over \$3,000,000. Only \$50,000 has been paid. The balance was placed to the credit of the United States, but the money remained in the City Bank. The Government always has millions in that bank.

The Government became a renter. It paid to the bank every year \$132,000 rent.

Yesterday Mr. Sulzer made a fight to have the rent stopped. He called for a vote, and IT WAS A TIE. Tellers were called for, and the motion went through.

But while the bank charged the Government rent, when the New York tax assessor tried to put the custom house on the tax books the bank said the building belonged to the Government. It saved \$75,000 in city taxes by this claim.

The point is, though, that this is one of the finest examples of fine finance. The bank got the property and never let but \$50,000 slip out of its treasury for it. It passed the remainder to the credit of the Government. It has an average of, say, \$15,000,000 of Government deposits. It can lend this money at a rate of 5 per cent. The interest it gets for its Government deposits is more than the price offered for the building."

Lyman Gage is now president of one of the "Frenzied Finance" banks. He is an honest man. Given such power as our political system gives to our governing class, and we shall continually be exploited by honest officials and robbed by dishonest ones.

Oregon Land Frauds

Whatever be the result of these trials, the people of Oregon should remember these things:

They really ought not to be so greatly surprised.

The evil is in the theory which lodges in our so-called representatives supreme power over our public domain.

The Senate does not represent the people, but special interests purchase seats there, as if it were a stock exchange.

The House of Representatives does not represent the people, but certain political organizations or machines which work at politics as a business. The people are really nowhere represented.

There are two evils which have always worked a fraud on the general rights, and always will: (1) A power of disposal of the public lands, unqualified and unconditional, which ought not to be conceded to any body of men; (2) the body of men represents really a special shrewd governing class, not the rather ignorant mass of plain people. Not till the ignorant mass perceives the evil and the remedy will the remedy come. The remedy is, I think, less and less governmental power.



A view of Portland's upper harbor, showing one of the largest lumber mills in the city.



A Siwash hop-picker. From a photograph by Cantwell, Everett, Washington.



"The truth is that optimism, an infinite, ineradicable optimism, is the base upon which all man's conceptions are founded, the instinctive feeling which is natural to him under all circumstances. What we term optimism is simply the form in which our own life-force, or vital energy, and the processes of life in our organism are presented to our consciousness. Optimism is, therefore, only another term for vitality, an intensification of the fact of existence."—Max Nordau.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—Shakespeare.

It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.
—Lowell.

We sink to rise.—Emerson.

I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest.—George Eliot.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.
—Emerson.

Why is it that the bad side of life seems so much more conspicuous than the good? Is it because predominance of evil makes it more common, or that we being evil see it more readily, or that the abnormal, by its nature, stands out excusant and disfiguring? Whatever the answer, it should be the ambition of every lover of goodness to make much of goodness, to sound its praises, to flavor his words with its appreciation. Part of hating evil is ignoring it, neglecting it. Thinking of things of good report and speaking of them strengthens good. Shutting our mouths as well as our ears against the fruit of evil, in the scorn of silence, weakens its hold upon us.—Malthie Davenport Babcock.

Cheerfulness is the sunny ray of life. It is the constant portion of none, and the word itself comprehends a multitude of degrees and modifications. The sum of all is this, that man, out of inward and outward circumstances, forms himself and the track on which his life glides on.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness. Her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.—Montaigne.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

What, indeed, does not that word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition, it means humility and charity, it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.—Thackeray.

Men's best successes come after their disappointments.—Henry Ward Beecher.



Let there be light: and there was light.—Genesis, 1:3.

For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light.—Psalms, 36:9.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.—I John, 2:10.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers. But his delight is in the law of Jehovah; and on his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the wicked shall perish. Psalm, 1.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech or language; their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course. His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the end of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. The law of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple. The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart: The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring forever: The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much find gold; sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: In keeping them there is great reward. Who can discern his errors? Clear thou me from hidden faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: Then shall I be upright, and I shall be clear from great transgression. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.—Psalm, 19.

Jehovah is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When evil-doers came upon me to eat my flesh, even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident. One thing have I asked of Jehovah, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of Jehovah, and to inquire in his temple. For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion: In the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me; he will lift me upon a rock. And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; and I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto Jehovah. Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice: Have mercy upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek. Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger: Thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then Jehovah will take me up. Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; and lead me in a clean path, because of mine enemies. Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries: For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living. Wait for Jehovah: Be strong and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for Jehovah. Psalm, 27.



PARDNERS, by Rex. E. Beach. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. This collection of Mr. Beach's fascinating stories of Alaska will be hailed with pleasure by those who have become familiar with "Big George" and "Cap." That these stories have been published, separately, in a magazine, will not in the least detract from, but will rather add to, the interest with which they will now be read in book form. The rough mixture of ungrammatical English and picturesque slang used by the pioneers of the far North is delightful. As an illustration, take the opening paragraph from "Pardners," the first story in the collection and the one from which the book is named:

"Most all the old quotations need fixing," said Joyce in tones forbidding dispute. "For instance, the guy that alluded to marriages germinating in heaven certainly got off on the wrong foot. He meant pardnerships. The same works ain't got capacity for both, no mor'n you can build a split-second stop-watch in a stone quarry. No, sir! A true pardnership is the sanctifiedest relation that grows, is, and has its beans, while any two folks of opposite sect can marry and peg the game out some way. Of course, all pardnerships ain't divine. To every one that's heaven borned there's a thousand made in—There goes them cussed dogs again."

The title of the book, "Pardners," is peculiarly appropriate, aside from its being the name of the first story of the collection; for that curious tie which so often exists between two prospectors or miners, known as a "Pardnership," is treated of in nearly all of the stories.

Most of the tales are of Alaska, but a few are not. "The Mule Driver and the Garrulous Mute" is one of the exceptions. The "Mute" is playing the game in order to save his "pardner," who, after having killed an Indian, is making tracks for the Mexican border. The one who remains is naturally suspected of the crime, and by refusing to talk, or to understand what is said to him, he gains time for his fleeing mate. The "Mute," who is an ex-mule driver, is able to hold out until he sees a mule team being ill treated and then—but let him tell it:

"Now a good mule driver is the littlest, orneriest speck in the human line that's known to the microscope, but when you get a poor one, he'd spoil one of them cholera germs you read about just by contact. The leader of this bunch was worse than the worst; strong on

whip-arm, but surprising weak on judgment. He tried to make the turn, run plump into the corner of the building, stopped, backed, swung, and proceeded to get into grief.

"Now, one mule can cause a heap of tribulation, and six mules can break a man's heart, but there wasn't no excuse for that driver to stand up on his hind legs, close his eyes, and throw thirty foot of lash into that plungin', buckin', white-eyed mess. When he did it, all the little words inside of me began to foam and fizzle like sediltz; out they came, billing, in mouthfuls, and streams, and squirts, backwards, sideways, and through my nose.

"Here! you infernal half-spiled, dog-robbing Walloper," I says; 'you don't know enough to drive puddle ducks to a pond. You quit heaving that quirt or I'll harm you past healing.'"

"* * * I skipped over the wheels * * * Then I give him a toss and gathered up the lines."

"I just intimated things over them with that whip, and talked to them like they was my own flesh and blood. I starts at the worst words the English langwidge and the range had produced, to date, and got steadily and rapidly worse as long as I talked.

"Arizona may be slow in the matter of standing collars and rag-time, but she leads the world in profanity. Without being swelled on myself, I'll say, too, that I once had more'n a local reputation in that line, having originated some quaint and feeling conceits which has won modest attention, and this day I was certainly trained to the minute.

"I addressed them brutes fast and earnest for five minutes steady, and never crossed my trail or repeated a thought."

In the last three stories of the book, "Big George" and "Cap" are the principal characters.

Humor and pathos abound in this most interesting collection of tales. Mr. Beach has struck the right chord. "Pardners" is a distinct addition to American literature.

* * *

"CHESS—HUMANICS," a philosophy of chess, a sociological allegory, by Wallace E. Nevill. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. This peculiar book is little more than a collection of thoughts from many great minds, ancient and modern. Just what these extracts have to do with the game of chess is not always clear. It would seem as though checkers, or any other game, would have served as well.

In chapter III we read, "Chess is played with 'white' men versus 'black' men." Then follows a series of articles and paragraphs bearing on the race problem.

Again, under the caption of "The King," we find the questions of "Monarchies," "Despotism," and the like discussed by Gidding, Spencer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Zenophon, David Starr Jordan, Aristotle, Carlyle, Pope, John Adams, Horace, Garfield, and many others.

The book is a curiosity.



The Effect of the Exposition

The mere fact that an exposition, such as the Lewis and Clark Centennial, is now being held at Portland, is significant of the great progress which has been made in the Pacific Northwest. It is a magnificent monument to the progressive spirit of this vast region west of the Rocky Mountains. It will bring to the attention of the rest of the civilized world the present achievements and the splendid promise of the Pacific West in a form never before attempted.

It is a mistake to think that the progress of this Western country has all been made in the last ten years—or in the last twenty-five years. It has been going on, slowly at first, but with ever increasing momentum, since the advent of the first white settlers. And these pioneers are the men and women who made possible this latest world's fair.

Our progress has been continuous, but the results obtained are now, for the first time, placed on exhibition in such a manner as to be properly understood by Eastern and foreign visitors.

Most of the Eastern visitors will come here, and are coming here now, not so much to attend the Exposition as to see the country. They are taking advantage of the low rates offered by the railroads to investigate for themselves the truth of the many rumors that have reached them concerning the resources of the Pacific Coast States. Of course all will visit Oregon. Those who come here direct from the East will probably return via either Washington or California. Many will go to California first and return via Puget Sound, while others will reverse this. The result is inevitable. Homeseekers and visitors will come here in greater numbers than ever before. Nor is this all. Capitalists of New York, Boston, Chicago, and other Eastern cities will seek large investments in these growing states.

The effect on the cities of Portland and Seattle is already felt. In advertising the Fair, attention has been drawn to these cities, and thousands have come here within the past few months. In Portland it is impossible to obtain office room, and many new buildings are in contemplation for the immediate future. A large number of new buildings, business blocks and residences are now under construction in both cities.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition certainly marks the beginning of a new era for the Pacific Coast.

The Portage Road

Saturday, June 3, 1905, was a great day at Celilo, on the Columbia River. The occasion was the opening of the new Portage Road, which makes it possible to ship cargo from Lewiston, Idaho, to Portland by water, with the exception of the land haul around the Celilo Falls.

The Portage Road is but a temporary expedient, however, but one which will prove of great benefit to shippers until such time as the new locks shall be completed.

It is not very long since the Cascades marked the end of open water. Then the locks built by the United States Government brought The Dalles into direct connection with the sea. And now Idaho towns will be able to ship by water.

The first steamer to make the new run from Lewiston to the Portage Road was the "Mountain Gem," which has the honor to be the first to navigate the upper Columbia in many years. But forty years ago Celilo was quite a steamboat center. At that time there were not less than six boats plying between that port and Lewiston.

The first steamer on the upper Columbia service was the "Col. Wright," which was built at Celilo—as were all the boats operated in that part of the river—in 1858. The steamer "Harvest Queen," so familiar to residents of Portland and Astoria, was built at Celilo in 1878, and for a time made the run between her home port and Lewiston.

She is said to have been the most palatial steamer that ever docked at Lewiston. She has been used for towing on the Willamette and lower Columbia for many years.

And now, at this writing, meetings are being held in Portland by those interested in the Portage Road, and attended by prominent business men of Lewiston, for the purpose of organizing the Open River Transportation Company, the object being the construction and operation of a fleet of steamboats on the upper Columbia and Snake Rivers. June 3 was a "red letter day" for Idaho—and for Portland.

Portland and Lumber

That Portland is the greatest lumber city in the United States stands undisputed. The Isthmian Canal Commission is going to purchase an enormous quantity of lumber—several hundred million feet—for use in the construction of the great canal. The Oregon Lumber Manufacturers' Association made a wise move when it, on May 27, adopted a resolution calling the attention of the commission to Portland and suggesting that a branch purchasing office be established here. In a letter recently received by the Chamber of Commerce from Major H. J. Gallagher, deputy purchasing and shipping agent, it was stated that contracts would in all probability go to Pacific Coast bidders.

In this connection it is interesting to note the following lumber vessels, the amount of their cargoes, and their destinations, which recently cleared from the Columbia River and received their cargoes at Portland: "Aku," Port Arthur, 2,380,029 feet; "Orange Branch," Shanghai, 2,889,348 feet; "Guernsey," Kiao Chou, 3,433,432 feet; "Elm Branch," Port Arthur, 2,413,347 feet; "Inverness," Yokohama, 2,609,551 feet; "Oak Branch," Shanghai, 1,483,446 feet; "Norman Isles," Shanghai, 2,696,960 feet; "Almond Branch," Shanghai, 2,667,142 feet; "Palatina," Japan, 2,924,240 feet; "Thyra," China, 3,550,941 feet; "Oceano," China, 3,994,173 feet; "Strathgyle," Manila, 3,600,000 feet; "Kohala," Shanghai, 1,021,703 feet.

Mining

Mining is keeping pace with other branches of industry in its general advancement. In Oregon new strikes are being made, and the mines are continually increasing the output of the precious metal. A rich strike was recently made in the Platts group, Rock Creek Camp, Baker County. Work has been resumed on the Red Boy and Virginia mines in the same county. In Nevada, Mr. J. P. Fitting, manager of the Bonanza King, announces that he will at once install fifteen stamps, concentrating tables, and cyaniding vats. The Bonanza King is a gold and silver mine, about twenty-five miles northeast of Lovelock, in Humboldt County. A mill, equipped with Huntingtons and plates, has been in operation for some time, and Mr. Fitting has been recovering \$20 per ton of ore from the plates. Reports from other parts of Nevada are very encouraging.

At the present time the capital stock issues in the mining industry in the United States amounts to more than \$3,000,000,000.

Irrigation

Too much can not be said or written on the subject of irrigation. Nothing is of more importance to us than the reclamation of the arid lands of the great West. The President, Congress, and the various states interested are working hard on this subject; much is being accomplished and more will be.

The Congressional excursion, consisting of the Senate and House Irrigation Committees, left Kansas City June 1. The itinerary of the trip is as follows: Kansas City, June 1; El Paso, 3 to 5; Maricopa, Ariz., 5; Phoenix, 6 to 8; Yuma, Old Beach and Calexico, 9 and 10; Redlands and Riverside, 11; Los Angeles, 11 to 13; San Francisco, 14 and 15; Sacramento, 16; Sparks and Hazen, Nev., 17 and 18; Ogden and Salt Lake, 19 and 20; Minidoka, Nampa and Boise, 21 and 22; Portland, 23 and 24; Seattle, 25; Billings, 27; Cody, 28; Toluca, 29; Alliance, 30; Cheyenne and Denver, July 1; Montrose, 2; Denver, 4.

At last winter's sessions of the Legislatures of the irrigation states certain acts were passed of importance to irrigation projects. In California there was passed an act to co-operate with the United States in the construction of the Klamath project, lying both in Oregon and California. The United States was authorized to change the level of certain lakes, and all claims of the state to lands uncovered by lowering those portions of the lakes lying in California were ceded to the United States. Also an act was passed making appropriations for co-operation with the United States Geological Survey. Also an act providing for the reclamation by drainage of a certain described district in the Sacramento Valley, and its protection from floods.

In Oregon an act relating to the Klamath project was enacted similar to the one enacted by the California Legislature. There was also an act passed regulating appropriation of water by private parties. Other legislation in Oregon established the much needed office of State Engineer, made an appropriation for co-operation with the United States Hydrographic and Topographic Surveys, provided for right of way for irrigation works constructed by authority of the United States over state lands, and passed a bill providing for the organization of an irrigation district in connection with the Malheur project of the Reclamation Service.



HUMOR

Written for the Pacific
Monthly unless otherwise
designated



By
HUGH
HERDMAN

On the Trail.

Have you heard of The Trail by the river,
Where there's laughter and mirth without
stint?

It's the trail of the elf who, neglectful of
self,
Finds his fee in the joy of the giver.
Come in perioque or batteau,
Come in sampan or canoe,
Come from cottage or from chateau,
Come and join our merry crew.
Cast aside that mournful plight,
For we hit The Trail to-night.

All the races of earth will be present,
From the North and the South, East and
West;

Here the glum Esquimaux in his tepee of
snow,
There the yodling Tyrolean peasant.
Come in perioque or batteau,
Come in sampan or canoe,
Come from cottage or from chateau,
Come and join our merry crew.
Cast aside that mournful plight,
For we hit The Trail to-night.

We shall see sweetest maids of Japan,
Arm in arm with the beauties of France;
We'll behold on the Lake, Walla Walla and
Snake,

With the belles from the hot Kurdistan.
Come in perioque or batteau,
Come in sampan or canoe,
Come from cottage or from chateau,
Come and join our merry crew.
Cast aside that mournful plight,
For we hit The Trail to-night.

We will joggle on "Moses" through Cairo,
We will call on Jack Frost at the Pole,
We will paddle through Venice, brave spa-
ghetti's bold menace,

And we'll stare like the veriest tyro.
Come in perioque or batteau,
Come in sampan or canoe,
Come from cottage or from chateau,
Come and join our merry crew.
Cast aside that mournful plight,
For we hit The Trail to-night.

So come on, hit The Trail and be jolly,
Let the morrow take care of itself.
We'll be young for to-night, take our meed
of delight.

See the world at a glance, and thank Folly.
In the perioque and batteau,
In the sampan and canoe,
From the cottage and the chateau,
We have come, a merry crew.
We are all in happy plight,
For we hit The Trail to-night.

* * *

Difference of Viewpoint.

Collie—Say, Fido, that mistress of yours is
a very beautiful woman. It must be great
to have her hold you close to her and kiss
you.

Fido—Yes, it would be if it weren't for her
husband.

Collie—Does he object to her kissing you?

Fido—I don't know or care. But I object
to his kissing her first. He drinks and
smokes.

* * *

Memorial Day Reflections.

"I wonder," said the motorman philoso-
pher, "I wonder how many people, when
they visit the cemeteries to-day, will think
of the poor Japanese and Russian dead that
lie at the bottom of the China Sea to-day, or
of the maimed and wounded, or of the broken
hearts of the mothers, wives, and sweet-
hearts at home. Not many. We are selfish
even in our sorrow. So long as grief doesn't
come near to us, we don't care much about
it. But when it does, then we howl like
sin—Confound that dog! Get out of that,
you brute! Get!—That dog runs out and
barks at the car every time I pass. I'll run
over him some day and fix him good and
plenty. He makes me mad."

"And break the heart of that sweet little
girl that owns him?" was suggested.

"Eh, what's that?" he asked, looking
sheepish, and then laughing. "Say, I guess
I wouldn't make a very good preacher,
would I?"

* * *

A Cause of Misunderstanding.

Binks—What word causes more domestic
rows than any other?

Jinks—Give it up.

Binks—"Typewriter." When a man talks
about his bird of a typewriter, meaning his
machine, his wife immediately infers that
he is referring to his stenographer.

HUMOR.

The Wail of the Billboards.

The agitation over the unsightliness of the billboards that harrow the esthetic sense of almost every civic community has caused no small concern among the billboards themselves. The following conversation, which was recently overheard in the sign room of a well-known firm of decorators, shows that the creations of advertisers have feelings themselves.

Sunny Jim—This Civic Improvement League makes me tired.

Mellin's Food Baby—T'ought oo never dot tired, Jim.

Sunny Jim—I don't when there's anybody looking. But that Civic Improvement League sure does fatigue me.

Friend Oats Cook—What are they tryin' to do, Jim?

Sunny Jim—Tryin' to have us abolished.

Friend Oats Cook—What's that mean?

Sunny Jim—Torn down, busted up.

Chocolate Waitress—Pomquoi? Are we not what you call ze—ze—beautiful? Non!

Sunny Jim—They say we're not. They say we are too high, too long, too short, too low, too ugly, too—well, just on the bum all 'round.

Chocolate Waitress—On ze bum! On ze bum, is eet! Oh, zis Improvement—what you call eet—League, eet iss on ze bum. Eet haf ze bad eye, ze crooked, ze cross eye. On ze bum, bah!

Shaving-Stick Man—Those old hayseeds need a shave.

Sunny Jim—Most of them are women.

Pink Pill Dame—Then they need some of these Pink Pills for Pale People.

Columbia Soup Cook—What's the real kick, Jim?

Sunny Jim—Well, they say we spoil the beauty of the city, that we are unsightly, and that we are generally offensive.

Cigarette Triplets—They don't mean us, of course.

Chocolate Waitress—Poof! You dudes! Stuck on ze shape. You, you ees ze vera ones.

Cigarette Triplets—Hear the sweet little parlez-vous, will you? Ah there, sweetness!

Chocolate Waitress—Oh, you go to ze devil!

George W. Childrens—Children, children, you mustn't quarrel. Let's all be generous and good, and we'll all be happy.

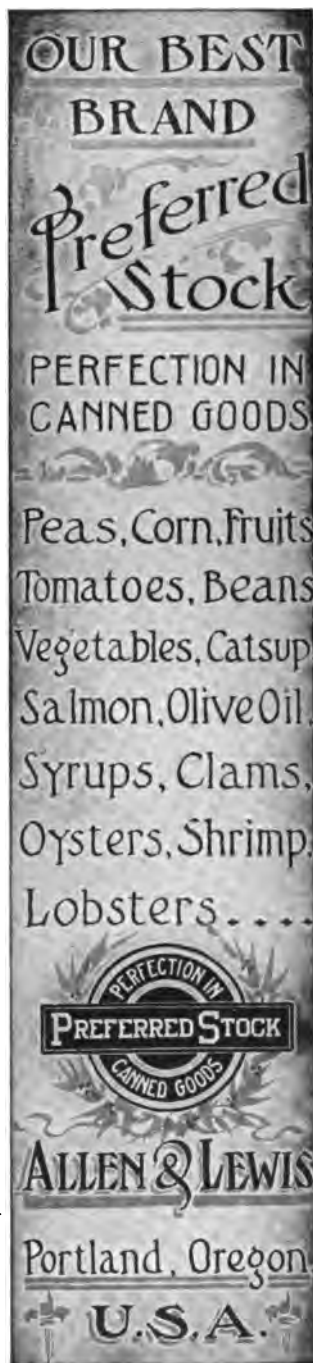
Aunt Jemima—Whuffo' dey gwine buss us up? Tell me dat? Whuffo' dey gwine do dat? Dat's what Ah wants tu know.

Cigarette Triplets—Because you're too big, Aunty.

Aunt Jemima—Wants you go on 'way f'um me. Yer heah me? Don't talk ter me.

Cigarette Triplets—Now, don't get mad, Aunty.

Aunt Jemima—Ah ain't mad. No, indeedy. Ah don't 'low myself ter get mad wiv no low down white trash. No, suh! Ah is jes' er plain black niggah, but Ah is er heap sight bettah dan you-all po' white trash what smokes dem stinkin', good-fer-nothin' cigumeetes. Yah, suh, dat's what Ah is.



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Sunny Jim—Say, Aunt Jemima, a boy threw a rock and hit me on the head to-day. Won't you tie it up?

Aunt Jemima—Deed Ah will, honey. Whah he hit you? Right dere! Nemind, honey, Ah fix it. Whuffo' he do dat? Jes' lemme coteh him! Good-fer-nothin', low down white trash! Dere, honey, hit's all right now.

Cigarette Triplets—Say, Aunty—

Sunny Jim—Say, you nincompoops, keep your traps shut, will you? If you don't quit teasing this old woman, I'll tie all three of you into a double bow knot and use you for a floor mop. You cigar store loafers, you mashers, you perfumed ninnies. I think I'll do it anyhow.

(He starts toward them, but they exit suddenly.)

Chocolate Waitress—Good, good! Bravo, M'seer Jim! Now we haf ze nice, quiet time.

Aunt Jemima—Honey, don't you spoil yo' han's by touchin' dem low down white trash. You jes' leave dem ter me. Ah'll jes' tek 'em ercross my knee and spank 'em good. Yah, suh, you jes' leave 'em ter me. Ah'll learn 'em manners.

[At this point the first faint glimmer of day appeared, the company scurried away to their posts of duty, and quoth the Red Raven, "Evermore."]

* * *

The good die young—witness the spring lamb.

All Eyes Tow

ABOUT two million (2,000,000) people Portland this year. Many of them tate will unquestionably increase in value. than this.

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HUMOR.

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sible and within easy walking distance of the business
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to home-builders. Seeing is believing. Locate your home
that is certain to enhance its value.

ESTATE COMPANY PORTLAND, OREGON

The Summer Girl.

Now doth sweet Pearl, the summer girl
In garbs that seem a dream,
Disport upon the beach;
And lay her train to catch the swain
Who ventures in her reach.

Upon the sands all day she stands
With anxious mien and meek,
Intent upon her game;
In pensive mood she sits and broods,
But lands him all the same.

* * *

The Measure of Success.

Billkuss—Wilkins, what, in your opinion, is
the way to gauge success in politics?

Wilkins—Well, I've been in the game a
long time, and I've concluded that the only
measure of success is whether or not a man
has been indicted.

* * *

Chunks of Wisdom.

When a man gets a letter addressed merely
with the name of the city, without the street
number, he takes it rather as a compliment
to himself than as a credit to the postoffice
department.

What an uncomfortable time our ancestors
who are in the next world must be having if
they pride themselves on our achievements!

Wouldn't Epicurus have been a great presi-
dent of a life insurance company!



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tainment of persons visiting the Fair. Within ten minutes walk of main
entrance; only building in the block. Gives fine view of Exposition
building and miles of the Willamette River. Street cars pass the door. Re-
servations should be made now. For rates and particulars apply to

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Against the Theory of Evolution.

"No, sir," said the man with the long face, solemn mien and sable garb, "I do not believe in the Darwinian theory. I take no stock in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. I am one who believes implicitly in the old Biblical idea of life and death. Man, like every other animal, is born, lives his allotted days, dies, and is buried. There is no evolution from the lower to the higher order, there is no natural selection. I can not see that any selection at all is made, natural or unnatural. Some are good, some are bad, and some indifferent. But in the end—and there always is an end—every one, except such as lie unburied, gets his wooden, stone, or lead enclosure and his six feet of earth."

The auditor listened in surprise to one who in this day and age of the world did not believe in evolution, or at least in the survival of the fittest.

"I repeat," said the speaker emphatically, "I repeat that I do not believe in any of that stuff, especially in that survival business. My business has convinced me otherwise."

"What is your business, may I ask?" inquired some one in the crowd.

"I am an undertaker," he replied with a smile like the yawn of the grave.

* * *

Fumes from Uncle Eastus' Pipe.

'Pears ter me dat mos' ob der motes dat we all sees in odder folks' eyes am jes' plain spots on owah own specs.

Mos' men, when dey mek up der-min's ter get a helpmeet, has er sneakin' notion dat she'll furnish de meat.

"Mek hay when de sun shines" sounds mighty fine ter der man dat's settin' on der po'ch in der shade, sippin' er mint julep.

What's dat? Gwine chloroform all de men when dey gets ter be sixty yeahs ol'? Lawd-a-massy! When's a man gwine get time ter 'pent ob all his sins an'-an' foolishness? Jes' tell me dat. No, suh, I reckon day ain' gwine do dat, 'caze de debbil got 'bout all he kin tek keer ob now.

* * *

As the Twig Is Bent.

The heir apparent disturbed his royal father's afternoon slumbers with his piercing screams of rage.

"What's the matter?" asked the Czar of the Chief Nurse.

"He wants something he shouldn't have," replied the Chief Nurse.

"What is it?"

"Those bombs that were taken from the anarchist to-day. He wants to play with them."

"Oh, let him have them. He might as well get used to them while young."

* * *

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and Cheapest Jar in
the world, as it will
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SIMPLE A CHILD
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half-gallons of strong,
clear white flint glass with
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the preserving of fruit
whole or in layers.

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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The PACIFIC MONTHLY

SEATTLE
NUMBER



IN THIS NUMBER

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND ON COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC
(BEGINNING SERIES OF SIX ARTICLES)

YOSEMITE VIEWS REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME

NINE SHORT STORIES

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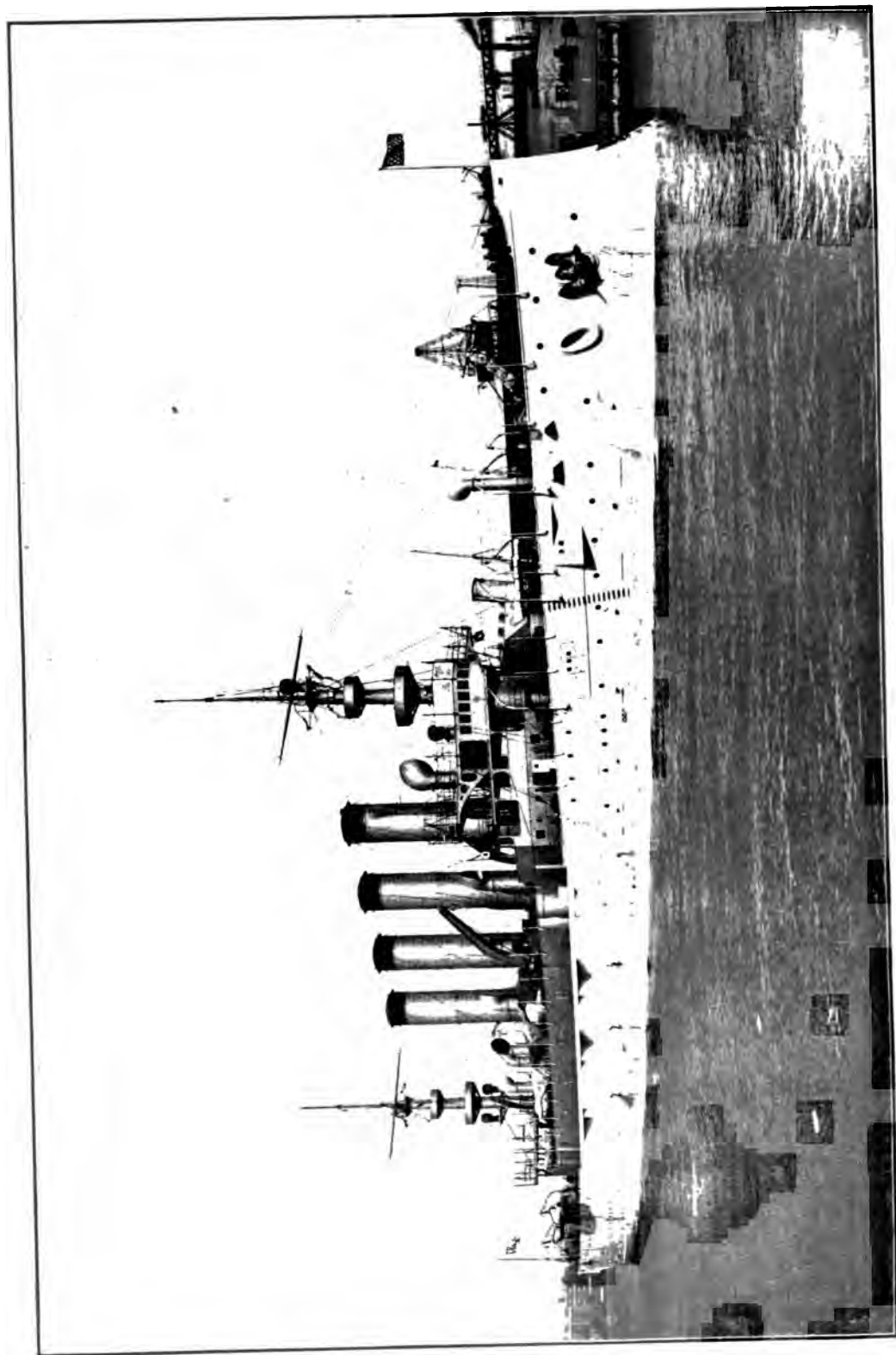


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Volume XIV

AUGUST, 1905

No. 2

THE COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC

By Wolf Von Schierbrand

Editor's Note.—The consensus of opinion of noted writers and statesmen for the past fifty years is that the great battles between nations for political and commercial supremacy will take place upon lands bordering the shores of the Pacific Ocean. One of the conspicuous prophets of this theory was William H. Seward, the far-seeing Secretary of State in Lincoln's cabinet who was responsible for the purchase of Alaska. Seward said:

"Henceforth European commerce, European politics, European thought and European activity, although actually gaining force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will nevertheless relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter."

This sentiment, voiced probably for the first time by Seward, has since become a universally acknowledged belief, and the policy of nations is being shaped accordingly. The influence of these facts upon the future of the Pacific Coast cannot be overestimated, nor is it, perhaps, possible to exaggerate the natural advantages which this section of the world possesses, and which will be prominent factors in bringing about the supremacy of the Pacific and its seaboard. One mission of *The Pacific Monthly* is to represent these great movements, and arrangements have been made for a series of six articles on *The Coming Supremacy of the Pacific* by Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph. D., whose books on kindred subjects have attracted much attention. Dr. Von Schierbrand came to the Pacific Coast at the instance of *The Pacific Monthly*, and made a protracted study of the relations of this section to the Orient. His extensive travels throughout the world and special studies of Oriental problems fit him peculiarly, we believe, to handle the subject in a most acceptable manner. The introductory article to this series appeared in the July issue of *The Pacific Monthly*, and was written by Harvey W. Scott. The articles will appear successively in the following issues of this magazine.

Prelude—A Prophecy

By Henry Clinton George

I.

And this is Oregon, and this the mighty sea.
I stand among the mountains' highest peaks
And Nature's voice comes from the bush to me.
No second Decalogue she speaks.
Her voice is raised in prophecy,
Of steady, onward pilgrimage,
Until a Nation's shrine shall be
The Delphi of a future age.

II.

Beyond that path of gold where dips the setting
sun
Beneath the sea, there lies the Orient.
That deep, broad stream whose seaward race is
run
Bears on its heaving breast, ships sent
From ev'ry land. (Nor is begun, as yet, this sea-
supremacy.)
Before this century's wheel is done,
Here, seated, find Democracy.

III.

And not a vaporous, not an idle vision this,
Which groups the world, a suppliant at thy feet,
Nor yet fortuitous the smile and kiss
Which Fortune gives to thee; but meet,
A tribute, that, with naught amiss,
With outstretched hands, you greet the world.
The Mundane Empire-seat is this,
With ev'ry ponent banner furled.

IV.

Beneath our feet, we feel unmeasured latent
wealth.
Before our eyes, there stretch the fields of grain.
From forests' depths exhales the breath of
health.
From out the clouds there comes the gentle rain.
No ravager can come by stealth
O'er mountain-pass or river-bar.
"Seat of the Nation's strength and wealth"
Thus pilgrims see thee from afar.

V.

Yet but a century aback, and two brave men
Pushed scorn and fear and greed aside, and set
Their faces Westward. With prophetic ken
They saw what we see now; yet met
A hungry wilderness of fen
And lava ledge and desert sand;
Yet, keeping to their course, these men
Bequeathed to us a golden land.

VI.

You, Pilgrims, coming here from bleak Atlantic
shore,
Sleep backward, to the home your fathers found.
See rocky farm-lands, hear the Ocean's roar.
Dreaming, can you not hear the sound,
Of East-wind's ghastly voice of—"More,
"More victims for Death's hungry maw?"
Then, wake you to new freedom found,
And grasp our hands, in silent awe.

Portland, Oregon, June 21st, 1905.

I

Climatic Conditions and Natural Advantages

EARLY last February, in the teeth of a blinding snowstorm, the writer started forth from New York on a trip of investigation and enlightenment to the northern Pacific Coast. It had been an exceptionally severe and trying winter on the whole Atlantic board. Forty-one inches of snow were on the ground, and the mercury indicated a dozen degrees below freezing—eighteen below in Chicago, twenty-four below in St. Paul, thirty-two below in Montana.

A startling contrast was found when arriving in the Pacific Coast zone. The most delightful spring weather imaginable was experienced. No need of furs, not even of a light spring overcoat. Underfoot, velvety lawn of that deep saturated emerald hue which in the entire East is the unattainable ideal of the gardener, even in June. All about, the flowers in bloom—crocuses, tulips, daffodils, daisies, narcissus, primroses, snowdrops, violets, pansies. A balmy air fanning the cheek, an air moistened by the mellow breath of the deep. The soil in the farmlands yonder ready for plowing and sowing. In the orchards cherry and peach trees shed-

ding the sweet fragrance of their blossoms, and in the gardens boughs were heavy-laden with buds and bourgeons, tender young shoots peeping out between the wealth of purple and pink and gold.

There is only one garden spot of earth that can compare with the Pacific Coast in point of climate and scenic seduction, and that is the Riviera, that world-famed narrow strip between the Mediterranean Sea and the Maritime Alps, sheltered from every rude wind, and of which Nice, Monte Carlo, and Cannes are the gems. In climate and scenery, yes; but in fertility of soil and in wealth of natural resources this Pacific country far, far out-vies the Riviera.

What the traveler finds in the Pacific Northwest and, subsequently, all along the coast for a distance of a thousand miles south, he is, however, not quite unprepared. For some of his preconceived notions have already been upset on the way. In Western Montana he meets with delicious, bracing air and bright sunshine; the Chinook winds, those wonderful warm currents of air that have risen from the bosom of the western ocean and been carried along at

a high altitude until they met the stern walls and soft meads of the Rockies, had already removed every trace of snow; farm and orchard in the western valleys of Montana bearing as the meagre lands of the East never bore. At the western borders of Idaho he marvels at those lusty young twins, Lewiston-Clarkston, and at the matchless agricultural colonies surrounding them. In Eastern Washington he feasts his eyes on the wonderful productiveness of the Yakima and the Wenatchee Valleys, and of the Big Bend district, 7,000 miles square, with soil so rich and climate so never-failing that five acres will suffice to keep a family of tillers in moderate comfort. In Spokane, Wash., he is amazed at the phenomenal growth of a fine, solidly built and energetic city which a score of years before was but a tiny hamlet. He notes the buoyancy of temperament, the never-say-die optimism, the self-sufficient energy which merely laughs at obstacles and considers it good sport to take at one flying bound distances in progress which eastern communities crawl over at a snail's pace.

The journey southward from Seattle

merely serves to deepen and broaden these first impressions. Tacoma, younger and smaller than Seattle, but with a glorious future of her own; Everett, Bellingham, Olympia, youthful giants these just beginning to know their own strength—where in the world can you duplicate this garland of young harbor and manufacturing cities grouped around that marvelous tongue of the Pacific Ocean which laps the untouched wealth of the imperial state of Washington?

Then, further south, the mighty Columbia River and its immense and fruitful basin, the greatest river in every respect west of the Rockies, draining a territory larger than was the whole of the United States in the days of Jefferson. For hundreds of miles this glorious river forms the boundary between Washington and Oregon, and Oregon is a state equaling if not surpassing in several important respects her neighbor to the north.

At the mouth of the Columbia, at the northwestern extremity of Oregon, lies Astoria, first in point of original settlement along the whole Pacific, but retarded in its growth by several vital cir-



Looking north on First Avenue from Pioneer Place, Seattle.

cumstances. Astoria, however, is destined to become a large and important emporium. Her harbor would accommodate the navies of the world. The jetty now constructed by the national government at an expense of five millions is a magnificent improvement. The unrivaled salmon fisheries and canneries, the enlightened spirit of enterprise animating her citizens—all these and other elements conjoin to insure a great future for Astoria.

Fourteen miles below the point where the Willamette River empties into the Columbia is Portland, Oregon's metropolis and in every sense one of the finest and most promising cities in the country. The public spirit of her shippers and merchants and the sense of duty of the nation's legislature combined vouchsafe to Portland a navigation channel to the very mouth of the Columbia so deep and wide that the very leviathans of the ocean may safely and commodiously ride at anchor at her wharves. Lying in the very heart of a vast region which for fertility and variety of resources is not easily matched, with a plenty of mobile capital and a trading and manufacturing talent and a daring mood that just now finds adequate expression in the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland certainly has a great future.

And to the south of her, 150 miles long and 60 miles wide, stretches the Willamette Valley, draining a large part of the state and harboring one-half the population and wealth of Oregon; a black-soil tract comprising 8,000 square miles and which, in the not distant future, promises even to outshine the Nile Valley, the boundless fertility of which has been for thousands of years the theme of Roman, Greek, and Egyptian poet and historian. Then, further south, the Umpqua and the Rogue River Valleys, only barely inferior to the matchless Willamette, another Land of Goshen. And, eastwardly, where natural moisture gradually becomes scantier, broad and rich oases, grazing grounds for numberless cattle and sheep, irrigation districts that hold big promise for the next decade, deserve mention. Hood River is one of these marvelous regions, and there are many others as well.

Everywhere it is climate, soil, intelligent and progressive population, rivers, creeks, lakes, snow-capped mountains with

never-failing sources of pure, limpid water, which distinguish this vast region—so little known as yet east of the Rockies and yet so manifestly designed by providence to play a huge part in the political, social, and, above all, the economic future of these United States.

This, then, is the "Oregon Country," the big young country, first discovered and, in a measure, described by Lewis and Clark, and out of which have been carved three large and prosperous new states. Yet this vast section of the United States, and California to the south, producing as it does with its sparse population most of the mineral and a great portion of the timber, agricultural and horticultural wealth of the nation, stands but at the threshold of its immeasurable future. Immigration and irrigation—these two factors will make of the Pacific Coast within the first half of this new century something so overshadowingly great that the mind staggers in forecasting events and conditions.

It is not so long ago that the mental attitude of the average Easterner towards the youthful Middle West—so brimful of energy and aggressive self-assertion—strongly resembled that of stern parent toward wilful son. Ear was lent to his tale with a half-pitying, incredulous smile. But facts are stubborn things, and in the long run they will overcome even hide-bound prejudice.

There are twelve main reasons for the coming supremacy of the Pacific—coast and ocean; reasons which can not be overcome because they are of permanent character and inherent in conditions; reasons which are just as certain to produce certain results as are physical laws. These reasons are:

Climatic advantages.

Extraordinary fertility of soil.

Unusual diversity of products.

Influence of the completed Panama Canal.

Energy and high-grade quality of the population.

Attractiveness to immigration, and peculiarly fine character of it.

General adoption of the finest modern system of irrigation.

Favorable flow and great volume of navigable rivers.

Existing railroad facilities and their extension.



View from top of Alaska Building, showing upper Second Avenue, Seattle.

Proximity to that ocean which during the present century will become the main artery of international trade and the seat of chief naval power.

Twofold markets, consisting of the Eastern states and of the extreme Orient, thus doubling both the sources of income and guarding against the effects of panics and commercial depression.

Matchless scenic attractions, guaranteeing an ever-increasing tourist revenue.

In speaking of this whole enormous region the chief difficulty is not what to say, but rather what to leave unsaid; the wealth of material is so overwhelming, there is such a plethora of facts, that it would require not a series of articles (however condensed), but a series of bulky volumes to tell the tale with anything like completeness.

* * *

The diaries of Lewis and Clark, the first explorers of the "Oregon Country," make it plain that these two men, a century ago, showed penetration and foresight enough to become at once convinced of the extraordinary natural wealth and the immense importance to the Union of this

region. But the wars of 1812 and 1815 and the boundary dispute with England which followed them, and which was not adjusted until 1846, prevented an earlier and more rapid development of the Pacific Northwest; and to this must be added the discovery of gold in California, by which the stream of immigration to the Pacific shore was for many years largely diverted to the new Eldorado. Thus it was that the Hudson's Bay Company, a British concern, for over a generation reigned supreme from the ocean to the Rocky Mountains. As late as 1846 there was not a single military or trading post throughout the Columbia region.

Among the leading points telling in favor of the coming supremacy of the Pacific Coast is the character of its population. Necessarily the settlers which arrived across the continent between 1846 and 1880, and who to-day (and probably forever) dominate, were of a hardy, vigorous, adventurous type, "men who did things," and who impressed the new country with the stamp of their individuality. If they had not been such, they would have remained at home. Thus it



Scene on Railroad Avenue, Seattle. Entire freight trains are run out on the piers and are unloaded directly into the big ships alongside.

is that the people of the Pacific Coast are peculiarly and aggressively American, if by American is meant not only race, but racial characteristics—manliness, sturdy independence, energy, enterprise, frankness in word and deed, progressiveness, adaptability to novel conditions and surroundings. In short, a people presenting the living embodiment of the "American idea." There is no "race suicide" here. Families are large, thrifty, strong in mind and body.

Add to this the climate—a great factor. No killing succession of extremes in temperature. The equable climate, the possibility of leading an open-air life all the year through, make the average health wonderfully robust, the mortality singularly low (nine per thousand in Portland, 10.50 in Tacoma or Seattle, and lower still in the rural districts), a remark which applies with special force to the women. There is no nervous debility here; roses bloom in the cheeks of maiden and matron, as roses also perennially bloom in their front gardens. There is an opulence of health and vigor about these North Pacific women which speaks well for the future of their offspring. The Pacific Coast possesses in fact all the conditions required to build up the grandest race of men and women known in history.

Another point in this category must not be overlooked. The sanitary conditions are excellent, both in the towns and in the country. The water supply is everywhere faultlessly pure and abundant. In the cities and villages sewerage, street paving, and cleaning are far better than in the prairie states, nay, even better than in the older East. This is one of the features which amaze the searcher after truth in this land of wonders. There is none of that straggling, unkempt air about these young towns which strike one so painfully in Nebraska, the Dakotas, even much further east. There is evident everywhere a keen sense for beauty of outline. The public structures and private residences look solid, artistic, handsome.

The people, withal, are of an astonishingly high level of culture, sociable, hospitable, courteous, of the "live-and-let-live" type.

Likewise a factor of great moment in the upbuilding of this beautiful country is its press. If it is true that a nation or

community always has that press which it deserves, the Pacific Coast people on that score alone stand revealed as of a high type. For the local press which serves them and points the way to new and greater achievements is very high in character and great in its efficiency. Of such organs of public opinion as the Times and Post-Intelligencer in Seattle, the Oregonian and Journal in Portland, the Ledger and News in Tacoma, the Spokesman-Review in Spokane, the Chronicle and Examiner in San Francisco, and the Times in Los Angeles, any country in the world would have reason to be proud. In every essential that goes to make up a newsy, reliable, informing, as well as a clean, enterprising, and powerful newspaper these Pacific Coast organs are easily on a par with the best anywhere. And it is but repeating a truism to say that the influence of such mirrors of enlightened public opinion must in the long run be very great, must conduce mightily to the rapid yet steady growth in all that is worth while in this lusty tier of states washed by the greatest of oceans. For there is not a project intended to hasten the upbuilding of this coast which is not intelligently fostered and promoted by this local press.

The state of Washington is by nature and destiny meant for a second Pennsylvania. All that retards this consummation is the sparseness of its railroad facilities; and that again is due to the sparseness of its population. Oregon is affected by precisely the same causes. Of course, when speaking relatively, no reason for complaint exists; I mean when taking into consideration the great youth of this whole region. But time is being taken by the forelock nevertheless.

Thus, no fewer than fourteen new railroads are at present either in process of construction or being surveyed in Oregon and Southern Washington alone. The number of those planned in Northern and Eastern Washington is just about as great. Conditions at present all point to an enormous new wave of immigration into the "Oregon Country;" i. e., Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and the western parts of Montana and Wyoming. This will hasten the construction of all these roads, so that probably by 1910 they will have become established realities.

But besides these short roads—great

as their influence will be in developing the hitherto more or less neglected portions of those two states—the number of transcontinental lines, reaching and ending by the shores of the Pacific, will be greatly increased during the next five years. Good judges of the situation claim that the recent final decision in the Northern Securities case—the principal result of which is the re-establishment of healthy competition between the existing transcontinental lines, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Short Line, and Oregon Railroad & Navigation line—will make for the best interests of the whole Pacific Coast. And it is not to be denied that competition is in most instances the “soul of trade.” Whether or no, however, the plan is at present to build a new line (connecting eastwardly with trunk lines in Utah) terminating at Coos Bay, Or., where there is a magnificent harbor; to have the Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Burlington lines extend their systems to the Pacific, and to have one other big line with a terminus on the California shore.

Enough is shown by all this to demonstrate that the Pacific Coast within a few years from now is no longer to suffer from insufficient railroad connection, with attendant lack of proper competition, and that will be an enormous factor in the rapid development of the whole vast country. The lumber industry, for instance, just at present (in money value) the most important of all in the whole Pacific North, will be vastly benefited by lower freight rates to the Middle West, particularly Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, Iowa, the Dakotas.

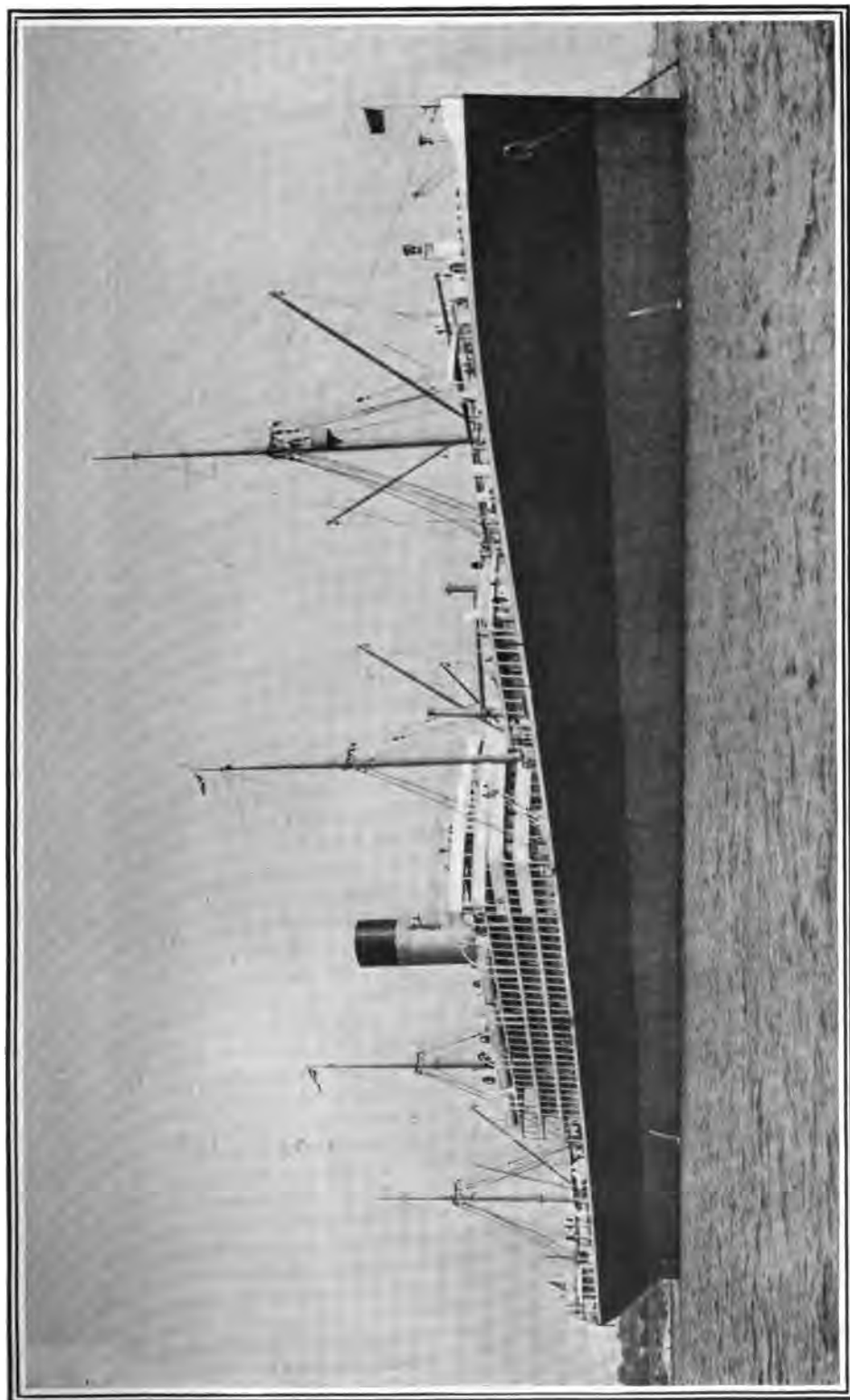
How enormous these lumber interests are is as yet little understood, or if understood little heeded. We know in a gen-

eral way that the salmon fishery on the Columbia has yielded, since its inception thirty years ago, a matter of 850,000,000 pounds, valued at \$75,000,000. We have at our fingers' ends some of the mining statistics of the Pacific North, showing that hundreds of millions in gold, silver, copper, and lead have been taken out. But we usually give no weight to the fact that in the one state of Oregon alone so great an authority as Henry Gannett, chief geographer of the United States Geological Survey, puts the money value of the merchantable timber at over four billion dollars, and that of late years two billion feet of marketable lumber have been cut and sold from Oregon and Washington every twelvemonth. This practically exhaustless timber wealth of the Pacific Coast (for California, with her matchless redwood forests, shares in it) is in more than one respect its greatest asset. Practically exhaustless it is, for at the present rate it would require two centuries to deplete this wealth; that is, if nothing were grown to make up the loss; but the system of forest reserves and superintendence inaugurated by the national and state governments, and the awakened public opinion in favor of reforestation show that the history of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota (where blind destruction has held sway) will not repeat itself on the Pacific shore.

And as in cotton the United States now enjoys, and will continue to enjoy, a virtual monopoly all over the world, so it will be in this matter of Pacific timber. No timber of equal and diverse value grows anywhere else on the globe. Local conditions and its accessibility cannot be matched elsewhere, hence the Pacific Coast can undersell, grade for grade, all other lumber on earth.

NOTE.—The second article in this series will appear in the September issue.





ONE OF THE SIGNIFICANT INDICATIONS OF THE COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC.

The mammoth steamship MINNESOTA, of the Great Northern Steamship Company's Seattle-Orient line. The Minnesota and her sister ship, the Dakota, are the largest combination passenger and freight steamers afloat.



WYHLEHY.

An old Indian woman, a resident of Washington, now 110 years of age, who has a clear recollection of having seen Lewis and Clark and others of that famous company of explorers.

From a photograph by B. Danlhy, Toledo, Wash.
Copyright applied for.



SEATTLE, THE QUEEN CITY

By Daniel L. Pratt

SEATTLE is an achievement, not a mere growth. The city is an evolution brought about by the efforts of energetic, resolute, resourceful business men. Seattle is the result of a patriotic, unselfish, urban spirit which has been willing to sacrifice in order to gain a desired end—the upbuilding of a great city. The population shown by the recent directory canvass—185,000—indicates to what extent progress has been made in that direction.

The building of a great city is not a circumstance. There must be reasons—many, potent and significant—which will cause people to gather themselves in thousands at a particular place and there seek for a better home and a better living. But the building of a city may hinge on a circumstance. To Seattle, more than to any other city, was the discovery of gold in the Klondike significant and far-reaching in effect.

The turning point in Seattle's career came in the summer of 1897, when the first boat arrived bearing the news of the discovery of a great Eldorado in Alaska—the intelligence that was to set men wild, and to send thousands of frenzied gold-seekers into the vast regions of the frozen north after the seductive yellow metal. Seattle was just recovering from the grip of the hard times which swept the country and ruined many a young and prosperous western town. Seattle's citizens had, by dint of that energy and spirit for which they have since become noted, averted the more evil effects of the panic, and the city was consequently in better

condition to enter upon the career of good fortune and prosperity which followed.

From the time of the arrival of the first boat telling of the discovery of rich diggings in Alaska, Seattle grew rapidly and without cessation. Men from all parts of the world swarmed to the Pacific Coast headed for the North; the greater part of them were outfitted in Seattle and sailed from that port. This was not accomplished, however, without effort on the part of the business men of the city. Realizing the possibilities that the newly developed Alaska trade offered, Seattle at once set about to secure it. Having the advantage of location over other cities, a campaign of advertising was inaugurated. It was made known throughout the land that Seattle was the logical town from which to embark for Alaska. Other methods, too, were adopted, such as subsidizing Eastern brokers to sell tickets via Seattle.

The city was suddenly transformed from a dull town, slowly recovering from the effects of a national financial panic, to a busy, bustling, prosperous port where thousands of men were outfitting for the hazardous trip to the far-northern gold-fields. Steamers were coming and going, taking up miners, and great shipments of supplies needed in an almost barren country, and bringing back the golden tribute that the Northland suddenly began to pour into the coffers of the city.

It was not long before men with foresight saw that Seattle was destined to be a large city and that her growth was to

be rapid. These men lost no time in buying real estate and forming the nucleus of the fortunes which have been made in the city during the last seven or eight years.

There were not enough buildings in Seattle to accommodate the influx of new residents, and so dwellings and business blocks began to spring up on every side; the business district was extended into the residence portions, which in turn were forced farther back; the result is a city of more than four times the population of the Seattle of 1897.

Seattle has well-paved streets, a thorough and satisfactory street car system, large and handsome business blocks, and residence districts adorned by palatial homes and green and velvety lawns.

Seattle is most beautifully located. Situated on a dozen lofty hills, overlooking a magnificent arena of sparkling, blue waters, the city is in the center of a vast amphitheater whose outer wall comprises lofty ranges of snow-capped mountains, sloping down to the less impressive, but nevertheless beautiful foothills, which undulate for miles and miles until at last

they dwindle down to the wooded promontories of Puget Sound. From the crowning hillsides, the panorama stretches away for many leagues to the north, south, east, and west, and spans two great mountain chains, three large fresh-water lakes and innumerable inlets and bays of the great arm of the Pacific. On all sides the view is a never-ending landscape study, unlimited in variety, never looking the same, but always offering a grand expanse of skies, waters, islands, and mountains.

With such an incomparable setting, a city would indeed be a gem if it were not incongruous with its surroundings. In Seattle much has been done to bring the beauty of the city up to a standard not inconsistent with the environment.

The hills have been utilized to good effect in giving Seattle a novel and distinctive beauty. The city would look much less queenly from Elliott Bay, were her precincts level and commonplace. Rising from the very waterside to crowning heights above the bay, every feature is emphasized and made to stand out in relief, affording an impressive view from vessels entering the harbor.



The Walker Building, Second Avenue and University Street, Seattle.



A portion of Seattle's water front, showing tall office buildings in the background. The Hotel Washington is conspicuous on the left.

Seattle has many beautiful residence districts. As in most cities, the handsome residences have held to the higher ground, and are to be found either on the summit tableland or well up the slopes of the various promontories. Queen Anne Hill is one of the most beautiful and picturesque residence sections in America. Other residence sections of striking beauty are Renton Hill, Capitol Hill, First Hill, Rainier Heights, and Beacon Hill.

The beauty of the city is greatly enhanced by her many parks. The west side of Lake Washington, a body of fresh water thirty miles long, and only twenty minutes ride from the main business streets of the city, is much beautified in this way, and one side of Green Lake is almost entirely occupied by Woodland Park, one of the largest and most beautiful city parks in the West. At the present time one of the leading park experts and landscape architects of the United States is engaged in superintending the construction of a series of parks, drive-ways, and boulevards that will leave Seattle unexcelled in this respect.

The great commerce and varied industries of Seattle, as well as the resources of

tributary country, are the reasons for the growth of the city. There will be a natural increase in the Alaskan commerce, as the great empire of the North continues the development so splendidly begun.

While Seattle is a beautiful residence city, it is her business that has made her great. Her commerce, industries, the resources of the tributary country—all these have contributed in a liberal measure to make a growth at once rapid and substantial. The reasons which at first justified it still indicate a continuance of that growth which shall not cease for many years to come. Seattle has all the advantages and resources that are factors in the building of a great city. She is in the natural path of a commerce which, while already great, has not obtained to the proportions that its possibilities warrant. The great Alaskan commerce which has figured so significantly in Seattle's growth is only a very small part of what it will be when the great empire of the North undergoes the development that has been so splendidly started in the last few years.

Seattle's greatest hope, however, lies in the development of Oriental trade. Al-



A street scene in Washington Park Addition, Seattle, owned by Puget Mill Company.



Bird's-eye view of a part of Seattle's business district, and showing her magnificent harbor.

ready, the annual exports from Puget Sound to the countries of the Far East—or the Far West, as it is from Seattle—have reached large proportions. They have been greatly increased during the past year by the addition to the fleet plying between Seattle and the Orient, of the steamships Minnesota and Dakota, the two largest freight carriers in the world, built by the Great Northern Steamship Company for the Seattle-Japan run. These boats carry 28,000 tons of freight each, or a cargo equal to that carried by 100 trains of twenty-five cars each. They are a part of the great transportation scheme of James J. Hill, whose Puget Sound and transcontinental operations have been such a factor in Seattle's growth, and they are a standing evidence of his belief that the Oriental trade is eventually destined to develop to enormous proportions.

The importance of Seattle as a seaport will be better appreciated when it is stated that her total commerce by water during the year 1904 amounted to nearly \$76,000,000. While more than two-thirds of this amount was coastwise trade, yet over \$13,000,000 was in trade with foreign countries. The coastwise imports were valued at \$27,500,000, and the exports at \$33,500,000. The foreign imports were valued at \$5,800,000, and the exports at \$8,800,000. Of the foreign commerce, \$8,000,000 worth was done with the Orient, \$2,500,000 with British Columbia and the balance with the Philippine Islands, South America, Siberia, Australia, England, Germany, and other countries. Of the coastwise trade nearly \$30,000,000 was done with what are known as the coastwise ports, and \$10,000,000 was the valuation of the commerce with Alaska ports. The balance was done with Bering Sea and Hawaiian ports. During the same year 739 deep sea vessels arrived and 793 departed. The total number of passengers arriving and departing during the year was 1,088,150.

The foreign exports consist of many different articles. The heavy shipments to the Orient include flour, cotton, machinery, railroad material, tobacco, bicycles, salmon, meat, lumber, beer, nails, etc. In 1904 there was a total of 645,706 barrels of flour shipped to the Orient, valued at \$2,167,882. The cotton ship-

ments amounted to 12,639 bales, with a valuation of \$611,119. Machinery sent to the Orient on vessels bound out from Seattle was valued at \$1,015,424. The Japanese have been buying many cases of Alaska salmon, and in the last year they purchased 222,868 cases, with a valuation of \$806,835. Meat shipments to the Orient in 1904 were valued at \$206,478.

Seattle is well adapted by reason of its shipping facilities to handle this enormous commerce. Puget Sound is of great depth, and offers the largest vessels that float easy access and a smooth voyage to the open waters of the Pacific. Elliott Bay, Seattle's unrivaled harbor, is sheltered from wind and wave, and is of sufficient depth to allow the greatest vessels plying in the world's commerce to nestle up alongside of any of the scores of big docks that line the extensive water front. There is no occasion for the use of tug-boats, for the vessels can steam right into the slips between the docks. There is no necessity for the use of barges in unloading, for the vessels can unload directly into the warehouses on the shore. In this way vessels plying in and out of Seattle are freed of the necessity of undergo-

ing the aggravating inconveniences that are encountered in cities which are not so fortunately endowed with shipping facilities.

The business section of the city has undergone an evolution during the past few years that has transformed its appearance from that of a town to a city that is metropolitan and up to date in every respect. The rapid growth of the city has necessitated the erection of many new office buildings, which have been built on an elaborate and modern scale, gradually replacing the older and less pretentious looking structures.

The most imposing office building in the city at the present time is the fifteen-story Alaska building, modern in every respect, and a fitting monument to the great northern country, the development of which has meant so much to the city on Puget Sound. There are two other buildings of the same class, having twelve and eleven stories, now in course of construction. Among the many other modern office buildings may be mentioned the Colman block, the most spacious office building in the Northwest; the Arcade building, with 400 office rooms; the



The Oriental dock, Seattle, owned by United Warehouse Company, where the American-Hawaiian steamers land and deep-sea ships are always loading.



The Alaska Building, corner of Second Avenue and Cherry Street, Seattle. A modern, steel structure, faced with brick and stone. The floors are of reinforced concrete, making the building practically fireproof.



A scene in one of the most beautiful of Seattle's public parks.

Bailey, the Pioneer, the Oriental, the New York, and the Mutual Life.

There is no city of equal size in the country whose streets present so busy an appearance as those of Seattle. The visitor is impressed, and the Easterner is often heard to remark that it looks more like New York than any city he has seen in the West.

Seattle has an excellent street car system. Cars run to all parts of the city at frequent intervals. Cable cars scale the steeper hills and electric cars take the more gradual grades. But no part of the city is remote from a car line, and most sections can be reached by a number of different routes. Four car lines run to Lake Washington, a number of others to various suburbs, including Green Lake, Fremont, Ballard; and an interurban electric line runs to Tacoma and reaches a number of important towns along the way.

The city is supplied by its own water system with water fresh from the melting snows of the distant mountain peaks. The water is piped thirty miles from the Cedar Lake reservoir, by means of a sys-

tem that cost the city hundreds of thousands of dollars, but has proven a good investment. Seattle gets its own municipal light and power from the same source by harnessing the waters of the rushing Cedar River and running them through big turbine wheels, thus generating the power which is transmitted many miles to the municipal power house in the city.

In addition to this, the city is supplied with light and power by two other systems which go into the mountains for the water power which does their generating. One company has harnessed the waters at Snoqualmie Falls and the other has tapped the Puyallup River far up on the side of Mount Rainier, and runs the water under a head of nine hundred feet over great Pelton impulse wheels, generating power which is transmitted to Seattle and a number of other Puget Sound cities.

Seattle makes nearly everything. In fact, there are few things conceivable in the way of ordinary necessities, or even luxuries of life, that can not be obtained in Seattle fresh from the factories. The Manufacturers' Association recently issued a booklet naming over 360 things



A bit of the water front, Seattle. Deep sea ships load here for European and Asiatic ports.

that are manufactured in the city, and stating that this was not a complete list. Many of these things are made by small factories, but many are manufactured at mammoth plants employing hundreds of men.

The battleship Nebraska was launched last September from a Seattle shipyard,

and is now nearly complete. This is a first-class battleship in every respect, and its erection in Seattle has caused several million dollars to be spent there. Seattle also has a large steel mill, cordage plant, several enormous breweries, a number of packing houses, woolen mills, iron works, lumber mills, salmon canneries, flour

mills, and many other kinds of manufacturing. A manufacturers' association has been formed, people have been taught to patronize goods of home make, and manufacturers are reaching out for the markets of the Orient, in Alaska, in South America; in fact, in all parts of the world. The Seattle manufacturer has many advantages, such as cheap power, available raw material in abundance and at reasonable prices, cheap means of transportation by water route, and almost unlimited markets that are nearer to Seattle than to any other American city.

The Panama Canal will open a cheaper route for the transportation of many of the commodities of Eastern manufacture, now sent across the continent and shipped through Seattle, and unless these same commodities, or many of them, are produced here on the Pacific Coast, this por-

tion of Seattle's export trade will be lost. But with the advantages had by the Seattle manufacturer in the way of power, raw material, and the hedge on freight rates made possible by a greater proximity to the Oriental and coastwise markets, he can more than compete with the manufacturer of the Atlantic Coast and the Mississippi Valley, and the city will be engaged not only in shipping, but also in manufacturing for these markets.

If, therefore, a city ever had reason to grow and prosper, Seattle possesses these reasons to a superlative degree. All the requisite qualities and opportunities that are the greatest factors in the building of a great city are found conspicuously evident, and no prophet is required to predict for this thriving, bustling, energetic city a future of great and magnificent promise.



One of Seattle's many manufacturing plants.



A group of handsome residences, Seattle.

SEATTLE REALTY

THE growing city appeals to the wise investor. One who uses ordinary judgment in the selection of real estate in a city enjoying a good, substantial growth, can hardly lose by the investment. Seattle, during the last five years, has doubled in population, and the valuation of choice real estate in that city has increased in even greater proportion.

The best real estate in Seattle is not easy to obtain at the market price, for the majority of holders, if in a position to wait, realize that it will pay them to do so, and the best land can be bought only at a premium that anticipates promised increase in value.

One proof of the faith that judicious business men have in the growth of Seattle and the consequent increase of real estate values is given in the fact that the heaviest investors are not confined to that city, but

comprise wealthy men of cities in all parts of the country. It is no uncommon occurrence for an Eastern capitalist to visit the city for the first time, become impressed with its opportunities for investment and begin, immediately upon his return, negotiations for the purchase of real estate, either for speculation or for the purpose of erecting buildings. There is San Francisco money invested in Seattle, Portland money, Boston, New York and Chicago money; and a capitalist in Butte is one of the largest property-owners in the city. While much property is owned by outside interests, it is generally controlled by Seattle men, through whose agency, in many cases, the money of the outsider was attracted.

Adolphus Busch, the well-known St. Louis brewer, was recently in Seattle, and after looking the field over thoroughly made the following statement: "There

are fortunes to be made in Seattle real estate during the next ten years, and much of the money that will be made will not require exceedingly large investments. Of course, the land in the business districts, which promises to increase many times in value during the next decade, cannot be had now without the investment of enormous sums, but there are other sections of the city where land is going to undergo a proportionate increase, and it is here that the small investor will have a chance to realize good money on his investments. I truly believe that Seattle real estate, wisely selected, is the most promising line of investments that can be found anywhere in the Northwest at the present time." And to prove that he meant what he said, he opened negotiations for property, himself, immediately, and is now contemplating the erection of a fine hotel.

The rapid increase in the value of business property has been contingent upon the quick growth of the city and the limited amount of level land suitable for building and business purposes. The unparalleled amount of building that has been going on during the last three years

has also created a demand for good business district sites, and has done much to enhance the valuation of the property surrounding the handsome structures that have been reared. Capitalists have been gradually buying up all the land in the more level districts contiguous to the business section of the city, and this has resulted in stiffening the market on all surrounding land.

The most valuable land in the city at present is located along Second avenue, the main business street, between Yesler Way and Pike street, a distance of ten blocks. Of this, the property lying south of Madison demands the highest prices, none of it being obtainable for less than \$2,000 a front foot. In the vicinity of the Alaska building the topmost prices have been reached, as much as \$4,000 a front foot being paid recently for a corner lot, on which was a three-story brick building. The Second-avenue property is increasing rapidly in value, but the greater portion of it is tied up by owners who wish to hold it for the present.

The best values in residence lots are to be found on First Hill, which is the summit of the first slope back from the



A view from Washington Park Addition, Seattle, looking across Lake Washington toward the snow-covered Cascade Mountains.



The Mutual Life Building, Pioneer Place, Seattle.

water front and directly behind the business part of the city. Most of this property is improved, and the few lots that are vacant are not easy to obtain, as the owners seem not anxious to sell. A corner lot in this district recently sold for \$9,000, or \$150 a front foot. Good values, and increasing values are also to be found on Queen Anne, Renton and Capitol

Hills, and residence property almost anywhere in the city is a good investment.

On upper Second avenue, where the city is establishing a regrade and has cut away a great hill in order to extend the street on a level, the real estate values have been jumping, although the improvement is not completed as yet, and the prices are not as high as they will be later on. This



This twelve-story, reinforced steel, concrete building being erected by American Savings Bank & Trust Co., at Second Avenue and Madison Street is one of the first buildings of this class in the West. It will be absolutely fireproof, and in its banking rooms and safe deposit vaults the company aims to have it second to none on this coast.

property is hard to obtain without paying so large a premium over the market price that it discourages the speculator.

Third and Fourth avenues are both considered promising. Third avenue, which is considered the most promising of any of the undeveloped business sections, has been held back on account of the settlement of a regrade which for some time has been pending. Several large property-holders along this street are only

awaiting the settlement of this question before they begin the erection of substantial business blocks.

The great Astor estate, one of the wealthiest in all America, has been almost wholly acquired by investments in real estate in New York City. The best investments were made when the city was young and much smaller than at present, and considerable care was taken in the selection of the property that was most promis-

ing. Some of the most valuable land in New York City was bought by the Astors at farm land prices. Other great estates in New York and in other cities that have grown rapidly have been builded in the same way.

The future growth of Seattle seems to be a foregone conclusion. The city has been growing, is growing, and every condition indicates, and great men believe, that it will continue to grow indefinitely.

The chances, then, for investment in Seattle are of the very best. Land can even yet be purchased in the suburbs and on the borders at comparatively low prices. To the man who has big money to invest, Seattle business property, or Seattle tideland for future manufacturing sites, is full of promise. The tideland property, especially, has increased many hundred per cent in value during the past few years.



The Eitel Building, corner of Second Avenue and Pike Street, Seattle.



The New York Building, corner of Second Avenue and Cherry Street, Seattle.

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS



One of many beautiful waterfalls for which the Pacific Northwest is especially noted.

A \$500 Gold Slipper

Among the heap of nuggets and "dust" at the last clean-up of the placer mines on Forest Creek, Oregon, was one big piece the shape of a slipper. It was the biggest nugget found in Oregon last year, and "weighed" nearly \$500 in virgin gold.

Nuggets are always of very irregular shapes, and one as smooth as this, and of



A gold nugget, shaped like a slipper, worth \$500. From photograph by D. H. Stovall, Grants Pass, Or.

the peculiar shape, are rare. This nugget will be a part of the display of Oregon gold at the Lewis and Clark Fair this year. It was found in the mines of "Jake" Klippel, a pioneer Oregon miner.

The Church of Our Lady

Southern California, from a historical viewpoint, is nothing without its old missions; and while they are a common object, "The Church of Our Lady"



Isleta squaw carrying a watermelon.

is especially interesting by reason of its location in the heart of old Sonoratown, the original Los Angeles, "The City of The Angels." This old mission is one of the few remaining relics of the old Spanish days in Los Angeles. It is lo-



The oldest house in the State of Washington.



View of the ladies' grill of the Rathskeller in the Hoge Building, Second Avenue and Cherry Street, Seattle. A thoroughly modern, cosy and first class eating place.



The Rainier Club, Seattle.



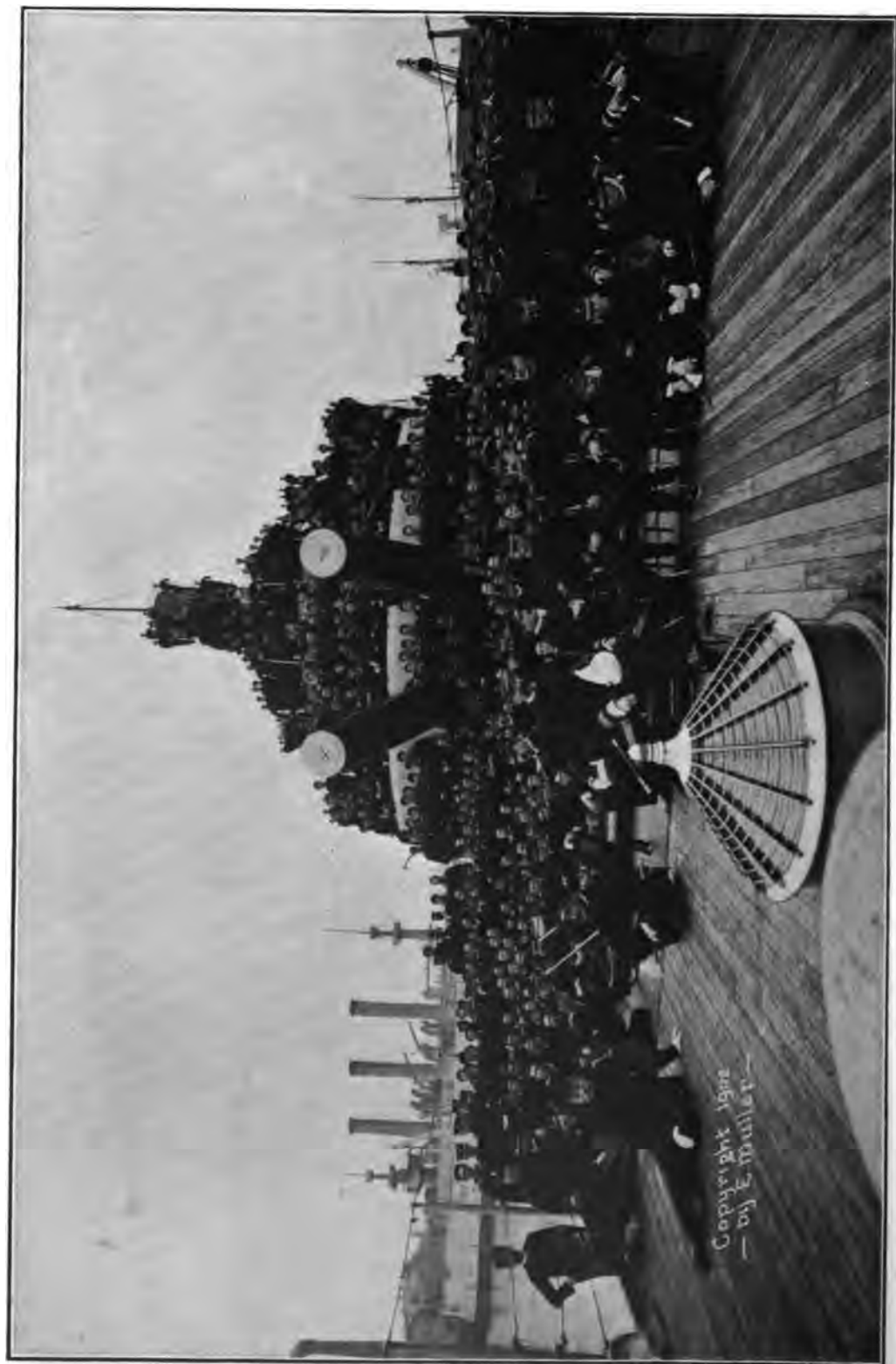
The Church of Our Lady, Los Angeles, California.

cated in the center of the present Mexican quarter, and just across the street from Plaza Park, which is the lounging place for scores of lolling Mexicans and Indians at all hours of the day. The church is yet one of the principal Southern California missions, and it is preserved and kept as it was during the old days. An "L" adjoins the main building in the

rear, and is used as a mission school. It was here that Ramona received a large share of her education. Located as it is, but a few moments' walk from the center of Los Angeles' business section, the "Church of Our Lady" affords the visitor to Los Angeles an excellent opportunity to get a glimpse of the Spanish days in Sonoratown.



The Washington Cold Storage Warehouse, owned by United Warehouse Company. This is the newest and most modern cold storage plant in the Pacific Northwest.



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— by E. Muller —

Officers and crew on the United States battleship "Indiana."

This department is devoted to short, crisp, interesting stories. The aim is to publish each month more short stories than any other illustrated ten cent magazine. Manuscripts are solicited.

By T. Shelley Sutton

My Dear Aunt: No doubt you will be surprised when I inform you that I have at last decided to accept your kind invitation, and will spend the approaching winter at "Big B." * * * While there I shall make a special study of cowboys and ranch life, and may use some of your men for characters in my new novel, "The Silver Spur."

* * * My critic, Professor Dillingham, informs me that I will be disappointed in real cowboys, as he says they are a rough, unromantic class, altogether unsuited for character portrayal. * * * He declares that they dress like Indians, drink like hogs, swear like troopers and fight like dogs, so if this is true I may really not care to write anything about them. However, I will spend the winter with you, and will leave for the West early in the coming week. Will wire you en route. Your affectionate niece,
GLADYS CHETWORTH CASPAR.

"Now, boys," said Mrs. Bigbee, folding the letter and gazing fixedly at Six-shooter Jim, "you see what bad reputations you cowboys have back in Boston. My niece, Miss Caspar, is a beautiful and refined young lady. She is coming here prepared to meet, as you see, a lot of 'Indians, hogs, troopers, and dogs,' and if you don't reform pretty quickly her expectations will be fully realized. What are you going to do? Shall you let her write her novel and brand you to the world as so many worthless—"

"Not by a blamed sight!" interrupted Long Charley, rising from the table and taking an extra large chew from his plug of tobacco. "I move that we all go to town, buy a trunk full of good clothes, and give her a surprisin' reception."

Big Jack Lamson alone refused to discard his cowboy raiment, or to change himself in the slightest for the benefit of the girl from Boston.

"I'm not a drinkin' man," he said, quietly, "an' I can't see the use o' puttin' on new duds, or tryin' to be what I ain't. I don't swear when it ain't proper; I 'tend to my own business, an' dress the way it suits me, an' if Miss Gladys Caspar don't like the way I am she can vamose the ranch."

The boys at "Big B" ranch knew Jack Lamson too well to attempt to reason with him, although they secretly wished that he would not disgrace them by daring to dress and act in the presence of their fair visitor as he did every day on the range. But there was one individual—Billy Saunderson—who derived a secret pleasure from Jack's attitude. He had long been laboring with the hope that he could induce Miss Caspar to look favorably on his contemplated suit, and now that she was to spend the winter at "Big B," it occurred to him that Jack would be his most formidable rival in the event that both should undertake to woo her; for in spite of his shaggy beard and morose manners, Jack was good looking and popular with both sexes. The best rider on the range, broad of shoulder, tall and graceful, with athletic figure and classic features, it was little wonder that he was termed "king of the cowboys," or that Billy should live in fear of his superior advantages.

In Mrs. Bigbee, Billy had a faithful friend and adviser, for she was peculiarly attached to him on account of his exemplary habits, and had told herself that Billy was the best companion and escort obtainable for her pretty niece, who, she felt sure, would insist on taking in the cowboy "shin-digs," and other amusements, for their educational, if not their social, features; and, of course, she would want a "real, live cowboy" for an escort. So Mrs. Bigbee had confided to Billy her intention of befriending him to this end, although she caused him to understand that he must not dream of any serious attachment.

Billy, spurred on to a higher hope by his knowledge of Mrs. Bigbee's assistance, and learning that Jack would not exert himself to impress the pretty novelist, looked anxiously forward to her arrival, and was among the first to purchase a new suit of "hand-me-downs." It was a yellow-checked misfit, in which he looked anything but comfortable, but he believed that it was quite in style and just the thing to captivate the girl from Boston. In addition to the suit, he purchased an old-fashioned golf cap, a half dozen extra large celluloid collars—to be worn with a pink striped shirt and a red necktie—and a pair of imitation patent leather Oxfords and green socks.

He arrived at the ranch all "dressed up," as a surprise for the cowboys, and was received with much interest and commotion. His wardrobe (socks and all) was declared a grand success, and the following day the other cowboys rode in a body to the nearest town, where they speculated in similar outfits, with some individual additions.

They returned to the "Big B" ranch late in the evening, riding at a break-

neck speed and yelling like Apaches, many of them being considerably under the influence of bad liquor.

All of them wore their new clothes, having strapped their discarded raiment to their saddles. Mr. and Mrs. Bigbee were sitting in the front room as they began to march in, and for a few minutes were dumbfounded at the spectacle. Bow-legged cow punchers with skin-fitting trousers coming scarcely to the shoe tops; others with hands hidden in long sleeves, and trousers so long that they had to be turned up several inches; still others made ludicrous by gaudy shirts and neckties, cheap jewelry, and rainbow colored mufflers. One or two wore "genuine white shirts" and "real white collars," and nearly all of them had invested in caps, derbies, or cheap felt hats, while one particular cow puncher, known as "Texas Tim," actually wore a black surge Prince Albert and carried a bamboo walking stick.

Mr. and Mrs. Bigbee arose, as the men filed awkwardly into the sitting room.

"Well, I guess when that niece of mine sees you fellows dressed all up in that style she'll change her mind about you bein' a lot of Indians and hogs, won't she, Jerry? I reckon that's about as fine as any of them regular city dudes could do, and no mistake."

"The boys is sartinly got good judgment," Jerry agreed, eyeing Sixshooter Jim's poker-dotted necktie with profound admiration. "I say, Jim, your pants is erbout five inches too long, ben't they?"

"I guess mebbe they air," Jim agreed, looking down at his trousers, "but I can saw 'em off; an' I got 'em cheaper because they was so long. They was reg'lar ten dollar pants, but I got 'em for one-sixty."

"That's a good suit Frank's got," interrupted Mrs. Bigbee, indicating a hungry-looking cowboy who was frantically endeavoring to twist his chin into a comfortable position over a razor-edged celluloid collar which was much too small for him. "How much did you pay, Frank?"

"Eight dollars fur the suit, and the socks, suspenders, and necktie all thrown in as a premium," he replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and giving his neck another difficult wrench.

Promptly as specified in a telegram, Miss Caspar arrived at the distant railroad station, where Jerry and Billy Saunderson met her with a weather-beaten buckboard and escorted her in great pride to "Big B" ranch. After Mrs. Bigbee had recovered from her assortment of glad greetings, she escorted the young lady with great pomp and dignity to the best room in the house, where she was considerably allowed to recover from her fatigue and prepare to meet the joyous array of anxious broncho busters. One by one they stalked silently into the "parlor" and sat stiffly down to await the entrance of the new arrival. Only Jack Lamson was absent. Until late in the evening he sat in a corner of the big corral, whittling with a jackknife and gazing moodily at the ranch house. He still wore his "chaps," sombrero, red flannel shirt, and faded overalls.

A few minutes before supper Miss Caspar was ushered into the sitting room by her aunt, and simultaneously all hands scrambled to their feet and gazed in ardent admiration at the vision before them. Never had they beheld such a dream of feminine loveliness, and her big blue eyes roamed wonderingly about the room as though unable to understand what it all meant; then her aunt introduced her to the assemblage and there was a wild racking of brains for the proper speech. Long Charley nearly bent himself double trying to give an original rendition of some Parisian bow which he had once read about, and Squint-eyed Pete said that he "hoped fur many happy returns of the occasion." Sixshooter Jim swallowed a mouthful of tobacco juice, and said something that nobody could hear, while Texas Tim nearly shook her hand off, and with this for a precedent the rest of the boys regarded the "glad-grasp" a fashionable necessity, and so insisted on extending their honest, but horny, phelanges.

Through it all Miss Caspar assumed a certain coy appreciation, and endeavored, almost vainly, to suppress the strong sense of humor which bubbled merrily beneath the smile. It had occurred to her that she must "do as the

Romans do," so she endeavored to be natural and appear "at home," even when Texas Tim gave her hand such a fierce grip that it actually pained her.

That she was pretty, and the best "specimen of female perfection" ever seen at the "Big B" ranch, there could be no question. It was equally certain that Billy Saunderson, from the moment he met her at the railroad station, was thoroughly captivated; but a good observer would have detected that she was extremely disappointed in the clownish-looking cowboys of this western cattle ranch. Six-shooters, sombreros, spurs, and "chaps" were all missing, and Miss Caspar began to wonder if in reality these trappings of the western cowboy existed but in eastern fiction.

These rough, ludicrously-attired fellows who stood gawking about her, appeared to her like so many backwoodsmen—anything but the dare-devil Westerners that she had expected to meet. But she, in turn, appeared to them as the "quintessence incarnate" of all that was beautiful, and poor Billy told himself that when Jack Lamson got a glimpse of her he would quickly "spruce up" for the occasion and plunge head long into a frantic courtship for the little Boston beauty.

Billy's prophecy was made without consulting the oracle, for even when Jack had been introduced to her, which was several days after her arrival, he seemed studiously to avoid her, and never had a word to utter concerning her beauty or many charming qualities. Until he was forced by circumstances to accept the introduction, he spent his time in the mountains, or riding on the prairie, and when hunger got the best of him he stole away to the "chuck" wagon and ate a quantity of stale bread and jerked meats. After the introduction was brought about he saw no sensible reason for missing his meals, so he generally repaired with the others to the family dining room.

He invariably took a seat at the opposite end of the table from Miss Caspar, and never during the meal had a word to say to her. She, however, found herself greatly interested in this big, mute, broad-shouldered cowboy, and was mystified by his apparent reserve. She had watched the boys breaking bronchos at the corrals, and with their derby hats, store clothes, and celluloid collars they had seemed altogether a comical lot; but in Jack Lamson she recognized the garb and character of a true, "ideal" cowboy—a perfect type which she at once decided upon for her criterion in the contemplated novel. When her interest in Jack had increased to the last degree of endurance she boldly asked her aunt concerning him.

"Jack Lamson's the most peculiar fellow you ever saw," replied the aunt, smiling mysteriously, "and I'm really ashamed of him, for he ain't in the least bit sociable of late. He came here about seven years ago—the Lord knows from where—and since then he's stayed right on the ranch and ain't showed any particular fancy for no place else. They call him 'the king of the cowboys,' and he's the best rider we've got, but of late he's been acting sort of bashful." She didn't say that she thought Jack Lamson was offended at Miss Caspar's letter, but this suspicion had entered the aunt's mind, and seemed to her partly to justify his mysterious conduct.

Miss Caspar now felt all the more interested in him, and gradually drifted into an almost desperate—though an exceedingly sub rosa—flirtation, to which the big cowboy was utterly impregnable. She was on the point of giving up the conquest when a new avenue of hope opened to her. Her uncle, Jerry Bigbee, suddenly conceived the idea of effecting a match between his niece and Jack Lamson. Just why this presumptuous and unprecedented desire should take possession of him even Mrs. Bigbee was at a loss to comprehend; but Gladys soon became aware that he was working to this end, and thenceforward Billy Saunderson and his companions sulkily withdrew to the background of obscurity. Billy realized that when "the boss" took a stand in Jack's favor it was folly to stay in the game.

"Thar's goin' to be a big cowboy dance over at the school house the night afore Thanksgiving," Jerry said to Gladys one evening as they sat alone in the front room, "an' it'll be the chance of your life to study cowboys fur your new

novel. You'll have to have a partner, of course, an' I want you to let me select one. I think Jack Lamson's about the most fit fur you to go with. He don't drink any, and ain't a feller you'd have to be ashamed of."

Gladys thanked her uncle for his kindness, and readily agreed to abide by his selection; so, with her at least, it was an accepted conclusion that Jack Lamson was to take her to the Thanksgiving dance. It was now lacking but three days of that auspicious event, and Gladys found herself looking eagerly forward to it—with a vague anxiety for the outcome. Meanwhile Uncle Jerry Bigbee was explaining matters to Jack Lamson, who at first stoutly refused to act as Miss Caspar's escort, but gradually turned a more willing ear to his arguments, and at last yielded.

When Jack, at the dinner table on the day preceding the dance, boldly blurted out a request for the pleasure of Miss Caspar's company, Billy Saunderson dropped his knife to the floor, and the cowboys looked at one another as though questioning his sanity; but Miss Caspar seemed not to observe the abruptness of his offer, and graciously assented, whereupon Jack closed up like a clam and continued, silently, his dinner.

No more was said until the evening of the dance, and Gladys—who had begun to look upon the big cowboy as a walking mystery—thought little of the matter beyond what it would lead to. She had half forgotten that Uncle Jerry was assisting her in the conquest, and asked herself if it was possible that Jack was learning to care for her. She had flirted, desperately, no doubt, but she hoped that the poor fellow would not regard it seriously. She believed that her interest in him was due merely to the facts that he was a better horseman, a more typical cowboy, and a better looking fellow than the others were. He revealed to her a certain admirable dignity—a powerful, yet half-hidden personality—which instinctively drew her toward him—but why she could not say. Probably it was because he seemed to her more like the men to whom she was accustomed; for in spite of his rough apparel and coarse vernacular he evinced the inner gentleman.

She had indulged merely in a chance flirtation—a passing romance incidental only to her visit at the cattle ranch—and she must not allow it to evolve into anything of a more compromising nature. Had he ever made manifest other than an extreme indifference for her, perhaps she would not have endeavored to draw him toward her; but it was his very coldness—his seemingly open defiance—which led her to seek his heart.

Once, in years past, she had learned the folly of coquetry—the bitter pain and regret that so often plant their poison in the trifler's breast. It was a pathetic story of her girlhood days. It had been a bitter lesson, and she had suffered as only a woman may who has loved—and lost.

Eight years ago, in Boston, when but a girl at college, she had met a handsome, ambitious student—Harry Edmundson—whose talents and nature had placed him in her estimation above his companions. He was young—a mere boy—but their friendship had soon ripened, and one day he confessed to her that he loved her. She listened, uncertain of her heart, and told him he should wait awhile—until she had graduated, and was sure of her affection. Unlike most girls at her age, she was unwilling to allow her heart to interfere with her head, for, like Harry, she was hopeful and ambitious. But Harry was impatient, and turned from her presence with fear, anguish, jealousy in his heart.

In the months that followed she learned beyond doubt that her future could only be happy when shared with him, but she waited and did not tell him. She desired to test his love, for he was young and she believed that he might change. Harry had a boy companion—a wealthy student named Geary—and Gladys concluded that through him she would be able to test the sincerity of her lover's affection. A reckless flirtation followed, and Harry—grown desperate—believed that she had forsaken him and fallen in love with his friend.

It was the old story. Maddened, as it were, he left the school, a week before graduation, and passed silently from her life. She received a letter—a mere note—

in which he said, briefly, that he was going away, he knew not where—to forget that he had ever known her.

In the years following she had sought, repeatedly, to learn his whereabouts, but her efforts had been futile, and gradually the little pain in her heart gave way to empty apathy—a cold, dark void, and a worthless memory. She had seen the partial consummation of her girlhood hopes, for she had met with success in the world of letters; but always the old love had cast a little shadow over her life and labors. It was one of the things that had brought her to this cattle ranch—to spend a winter in the new, strange country, where life and men were different than she had known—and the change would enable her to forget. But Jack Lamson—this big, awkward, careless cowboy, with his powerful shoulders and bearded face—his strong, bright eyes and haunting voice—something about him seemed to be slowly filling the deep emptiness of her life; and yet—. She hoped that he would not take it seriously.

* * *

It was after the dance that Miss Caspar and Jack Lamson mounted their horses and started on the four-mile ride to the ranch. They had not ridden far before they were overtaken by a half dozen of the party, including Billy Saunderson and Six-shooter Jim, who gave vent to several war-like yells and passed on in a thick cloud of dust. Several other cowboys loitered at a sensible distance in the rear, but otherwise neither Jack nor his companion were disturbed during their journey home.

At the dance Gladys had been greatly surprised by her partner, Jack, for she had discovered that he was the only real dancer in the ballroom, and he had taken her through a waltz and two-step that to her had been a revelation entirely unexpected. Since the dance she regarded him as a human paradox, for his grace and manners in the ballroom had utterly belied his slang and station. His personality, too, was so strangely inconsistent with his coarse, heavy voice and rough appearance.

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving," she ventured, as they were riding slowly across the sage brush, not long after leaving the school house. "Aunt Lizzie is preparing a big turkey feast, so we must all say thanks."

"There ain't much fur me to say thanks for," he replied.

"Have you no reason to be happy?"

"Yes, to-night—while you are with me."

She regarded his reply as a pretty compliment of chivalry, but something in his voice—its alteration from a coarse to a soft and lighter tone—caused her to gaze steadily into his face, with a nervous, questioning look.

"Do you know," she said, quite slowly, "there is something about you that reminds me of some one—I know not whom."

"Perhaps," he replied, turning in his saddle and smiling, oddly, "there is truth in the ancient theory of reincarnation, and that in some former life we were once acquainted."

Surely she was dreaming, but still she met his eyes, and replied, wonderingly:

"You have not always been a cowboy!"

"No, Miss Caspar. When I was at college, eight years ago in Boston, I was quite ambitious, and had a high aim in life. You know what Southey says:

"Ambition is an idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carried only to extreme:
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing."

"I found that it was impossible for me to be sublimely great, so I became—nothing. A little love affair caused me to quit the world. I wanted to forget, to find oblivion in some sequestered wilderness of the West, and—well, I have in a way succeeded. I have buried the *alter ego*, and from my environments and associates have derived a new identity. I am merely a plain, blunt, careless cowboy—still trying to forget."

"You!" she exclaimed, "you are—"

"Yes."

There was a long silence.

"You have not forgotten?"

"No. When one really and truly is in love it is impossible to overcome. I had succeeded, to a slight degree; but when you came to the ranch, and I looked again in your eyes, the old memories came back. To-night, for a little while, I am living my old self. I am what I am."

Their horses were standing still, side by side; and she had leaned from her saddle and placed her hand tenderly across his own.

"I, too, have tried to forget," she said, tenderly, "but, oh, I have made such a miserable, miserable failure! Harry, I have always loved you."

A loud Commanchee yell broke suddenly through the silence, and out of the darkness, riding at a break-neck speed, came a half score of cow punchers from the rural "shin-dig." They turned right and left, and passed them on either side, still yelling, and waving their hats in the air as the girl from Boston and her cowboy escort straightened back in their saddles and looked blankly after the dim cloud of dust. As the sound of hoofs died away in the distance, Jack gazed moodily at his companion, and gave vent to a low, droll laugh, but his eyes lighted up with ineffable happiness.

"What are you thinking about?" Gladys asked, reining her horse closer and again clasping his hand.

"I was just wondering if those blamed fool cow punchers saw me kissin' you," he exclaimed, in the old, careless tone and vernacular to which he had become so accustomed.

"And suppose they did? Should we care?"

"No, I s'pose not," he answered, thoughtfully. They had reached the ranch house. "But they might think it a blamed short courtship," he continued, smiling.

"Oh, but it has been dreadfully long," she exclaimed.

"Ah, I forgot," he replied. "We will tell them—how long it was."

THE FIR TREE ON ELLIOTT BAY

By Rose Simmons

I, the Fir tree, have watched over Elliott Bay, as Seattle's harbor is named, from the time in 1852 when a number of men came over from the opposite shore at Alki Point and began to make preparations to stay; and I watch over it still, for strange to say I am standing to-day, root and branch, unharmed by the passing events of time and fortune.

I was not young in 1852. I remember much farther back than that. I recollect when I did not know whether I was in the United States or Canada. That was in the time of the fur traders, who were the pioneers of our western civilization.

In 1792 rumors were brought by my friends, the Indians, that strange events were passing. Huge barks plied the great water, as they called the Pacific, and the people on them were different from their own tribe. They knew how to do wonderful things. The old chiefs harangued, the men listened intently, while the squaws and children were filled with amazement and terror. Rumors grew more and more disquieting. The white men were coming into our waters.

One day in 1805 a party of white men landed on the shore under the cliff within hearing distance of me, and this is what I heard them say: "What a region, what possibilities! I predict that in time to come this will be the country of the Northwest—and this is in Louisiana!"

"Not so sure of that. This country will prove a bone of contention. The English will never give it up."

They moved on, and I lost sight of them. I became confused as to where I really was, but felt that time would tell. I remained in doubt for nearly forty years, during which time I saw and heard much; but in 1846, when the treaty with England established the northwest boundary of the United States, I knew I was rooted in a free soil and awaited, somewhat impatiently, definite results.

They followed fast from that time on. My friends, the Indians, told of the whites farther up the Sound, of their cutting the timber and sending it away in ships, of their eager trade for furs and their curious search for metals, especially something they called gold.

Pat Kanim, chief of the Snoqualmies, spoke of them as wise men, knowing much and doing good. He told of a time when alone and treacherously attacked by a party of hostile Indians from east of the mountains, a party of gold hunters saved his life, and he exhorted his followers to friendliness toward these intruders. The whites came often to the bay during the next five years, and I came to watch eagerly for their coming.

In 1852, to my great joy, three land claims were located, and in 1853 the first plat of the town of Seattle was filed. It was named after a friendly chief. I watched the growth of the town with interest and wonder. The whites were very friendly and helpful to each other, and the community flourished.

My interest was especially centered in one family, the Campbells, living in a small cabin in plain sight of me. The father, a strong, stalwart six-footer, seemed to fill the cabin when in it; the wife was a sweet, patient looking woman, with soft, wavy brown hair, and dark blue eyes; then there were three children, two sturdy boys of 12 and 8 years, and a laughing, crowing girl baby. Charlie and Lindley would bring the baby out to me, and play at my feet, while the mother would work away, occasionally coming to the door to glance toward us and satisfy herself that all was well.

One day the Campbells were warned by Pat Kanim that there was a growing feeling of hostility among the Indians east of the mountains, and numbers of them were out on the warpath, nearing the Sound country and picking off stragglers and lonely settlers.

I, the fir tree, had always looked with distrust upon the Indians from the east. They were moody, sullen and revengeful, and I was filled with apprehension as to what they might do to the white settlers whom I had learned to respect and like. Nothing transpired, however, in or near our vicinity, and after a few months the old feeling of security again possessed us.

For the next two years matters progressed finely. Ships laden with provisions visited us often; timber and piles were in such demand that though the men worked early and late, they could not supply it. Gardens full of green things sprang up, and the cabins began to take on the appearance of cosy homes.

The Campbells prospered. They had a large clearing, and their cabin was one of the largest and neatest. They were popular, too, on account of their hospitality and willingness to aid any who needed help.

In the spring of 1855 a number of men, old acquaintances of the Campbells, stopped with them a few days and told of the great mineral wealth to be found in the mountains; such wonderful accounts did they give, that a party from the settlement determined to penetrate the wilderness and search for treasure themselves. Charlie persuaded his father to let him be of the party, and as Mrs. Campbell's brother was to be one of the number, Mr. Campbell gave a reluctant consent.

Pat Kanim came to them the evening before they started and warned them, as he had two years before, stating that he knew the Indians east of the mountains were preparing for an outbreak, and begged them to desist from the project. I hoped they would follow his advice, but the morning saw them, a party of five, set out merrily and hopefully.

They followed the Cedar River trail, and for a few days all went well. The mild spring weather, the beautiful scenery, the plentitude of game, all contributed

to their comfort and enjoyment; during the four days of their travel nothing had been seen or heard of the hostile Indians, and their sense of security was undisturbed.

On the fifth day while two of the men were walking in advance they were shot down by skulking Indians. Fortunately those behind discovered what happened in time to take to the bush, but in the confusion Charlie became separated from his companions. He kept under cover of the brush till nightfall, when he started out. He thought his companions were safe, as he had not heard firing since the first fatal shots, but how to find them might prove a serious matter.

He cautiously made his way to the trail and to the point where the two men had fallen. They lay there, dead and abandoned. Horror-stricken, he contemplated his situation. He must make his own way back—but how? Hunger was already forcing itself upon him, and there was but little ammunition in his pouches; besides the sound of the firing might discover him to the enemy. The silence of the deepening twilight and the awful shadow and depth of the forest had their effect on the susceptible and imaginative nature of the boy, but he was too brave to easily succumb, and the thought of the home-folks spurred him on.

He retraced his steps, and for the first three hours all went well. Without apprehending particular danger, he thought fearfully of a narrow stretch, where a steep bank, nearly bare, and curving so that an advance lookout could not be made, would have to be traversed. The only thing he could do was to go on. On reaching the embankment he crouched down and crawled along, partially dragging himself. Not a sound was heard for the first hundred yards. Then, as he was cautiously raising himself to view the position, a frightful yell broke the night stillness; another and another followed, and the lad felt himself seized roughly and dragged along.

* * *

I, the fir tree, noticed a great commotion and excitement prevailing among the people at the settlement six days after the expedition's departure. There had occurred a massacre up the White River Valley, not many miles from Seattle, and the people from the lower valley were coming to the settlement for protection and safety.

Measures were immediately taken for the building of two huge block houses calculated to hold all the settlers, and preparations for defense should attack be made.

The Campbells lived quite at the end of the north part of the settlement, and I frequently saw the mother moving about among the women from the river settlements, helping here and there, now speaking words of assurance to some not so brave as herself, now caring for children, whose parents seemed to have lost all courage and hope.

I knew her heart was heavy, for nothing had been heard of Charlie, and scouts sent out after the expedition, had returned and reported the death of Jamieson and Walker. The times grew more and more troublous.

The whole White River Valley had been laid to waste, and while some ridiculed the idea of an attack on the town, deeming themselves too strong a power in their congregated strength, friendly Indians frequently gave warnings, and the wiser ones of the whites began to give anxious heed. Pat Kanim and his tribe were especially friendly.

One evening before sunset Mrs. Campbell, while passing near me, met the chief and her mother's heart overflowed. "Oh, Pat Kanim, my Charlie is gone! I am afraid he is dead."

I saw Pat Kanim lean toward her and whisper something in her ear. Then I saw Mrs. Campbell seize his rough hand with both her own and the tears come to her eyes. "Not tell. Me bring him home," and he vanished in the brush.

Mrs. Campbell returned to her home, which two other families were sharing. Mr. Campbell was stationed as sentinel at one of the outposts, and besides the women and children, there were Lindley and two other young boys at the cabin.

They made everything secure for the night, but long after the rest had retired, Mrs. Campbell kept an anxious vigil.

Soon after midnight a tap sounded on the window shutter. She flew to the door. "Me, Pat Kanim." Reassured she drew back the bolts and opened the door part way, but Pat Kanim did not appear, and instead a rough hand was clapped over her mouth and she was forced out of the door. She could not give an alarm, but she noted that there was but the one Indian about, and that he gave no sign to any one.

She was hurried on through the brush for nearly three miles, when they penetrated a dense woods. At last they stopped and he made a peculiar guttural sound. It was immediately answered by several similar ones, and they were soon surrounded by a party of warlike savages. After much gesticulating and talking, Mrs. Campbell was securely bound, then carried to one side and shoved in among what seemed a party of sleeping savages, while her captor and his companions rolled themselves in their blankets and laid themselves away in the brush.

Silence prevailed for a while. Suddenly Mrs. Campbell was startled by a whisper among her companions. It was in English, and she felt she had heard the voice before. It was answered by another, and this time her mother instinct did not belie her.

"Charlie!" It was almost a cry.

"Yes, mother, oh, mother!"

"Hush, if Kanim is coming he must soon be here, and any sound now may arouse those devils." It was Mrs. Campbell's brother who spoke, and recognizing the wisdom of his words, the courageous little woman restrained herself and hoped.

A sound as of a bird whirring in the air was soon heard. "Now for it," whispered one of the men. Mrs. Campbell soon felt a knife at the thongs that bound her, they parted, and Pat Kanim's voice whispered, "You cut next."

She took the knife and obeyed him. It was the work of a moment to free the other three. "Now come." Charlie clasped his mother's hand, but not a word was spoken. With a peculiar snake-like movement, Pat Kanim led them out of the thicket, where they were joined by a dozen of his men. "Must go fast."

"Mother, can you stand it?"

"Yes, my son."

Pat Kanim hurriedly told them that the hostile Indians were in four detachments from the main body, which was stationed far to the southwest; that an attack on the town was to be made the following day, and that they were to be used as decoys. If they could only reach the settlement in time to spread the alarm.

Charlie Campbell never forgot that walk nor the feverish excitement with which all were filled in their efforts to keep speed with the Indians. They reached the Campbell cabin just as the first streaks of dawn were lighting the east. The door was partly open, as it had been left a few hours before, and they found the inmates peacefully sleeping. Three of the Indians remained to escort them to the fort, while the others, with the whites, went on to spread the alarm.

In a few moments all was bustle and commotion. The sleeping children roused from their slumbers, the frightened women hurrying to and fro, and the stalwart, silent Indians waiting for the rest to start, made the scene a strange one; as they closed the cabin door after them they saw a form glide into the woods near the clearing.

They reached the fort in safety, but in less than three hours after, the fighting began. The boys fought with courage and will, but the close of that sad day found them fatherless. Mr. Campbell was killed while protecting others.

That was one day of many similar ones. The war continued until the fall of 1856, when the few whites remaining again betook themselves to their homes.

I, the fir tree, marveled at the patience and courage displayed by the pioneers.

DAD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

By Christabel R. Sobey

WHEN Dad opened his own front door, a sudden shock of remembrance assailed his absent old mind. The bare hatrack, the green wreathed balustrade, the broom standing by the parlor door, all told a story he had heard before.

"That you, Dad? Come and see my lovely decorations. Don't leave your things in the hall, please."

Mr. Arnold stepped gingerly into the front room, carefully holding his hat and stick, his overcoat still buttoned to the chin. His daughter sat sorting cards, the one living thing in a desert of chairs and tables.

"Did you forget this was bridge night, Daddie, dear? Oh, please don't put your hat there!" Silently the old man picked up his things from the table by the door, and stepped over to examine the flowers on the piano.

"Aren't those pelargoniums beautiful? Mrs. Bennett—Father Arnold, what are you doing?" Springing up, she seized the old man's hat, for which he had been trying to find room, by pushing aside the bowl of flowers balanced on the corner of the piano.

"Well," helplessly, "what shall I do with it?"

"Take it upstairs, of course. But you won't have time to dress before dinner. And say, Dad, your room is all fixed for company, so I put your clothes in the back room, as usual. Hang those things in the hall closet."

Dad lingered, an expression of protest on his old face. No comfortable bedroom, no parlor, no library, his beloved piano closed, a crowd of unsociable bridge players occupying all the comfortable chairs.

"Martha, don't I have a birthday pretty soon?" he demanded.

"A birthday?"

"Yes, a birthday. Doesn't mine come next month?"

"Why, so it does, Daddie."

"Very well. I want to give a party myself."

His daughter stared at him, surprised at the indignant face and resolute tones of the old man, usually so submissive and uncomplaining.

"See here, Martha. One night a month now, for years and years, I've been pushed into a corner with nobody to talk to, nothing to do, giving up my room, my music, eating a pick-up dinner in the pantry—"

"Why, I never thought—"

"And now I want a party of my own, with people who talk, with plenty of music, and no cards at all. And I want it on my birthday, too."

He seized his hat from her hand, and walked from the room.

* * *

In due time the list was made out, and invitations to fifty people were written. Miss Arnold put them into a box, all sealed and stamped, and gave them to the old man to mail as he started for town one morning.

"Now don't forget to mail them. I've half a mind to mail them myself, only they go so much more quickly from town."

"Perhaps you'd better take them," he returned, hesitating about the terrible responsibility.

"No, no. Let the boy take them to the office at once. You won't forget. It's your party, you know."

"Yes, I know. I'm going to open all the answers, too, Martha. Don't you forget that."

"I don't think there will be any, Dad, for I just sent 'At home' cards. The people can go away earlier and come any time that way. I'm counting on forty

accepting. Good-bye. Don't forget what's in that box, and mail them this morning, sure."

"I wonder if I ought to have trusted him?" she thought.

* * *

The day came. Miss Arnold had spent the morning decorating the rooms, and she knew her father would be pleased with the result if his attention were called to it. The piano was open, the dining-room table set with the elaborate old-fashioned spread her father had insisted upon.

"None of your dabs of salad or ice cream and thimbles of coffee at my party," he had declared.

Miss Arnold had gone upstairs to dress her hair, tired of waiting for her father to come home to the hasty dinner in the pantry, when the door bell rang viciously. Kawada, the Japanese boy, came to the door with a note.

"Boy gone," he replied, when she asked if there was an answer, and glided softly away to the back stairs. He was startled, and nearly lost his balance half way down by a shriek from his mistress's room.

"Kawada, come here!"

She met him at the top of the stairs, clutching her kimona with one hand, waving the note in the other.

"Go over to Miss Jackson's and tell her to come here as early as she can. Then hurry back and get me some dinner."

She sat down on the stairs and re-read the note.

Dear Daughter: Judson just dropped in and asked me out to Sunny Hill to try his new organ. He'll take me out in his auto, and keep me over night. Couldn't get you on the telephone. Hope you won't be lonely this evening. It's a four thousand dollar organ. Hurriedly, DAD.

"And Judson has no telephone; the train doesn't go within ten miles of Sunny Hill. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Before she was dressed Maud Jackson came in, her eyes wide with dismay.

"Kawada told me some awful tale of your father's not coming home. Is anything wrong? What did he mean?"

Martha gave her the note without a word, and jerked her skirt into place. Maud gave one gasp and threw herself on the bed, fairly shrieking with laughter.

"I always said that dear father of yours was just too precious for anything. Isn't this the most delicious thing he ever did?" Martha unwillingly joined in the merry laughter, and felt better.

"It is funny, Maudie," she said at last. "But what are we going to do?"

"Just tell the truth," said Maud. "That will be entertainment enough for the whole evening. How do you suppose he forgot? Isn't it his birthday?"

"Yes, and I kissed him, gave him a new necktie, and made him promise to come home early."

Maud pinned Martha's collar, and they went down stairs, just in time to answer the bell. The other girls and the musician friends came in quick succession. To them the absence of Mr. Arnold was a merry joke, and talking and laughing in the library, the guests did not notice the flight of time. But Martha, watching the clock, pacing anxiously from dining room to parlor, counted the minutes.

At a quarter past eight her suspicions were aroused, and at half past she went to the library with a troubled face.

"What's come to my party? Those old people usually arrive before eight, and now it's half past. I wonder—"

Maud broke in. "Do you suppose that old precious forgot—"

Ethel Church, frowning, interrupted: "But, Martha, the acceptances. Surely you know whether the cards were mailed."

"No, they were just 'At home' cards, and called for no answer," said Martha, dully. "Let me think. I gave them to him in a box, and told him to have the office boy mail them. In the evening I asked about them, and he said—he said—Oh, yes! He said George took them all right."

"Perhaps the boy forgot," suggested the violinist.

"Where does he live?" asked the cellist. And in a moment, those remaining behind, heard the front door slam behind him. The three girls and the violinist sat down to bridge, while Martha went out to view the dining room with the tables set for forty guests. In a few minutes the door bell rang, and Maud threw down her cards to let the cellist in. Martha came hurrying in, a dish of salted almonds clutched in both hands.

"I saw George," announced the man.

"Well, well?" cried the chorus.

"He said that Mr. Arnold handed him a box full of addressed envelopes on the morning you mentioned, and told him—"

"Oh, what? Go on, do!" exclaimed Maud.

"Told him to put them away. They are now in the lower left-hand drawer in Mr. Arnold's desk."

"I can quite believe it," said Martha sadly. "And the act of doing something with them gave him the idea that everything would be all right. Oh, Dad, Dad, if ever I give you another party I shall tie you up somewhere until it's time to begin!"

"What are you going to do with all that supper?" demanded Maud.

"I don't know," wearily responded Martha. "There's salad for forty, four dozen oyster patties, ice cream—"

"Come on to the telephone," cried Maud. "We'll ring up the whole club. We can easily have two hours of bridge."

"It's nine o'clock," demurred Martha.

"Never mind," said Ethel. "I wager they all come."

By ten the bridge party was swinging along merrily. The musical friends had brought the tables from the basement, while the girls got the cards out. Martha was quite comforted.

* * *

Kawada appeared stealthily at Martha's side.

"He come!"

"Who's come? Not my father, surely?"

She was playing the dummy hand, and quietly left the table.

Out in the hall there was an eager, apologetic old man, very dusty as to clothes.

"Oh, Martha, dear," he said, "I forgot, indeed I did. But at dinner somebody said 'birthday', and that reminded me, and so Judson's man brought me right in. Shall I dress at once? Or do you think I'd better speak to them first?"

Perfectly helpless with laughter, Martha leaned against the newel post.

"Go in, by all means," she said. "Go right in as you are. Oh, Daddie, Daddie, you will be the death of me yet. And so this is your birthday party."

Wiping her eyes, she followed him into the parlor.

THE PUSH-BUTTON

By George Whitford

I HAD secured a position in a bank which had then newly started business in ———, a mining center, and by straight hard work had won the confidence of my superiors, so that in three years I had advanced from clerk to cashier, and, as the president of our bank was deeply interested in mining, he decided to retire from the management which he had also held, and at his strong recommendation, I was appointed manager, the president merely retaining his title and acting as chairman of the board of directors.

It is not often given to a young man of 30, without friends or money, to be so rapidly promoted. I had double reason for satisfaction, for when I left my

New England home, it was with the definite promise from a certain young lady that as soon as I had progressed sufficiently, I should come back to claim her as the reward of success and constancy. Such immediate success had hardly been anticipated when I left for the West, and I had, of course, not been slow to send the happy news to the waiting one in the East.

But success sometimes brings other feelings. Thus it was that in a very short time from the date of my promotion to the managership of the bank, my o'ervaulting ambition was suggesting, "Why not wait a little and be a bank president before going East?"

I must describe to you our life in the mining camp as it then was. Far away from centers of civilization, methods were of the West, and banking habits, and even banking hours, conformed to the situation. Houses were not numerous then, nor was hotel accommodation of the best in the rough new camp. Thus it was that in connection with our banking premises, we had a suite of rooms in the second story, and accessible only from the bank office, in which the staff was domiciled. For, like myself, my cashier and one clerk were both young, and unmarried men.

It not infrequently happened that a belated miner came in from the hills with a gold brick or sack of dust for deposit in the vault of the bank at a late hour in gold brick or sack of dust for deposit in the vault of the bank at a late hour in the evening. Sometimes, too, the miners might wish to obtain an advance of money on their valuable bullion before it was sent forward to the United States treasury. So it was a matter of frequent occurrence that we had a customer long after banking hours, and, not rarely, late at night, too.

It was on one such occasion that I had been sitting in my private office chatting with the one doctor the camp boasted, and we sat for some time absorbed in conversation on the future of our prosperous camp, and the part of the state in which it was situated. A miner from some distant creek, one who had a substantial balance to his credit, had been in to draw a small sum for purchase of supplies in readiness for an early return start next morning. I had not taken the trouble to call my cashier down stairs from his room, though for that very purpose we had installed an electric push-button—the only one, by the way, then in the town. That button was to play a very prominent part in the little scene enacted half an hour later.

As the doctor and I chatted, after the customer had gone, we were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of two men. Thinking they were two miners, I rose and was about to step into the outer office, when one of them said:

"Don't trouble to leave your seats, gents. Me and my pard can attend to this little transaction without your help, thanks to the fact that you hev obligin'ly left the vault open."

To say that my blood ran cold is commonplace. I had left that vault open, and what was more, had left open the safe inside, in which all our specie was stored for extra safety. It flashed on me in the moment the man spoke, that here was the end of all my ambitions.

The highwaymen were well armed, and the villain who acted as spokesman emphasized his remarks as he stepped to the door of my little office, barring any chance of escape, by holding two murderously heavy revolvers leveled at our heads. I broke into a cold sweat, then into a fever, only to be chilled again by the sight of those two guns held by that burly ruffian, who leaned provokingly at ease against the door frame.

The highwayman undertook to keep us interested with a running commentary on his skill with the guns, and the great convenience with which we had arranged for their proposition to loot the bank. While he was thus pleasantly entertaining us, his companion walked past him and into the enclosure at the back of which stood the open vault. I sat there and could hear him hauling out the sacks of coin, and arranging them for convenient transportation. Was there no help for me in this situation?

So clearly could I hear, that I even distinguished the faint tinkle of a bell, as if far-away alarms were ringing.

What was that sound? It was exasperatingly familiar but in my extreme state of nervous excitement I could not locate it, for what seemed to me an age.

At last I caught its meaning. It was the electric bell in my cashier's room, and the highwayman himself was unconsciously pressing the button. He had leaned against the door-post in such a position that his shoulder had slightly pressed the button which was placed there at just the height where it could be conveniently touched from either office.

But the discovery was no relief to my tense nerves. What if the cashier should rush down excitedly and be shot for his pains?

If ever I exerted telepathic influence over another it was then. I strove to concentrate my mind on the desire that the cashier should do nothing rash; not even to open his window and call an alarm which would only have frightened the robbers and possibly precipitated a tragedy. For we were sitting there helpless in their power.

I made a desperate effort at self-command. I endeavored to reply to the casual remarks of our captor and engage him in conversation, my efforts being partially successful, though he never once dropped those murderous guns. Talk as I would, it seemed that I could never keep him from hearing the stealthy steps down the stair, which my acutely-sensitive ears caught and recognized as the very thing I had hoped for. My cashier, alarmed by the odd and continued ringing, was on his guard, and hoped to reach the office unobserved. Evidently he realized that some desperate emergency had arisen.

The situation of the stairs was such that the door entering from them into the office was directly opposite the open vault door, and at the farthest point from the highwayman on watch. The brave cashier stealthily opened the door, while I redoubled my efforts at conversation with our captor. Just when it seemed that I must scream, from the tension, I heard a great bang as the cashier sprang across the intervening space and clanged the vault door shut. The bolt clicked in the same moment.

Like a tiger the highwayman turned to meet the new enemy, but I leaped for his back the moment he turned. The desperate nature of my assault drove him prone on the floor, as my knees struck his back. We went down together, and one of his pistols fell at my side. I seized and brought it down on the back of his head with stunning swiftness, and like a madman screamed to the doctor for his chloroform. Fortunately, the exigencies of mining camp surgery had made it a habit with him to carry the anaesthetic. He grasped the situation in a trice, and before our robber could recover from the blow dealt on his cranium with his own revolver, he was peacefully snoring while we trussed him up tight.

Then we sent for the town marshal.

The directorate made me president of the bank, and our nervy cashier, who had the pluck to do the right thing at the right time, was made acting manager for the six months, which the directors insisted I should spend on holiday to recover from the effects of my nerve-racking encounter.

I revisited my eastern home—and did not return alone.

THE AGITATOR AND THE MAN

By Hugh Herdman

"I'll just watch that fellow Scanlon, I'm afraid of him," the superintendent remarked. His friends would have laughed in his face, had they overheard the remark. In their opinion the man or thing that Bob Forester was afraid of had yet to be found. But he was alone and took no care to suit his words exactly to his thoughts. He was pondering the condition of affairs of the "Happy Jack," of which he was superintendent. Within a week after his arrival he had begun to suspect that matters were not going

smoothly among the men, and now, although he had little tangible evidence, he had decided that a crisis was not far off. He was searching for the motive power of the opposition and laid his finger on Scanlon. But when he said that he feared Scanlon, he meant rather that he mistrusted him.

And well he might. Three months before he had taken charge of the mine. The former superintendent had been unsuccessful. He had encountered no trouble with the men, but under his charge the mine had failed to pay. After looking over the ground and noticing the way things were run, Forester decided that the trouble was due to laxness on the part of his predecessor. Accordingly, when he took hold, he did so, in a way characteristic of everything he did, vigorously. Grumbling and dissatisfaction had resulted, but he had expected that; he knew that an easy man is a hard one to follow.

On his arrival he had found Scanlon installed as weighing clerk. Within a week he had become convinced that grafting was going on, and that Scanlon was at the bottom of it. He discharged Scanlon outright and brought in an old friend of his to take the place. Scanlon still hung about, however, and Forester concluded that he was fomenting mischief.

"Yes, sir," he muttered decisively, as he slammed the quartz paperweight down, "that fellow is up to something; I'll watch him, and if I catch him I'll—" He closed his desk with a bang and went down to the hotel for supper.

It was dark when he started back to the office, where he slept. There was no moon, but the stars gave light enough for him to see his way distinctly. He walked slowly, smoking his pipe and thinking intently. Once he thought he heard voices ahead of him, but decided that he was mistaken. Just as he turned around a huge boulder that lay half across the footpath, he came to a sudden stop. Not twenty feet from him were two people, a man and a woman, talking in low but angry tones. The man was doing most of the talking, but the woman interrupted him often. She was evidently both angry and frightened. All that Forester could hear was the man's angry jumble of words and the woman's clearer, "No, no, I won't, I won't."

Forester made up his mind to let them know that he was there and then to move on past them, for he had no desire to be an eavesdropper or a partner to their quarrel. But before he could do so, the man seized his companion viciously by the shoulders and shouted, "I say you will. You must! If you don't, I'll drive both you and your father out of the country. Now promise."

She struggled to free herself, but he held her fast, pressed hard against the rock. "Let me go," she panted, "or I'll scream."

"You scream," he growled, "and I'll choke the life—"

The threat was cut short by a heavy blow from Forester's fist. As the man turned, Forester seized him by the throat and recognized Scanlon. "You cowardly whelp," he exclaimed. "Take that! And that! Now get up and go."

Scanlon waited for no second bidding. When he had gone, Forester turned to the woman. She was huddled down by the rock, frightened and sobbing.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, bending over her.

She looked up without answering him, and he saw that she was Milla Fredricks, the 18-year-old daughter of one of his men. He raised her gently to her feet and asked her again. In a few minutes she succeeded in controlling her sobs and said she was not. As he led her home he could not refrain from scolding her for being with such a man. She took it as it was meant, kindly, and said that she didn't know that he was that sort, for he had always been kind to her. When he left her at the gate he told her that she need not fear, because he would see that Scanlon troubled her no more. She begged him to say nothing to her father about what had happened, and he said that perhaps he wouldn't. "It'll not make any difference, anyhow," he said to himself. But it did.

On his way to the mine he passed the hall in which the union held its meeting. He noticed that the lamps were lighted, but thought nothing of it because this was the regular meeting night. Had he been disposed to go closer and look

through the window, he would have beheld Scanlon standing before the crowd exhibiting the finger marks on his throat and the bruises on his face. He would have heard him relate a story of cold-blooded assault and battery. He had been on his way to the meeting of the union, he said, when he was overtaken by the superintendent and villainously assaulted. Why? Simply because he was a member of the union, and believed in upholding its principles. Hadn't he suffered enough already? Hadn't he been discharged without cause? Hadn't he been deprived of his only means of existence? True, he had no family—thank God for that—but he had to live just the same. And all because he had told the new superintendent that he did not pay enough respect to the union. And hadn't the superintendent told him he would run that mine as he d—d pleased, union or no union? But that was not enough. He must be waylaid and beaten when on his way to take part in the deliberations of the very union for which he had suffered. Would the union stand meekly by and permit such an outrage to go unrebuked? If it would, he was sorry for the manhood of those who constituted it.

The union would not permit such a thing; it would take some action. But what? Protest against it? What good, Scanlon asked, would that do after the crime had been done? Insist that he be re-employed? The superintendent had told him he was out to stay. Anyway, he would have no job but his old one of weighing clerk, and there was no hope of that. What then? Scanlon had a plan to propose, although far be it from him to presume to dictate to the members of the august body.

After due urging he unfolded his scheme. It would, he averred, not only vindicate his honor, but would also result in substantial benefit to them. Their own situation was not without grievances. Why not demand the satisfaction of these as well as the vindication of him? They were underpaid; their hours were too long; their houses, which the company had built and rented to them, were not fit for white men to live in; the rents were too high; and the company store charged exorbitant prices for the bare necessities of life. Here was their chance; now was the time. Would they seize the opportunity?

They would, although not a few, among whom was Henry Fredericks, protested against any radical measures. But the majority were inflamed by the heat of the agitator and sided with him. They appointed a committee of three, of which John Scanlon was chairman, to wait on the superintendent in the morning and demand their rights. These were to be formulated by the chairman, and, with the approval of the committee, presented to the superintendent. They were to get his consent by persuasion if possible; failing in that, they were to try threats of a general walkout; failing by that means, they were to call upon the men to stop work until such time as their demands should be complied with.

The next morning, as the young superintendent stood in the doorway of his office watching the men coming to work, he noticed that they talked more excitedly than usual, and almost invariably ceased when they perceived him. He wondered what was on foot among them, but arrived at no conclusion. When the whistle blew, he turned and took up his work at his desk. A few minutes later he heard steps outside and, looking up, saw the committee of three, headed by Scanlon, enter the office.

He whirled around in his chair, somewhat surprised, and looked at them inquiringly. Two of them seemed ill at ease, but Scanlon, despite his bruised and swollen countenance, had an air of confidence and insolence.

"Well," he said after waiting some time for them to speak.

"Mr. Forester," Scanlon said, "we are here representing the union, to which your employes belong."

"Two of you are my employes," Forester replied, "but you are not."

"But I am a member of the union and have been chosen to represent it."

"In a matter which concerns me and my employes?" Forester asked.

"Yes. We—"

"Then I prefer to treat with my employes without the assistance of any outsiders."

"I repeat," Scanlon snapped, "that I am a member of the union and its representative."

"And I repeat that I will deal with my men and not with you. Do you understand?"

"Do you realize," Scanlon asked, "that you are refusing to listen to the union?"

"I am not refusing to deal with my men who belong to the union. I refuse to have anything to do with you. There is the door, go!"

"Oh, very well," Scanlon replied in a tone of indifference, though he was secretly delighted that the affair had taken this turn, because in it he saw his opportunity. He motioned to his companions and started to leave.

"Johnson, you and Ohlman may remain," Forester said, "if you have anything to communicate to me."

They stayed, but, deprived of their spokesman and mainstay, they made out their case poorly. He listened to them patiently, but replied when they had finished that what they asked was impossible, for the present at least. When they spoke of a strike, his eyes flashed fire; but without changing manner or tone he tried to show them the folly of such a course. Perceiving that he was only wasting his breath, he rose and stood before them.

"Go back to the men," he said, "and tell them that this is what I say: If they are willing to sacrifice their own interests to satisfy the personal spite of a blackguard agitator, go ahead. If they are determined to strike, go ahead. When they come to me with reasonable demands, I will try to grant them. But when they come with a lot of trumped-up pretexts, incited and instigated by a discharged man, then I can not and will not listen to them. I have been put here to work this mine, and I intend to work it. If you don't want to work for me, then I'll get men who do. If you fight me, be sure I will fight back. But urge upon them this: that both my interests and theirs demand peace."

From their manner as they left him, he knew that war was more likely than peace. "I guess I'm in for it," he said. "I wonder why I didn't choke the life out of his miserable carcass when I had the chance."

They were joined by Scanlon when they left the superintendent's office. Acting on his advice, they resolved to call off the men at noon, and to report that they had done so because the superintendent had not only refused to comply with their just demands, but had insulted their committee by ordering the chairman out of the office. Accordingly the order to walk out at noon was passed among the men, and a call for a mass meeting at 1 o'clock was issued.

At the meeting all were with suppressed excitement. Scanlon took the floor and reported the manner of his reception by the superintendent. He did not weaken his case by understating it. Then Johnson narrated what had taken place after Scanlon's ejection. As he repeated the words of the superintendent, angry murmurs ran through the crowd. With the greatest difficulty many were kept in their seats until he had done. When he finished, all over the hall excited members sprang to their feet, shouted and gesticulated angrily. Scanlon finally got their attention, and within five minutes had most of them in a frenzy. And when he moved that the action of the committee be ratified and the strike continued, they gave a thunderous assent.

Meanwhile Forester made preparations. He had two men on whom he could rely, George Wharton, the bookkeeper, and Ned Weimer, the weighing clerk. He thought it advisable to have one of the three on watch all the time in shifts of four hours each, for he did not know to what extremities the men would go. He then sat down at his desk and spent the next two hours writing messages and letters.

The afternoon wore on. The men stood about in small groups and discussed the affair. Scanlon moved busily among them and made many trips with different crowds to the saloon. As night came on the excitement increased noticeably. About 9 o'clock Weimer, who was on guard, saw a crowd of men coming along the path toward the power house. He hastened to call Forester and Wharton, and together they returned to the power house just as the crowd was coming up the little hill in front of it.

When they saw Forester standing above them they suddenly stopped a moment. Some one urged them on, however, and they advanced slowly up the incline.

"Stop where you are!" Forester shouted. Again they paused. "What do you men want here at this time of night?" No answer; only the low voice of some one urging them forward. "Do you want to see me? If so, here I am." Still no answer. "I'll tell you, then, what your purpose is. It is either to assault me or to injure the machinery of the mine. Now listen to me. You men are fools." A rock whizzed by his head and struck the side of the power house. "Wait, and I'll show you why. You think you have a grievance against me. Did you think so yesterday? No, you didn't. You went to that meeting last night reasonably satisfied with the way things were going. While there you were aroused by the story of one whom I had beaten. He lied to you and worked on your sympathies. I don't know what he told you, but I do know what he didn't tell you. He didn't tell you the truth. I discharged that fellow some time ago for reasons which some of you may know or guess at. He got less than he deserved then. Last night before the meeting he and I met again, and again he got less than he deserved."

They were listening to him, but far from patiently. Indeed they seemed to become only more incensed.

"After listening to him you sent a committee to me and demanded certain things. How many of these things were grievous to you yesterday? Not one. He advanced them and made you think them just. I refused to grant the demands. That is my right. You went on a strike. That is your right. Now, after he has been at you all day, you come up here at night for some purpose which I can only surmise. But I know it is not a good one.

"Now, men, listen to me. You have declared war, and I am not going to run away from it. You don't have to work for me, but this mine must be kept going, and somebody must do the work. If you don't, there are others who will. And not only that, but they will occupy the houses which you now occupy; they will use the credit which you now use at the store, and they will get the money which you now get. Don't forget that. I want peace; but if you insist on war, then war it shall be."

"Come on, men, let's down him now!" shouted some one in the rear.

"Ah, Scanlon," Forester remarked, "I thought you would be skulking around somewhere. Well, you and I will have it out right now before these men." He paused long enough to give some directions to Weimer, who left him and disappeared in the darkness. "I didn't intend to say anything more about your case, but I've changed my mind. I don't want the men to injure themselves for a scoundrel like you. So I'll just show you up for what you are."

So he proceeded to review the events that had taken place before and since his coming to take charge of the mill. He did not mince his words. He called Scanlon a thief and showed them his proofs. Still they muttered sullenly among themselves. He saw they did not believe him or his figures. Then he took up Scanlon's actions since his discharge.

"What has he done? Has he acted like an honest man?" he asked. "Hasn't he skulked around here doing no work, living off your wages, and stirring up mischief at every turn? Who is it that has won your money gambling? Who has urged you to drink after drink when you had had enough? And who has given you reason after reason why you should be dissatisfied with your lot in the mine? Scanlon, always Scanlon. Not a one of you dares to deny it. Look back over his actions during these three months and you'll see a hundred schemes of his to drag you into war with me. But they have always failed, because you have acted like sensible men—until last night. Then you acted like fools and swallowed his bait. I don't know what he told you that persuaded you, but I have an idea of it. Now I am going to show you the truth of the matter."

He motioned to some one who for some minutes had been standing in the

shadow of the power house, and Weimer and Milla Fredericks stepped out in front of the crowd.

"Milla," Forester said, "your father and the men are going on a strike because they have been told a lie about what occurred last night. I am going to ask you some questions about it, and I want you to answer so they can hear you. Don't be afraid. All we want is to know the truth."

The men were plainly astonished by this turn of the affair. They ceased their mutterings and gazed expectantly at the little group above them.

"Milla," Forester asked, "where were you last night about half past seven?"

She seemed much frightened at first, but Forester's kindly tone and manner reassured her.

"I was walking along the path toward the mill," she answered timidly.

"Was any one with you?"

"Yes, sir, John Scanlon."

"Were you going anywhere in particular?"

"No, sir. He asked me to take a walk with him, and I went."

"Did he have any special reason for wanting you to go walking instead of staying at your father's house?"

"I think he did."

"What was it?"

"It was to—" she began, but stopped.

"Come, tell us. It means a great deal to your father and the men. Don't be afraid. Just tell the truth."

"He wanted to tell me something he didn't want father to hear."

"What was it?"

"He wanted me to tell father—" Again she paused and looked up embarrassed into Forester's face. The look gave her confidence and she continued. "He wanted me to tell him that you had—you had said something to me."

"That I had said what?" Forester asked, with just a hint of anger in his tone.

"I—I don't want to tell that," she replied, hanging her head.

"Well, why did he want you to tell your father this?"

"Because he said it would make father mad, and he would tell the men, and maybe they would strike, and then he would get even with you."

"And did you promise to do this?"

"I told him that I would not."

"Why?"

"Because it was a lie."

"And what did he say when you refused?"

"He tried to make me. He took hold of me and shook me and said he would drive us out of the mine if I didn't do it."

"And then?"

"And then—but you know the rest."

"Yes, but tell it. They wouldn't believe me."

"Oh, but it's true. Well, then you came and knocked him down, and made him let me alone. Then you took me home."

Now, for the first time since the girl came, Forester looked at the men. For fully a minute he stood there looking at them, but saying nothing. The men also stood motionless and silent. Then elbowing and crowding his way through, came Henry Fredericks. Without taking his eyes off his daughter, he stalked up the incline, laid one hand upon her shoulder, and with the other turned her face up to meet his gaze.

"Girlie," he said, his deep voice vibrating with intense excitement, "is this true?"

"Yes, father," she said, meeting his look firmly.

He released her shoulder and drew his hand across his furrowed brow. Amazement struggled with his recent anger in his slow brain. "She never has lied to me," he mused aloud, while searching her face again. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you, Milla?"

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, as if he had struck her.

"Men," he shouted, releasing her and turning to them, all doubt gone, and determination in its place, "I will not fight a man who has fought for me; I'm going to stand by the superintendent."

"And so am I," came from the impulsive hearts of the crowd. "Three cheers for the superintendent!" some one proposed, and the mountains echoed their lusty yells.

"Three more for the lass!" So vigorous were these that Milla clutched her father's arm, half afraid that they were angry.

"Scanlon! Scanlon! Where's Scanlon?" they cried.

But the agitator had made good his opportunity to escape.

THE FIRST IN TARA

By Alec Bruce

SUPPER was over. The fire was burning low. Sleep with indigo haze and star-shine had fallen on the big Q camp where a dozen jaded punchers lay prone on the crisp, sun-scorched grass. One Bellamy Shagg, a silhouette in sombrero and chaps, crimsoned now and then by the uncertain glare of the fire, sat up with arms bound over his knees and blinked sullenly at the dying embers. He had drawn the sentinel's lot. When the night wind frolics on the Tara, sparks follow suit, and the horses, hobbled and staked, munched loudly beyond the chaparral; and chaparral and prickly furze were dry as a stack of shavings.

Bellamy was not in a good humor. The sentinel's office he disliked, for he was Bellamy, son of "King" Thompson Shagg, owner of the big Q ranch, and his apprenticeship as cowboy, he argued, ought never to have been insisted on. On the saddle almost from his cradle, he could ride, rope, and range as well as any buster in the bunch. He had the telescopic eye; 'mid swollen and tangled veins in a glittering sun zone he could spot the big Q brand 300 yards away. As for the crack shot—his was the shoulder for the gun. Nevertheless, Shagg senior had insisted, "What was good enough fur me, Bellamy, 's good enough fur you. More, if ye buck, we'll bust y' at Kangaroo Court."

The threat was good. Bellamy had seen and appreciated the methods of that august tribunal, and to such indignities the son of a Shagg could not submit. Throughout the period of his probation, therefore, he had been circumspect, even respectful to the superiors of the band, and save for the initiation extravaganza had escaped all punishment at the hands of the Kangaroos. To-morrow, however, would see the end of his subjection. From his irksome indenture the father had promised to release him and give him command of all the Q's.

"To-morrow, yes, to-morrow," growled Bellamy, and as his glance swept the sleeping circle a sinister smile crept up and curled on his lips. Bellamy had been sailing under false colors. "By the holy, you Kangaroos," he muttered, doubling and shaking his horny fist around, "your chance is gone. Gone I tell you, and you'll never get another. Thought you knew Bellamy Shagg, did you? Poured out your grievances to his sympathetic ears. Ha, ha, so you hate the old man, comrades! Hate the young one, too. And you, Bobbie Freres, you'll smell the tar an' claw the feathers first of all."

Cluck! The individual thus threatened moved uneasily and closed his mouth. He was a chunky, red-headed little fellow, his freckled face distorted in apparent slumber, his throat emitting guttural sounds to the night. Suddenly, a smile grew out of the disorder on his countenance, and when Bellamy's fist had bobbed vigorously round the ring, it rested again and bobbed long and fiercely at Bobbie.

Chief of the Q's, Bobbie alone had seemed inclined to ridicule the son of a

Shagg; and Bobbie's day of independence was close at hand. Not if Shagg or Shagg's son knew it; but Shagg and son didn't know everything. They had only the moneyed man's cinch on Bobbie. They couldn't prevent him from saving his pay.

One grievance more had Bellamy against Bobbie, and that because Bobbie and Bellamy had one taste in common. Juanita Lara they both loved. And Lara, next to Shagg, was baron of the beef, and bitter rival of the king. Of late, too, Shagg had been much worried about the baron. Lara, with his newly incorporated bank and full corrals, in dollars and cents was slowly creeping to the notch of control; and if Shagg was the most hated man in Tara, Lara was the best beloved. Bellamy had suggested a trump to end the strife and cripple Lara's power. A match between him and Juanita; wouldn't that do?

"Juanita's dot! Subtraction from the baron, addition to you; paw, don't you see?" he urged.

"Ha, ha, by Jove!" chuckled the king. "Go in and win."

Now to the punchers of the big Q band Juanita was a goddess, the only one they knew. Timera, top froth of the greaser crew, even raised his hat to her. He hadn't been taught that it was the correct thing to do, but, jes' natch'lly he did it. Prague Allen, avowed woman hater that he was, blushed furiously and felt wobbly when he saw her coming. When she was gone, he followed cautiously, hoping against hope that a stray streak of courage from his craven store might bring him abreast again. McCarty always annihilated his precious corn-husk cigarette before he craved a handshake and a few soft words. Roderigo, high vacquero of the court, braced and stood at an ease which seemed painfully uneasy when her gaze struck his chest and dribbled laughingly to his feet. About every little dress detail, Bellamy plumed and fussed and fretted. Like all others of the rib-sprung sex, he argued, she admired the spruce and the trim. Bobbie Freres, alone of them all, refused to toady, and Juanita with that swift recognition of her sex set out to catch what seemed most wary of her net.

Again, Juanita was beautiful. She had hair the shade of purple grapes when the bloom's rubbed off. Eyes of a hue to match, dusky and disquieting. Complexion, sun-browned and glowing, a patent certificate of health. Features to the details finely chiseled, Latin, mostly, with a dash of the Saxon here and there. Figure—there was nothing of the goddess about it. It was round and plump, the strong, sinewy figure of the woman who apes the vacquero, and apes with every appearance of success.

"Yes, Bobbie Freres," growled Bellamy, when his coyote gaze caught the transfiguration of the sleeper's face, "smile on, it's the last o' it we'll see this side of Tara. To-morrow I'm Bellamy Shagg in charge. You're only a screeching second fiddle. Mebee that'll straighten the blam'd pucker on your face."

Suddenly, beyond the brush a low whistle sounded, and Bellamy rose hastily to his feet.

Thompson Shagg thrust his face through the tangle surrounding the camp.

"Bellamy," he whispered, and Bellamy, with the silent scoot of the lizard, was by his side. The hour of promotion and power had come just as he hoped it would, like a thief in the night.

"Bellamy," repeated Shagg, "you're fust lieutenant now, an' your fust offeecial dooty—"

"What?" broke in Bellamy. He did not like the gleam in his father's eyes. "Offeecial dooty!" He had so often heard the hated phrase, and knew that some distasteful errand was in store.

"Your fust offeecial dooty," repeated Shagg, unmindful of the interruption, "is t' slip right sma't t' Nogales levels. There's a chump plumb busted thar'. D'ye hear me? Then quit thet twistin' uv yer fiz. Bob Freres iss willin'."

"Go on," snarled Bellamy.

"Thet chump," continued the king, "iss a bigger fool'n you, Bellamy. He's givin' away 3,000 primes fur six a head. Slip down as I said right sma't, to-morrer, an' scoop the bunch."

"Ugh," growled Bellamy."

"Bob Freres iss willin'," repeated Shagg laconically, "an' more'n I jes' told ye, drive the bunch plumb down t' Dalva Dorez stat'n. You'll git fifteen a head from Sanchez thar'. Then bring the wad in yer suit case here. I'm agoin' t' start a bank, Bellamy, that'll singe every hair off Lara's head."

"Hush!" This was news. Bellamy straightened up, glancing uneasily at the ring of sleepers and turned to his father again. "Ah; of course I'll go, paw. Anything t' down old Lara. It'll help me with Juanita, too. But the job'll melt a month or more, and—and," he quavered.

"Mind ye, boy, this here's a clam-tight secret. No blowin' o' the game, or by the hushed, I shuffles wi'out an heir!"

"I'll go, I'll go," muttered Bellamy.

Now, Bobbie Freres of all the band was dreamiest of the dreamy. To-night, however, he did not dream that Bellamy was first in command. In the natural course of events he agreed that that must come to pass, and to slip down gracefully he had been prepared at any moment. As for the screeching fiddle simile which his senses, all alert, had caught up somewhere from the sun-scorched grass, it couldn't be expected that he would appreciate it. On the contrary, from any instrument he played he aimed to coax sweet melody and, if perchance its strains screwed up to screeches, with a rare consideration for the nerves and backbone of the other fellow, he willingly gave it up. Smellin' tar and clawin' feathers, too, in all his nightmares of Kangaroo punishment, he had never conjured up anything quite so disagreeable. But of more absorbing interest still, came the whisper that Shagg would start a bank and singe the hair from Lara's head. Gosh, what a spectacle Lara would present! Juanita was beautiful. To be sure, that wasn't Lara's fault. Shades of her departed mother, thanks!

But if it was too late to remold the gangling form of Lara, surely Bobbie could save his hirsute adornment from the flame of Shagg. He would try, at any rate, and then, mebbe that cornucopia would dump before he knew it.

"Lemme see, lemme see," mused Bobbie, flicking a wandering black ant from his nose, "3,000 primes at fifteen, minus six fur cost. That'll nett 'im a wad, b' thunder! Enough t' start a bank. But when's Bellamy comin' home I'd like t' know?"

Shagg's whisper when it came to that had dropped to histing labials on the accoustics of the stilly night.

"Um—wa'al," decided Bobbie, "if he don't blow the game t' Nita, he's bound t' write her when he's comin' wi' the suit case."

Bobbie was right. The premises of his broncho logic supported his conclusions, and while Bellamy did not exactly blow the game to Nita, a month later he wrote her that he was coming home. He had been on an unimportant mission, he told her, which hadn't been successful. His time had been wasted; it was all his father's fault. But to minimize the expense of the trip he would return on the 9:30 freight accommodation on the 27th. He would get off at Snake Creek. "You know the spot," he reminded her, "just at the water tank, a mile below the big Q." It would be dark, too, when the accommodation arrived. Wouldn't she come and meet him; they could walk home together. He had something very important to tell her. Moreover, he was first in command of the Q's now. Yes, he would expect her. "Please," he pleadingly wound up, "please, Nita, and don't let my old man know I'm coming. I'm leading time by a week."

"Of course I won't go. What do you take me for?" murmured Nita, when Bobbie laid down the rambling epistle and gazed questioningly into her dusky orbs.

"I—I—didn't think you would," he stammered. "But—but, now you know, he's fust in command up thar'. Do—do—you think your father—?"

"Rats!" interrupted the goddess. "Wot's he got t' do with it, I'd like to know? You jes' set about your business, Bobbie Freres, an' my old man'll fix you straight."

Now it is not to be understood that the baron objected to Bobbie. On the contrary, he liked him; he liked most of the puncher gang. But when Bobbie told Lara that he liked Juanita, and when Juanita, in turn, confessed that she liked

Bobbie, Lara was in the throes of a dilemma. To be first in Tara was his insistent dream, and, condition imperative, any prospective son-in-law ere he could wear the coveted title, must help to notch him there. Could Bobbie notch? Lara did not think he could. So: "We'll see, we'll see. Win your spurs, young feller, win your spurs," had been his evasive answer.

To the pampered weakling, the "What's he got to do with it, I'd like to know?" might have thrown a lurid light on Juanita's interpretation of filial devotion. But Bobbie Freres was no pampered weakling. To him the words were but the bubbling froth of sudden friction. It was with the father's challenge he had to do, "Aye, aye, sir." That was Bobbie Freres.

Again, as a successful cattleman before the grandees of the grass, King Shagg had always posed.

"Broker, too, eh?" some one had once suggested.

"No, no, straight cattleman, straight cattleman," loudly protested Shagg.

But strangely concurrent with the question came a curious quiver of Tara's evil eye; for, if in his own country the king was minus honor, in reputation he was plus. That a black mask suited his complexion well, was common enough report, and both Santa Fe and Mexico Southern, while they had no desire to stomp up slander damages, had Shagg and his greaser band under S in the fat index of their suspects.

With this fact, too, Mr. Freres was fully conversant.

That was why, therefore, when he visited Juanita, Mr. Freres picked up from Lara's waste pile an envelope, a little, oblong business envelope which, like countless thousands of its ilk, yawned wearily for dissolution. To Uncle Sam it had already paid its toll. Faintly post-marked and with indiscernible date, it was addressed to Carlos Lara. The flap was intact; the gum still glistened on the edges. But if it was waste to Lara it was treasure trove to Bobbie, who, once clear of urban eyes and ears, squatted himself where the sage grew thick and high, and from his pocket drew fountain pen and paper.

Dear Sir: Your letter received, and we are gratified indeed to inform you that we are now in a position to repay your loan. Our special messenger, carrying an innocent looking suit case, will arrive per the 9:30 freight accommodation on the evening of the 27th. As you suggest, he will leave the train at Snake Creek. Please see to it that your armed escort is there on time.

Then, skillfully he forged the signature of a firm well known to be heavily in Lara's debt; and if the former sender's tongue had been dry, Mr. Freres' was not, for, to a nicety the gum on the stolen envelope performed its sticky function.

A few minutes later, on the Tara trail, King Shagg stopped suddenly and dismounted. Up from the chaparral he snatched an envelope and tore it open.

* * *

At Snake Creek, behind a pile of granite rocks, were a dozen men lying prone, snuggling like lizards on the silvery sage; and Shagg was among them. Far down a distant murmur was growing to a nearer hum; the steel rails below them began to sing; the hum grew to a muffled roar. Then, eleven of their number, adjusting bandanas over their eyes, began to crawl stealthily from the rocks. Shagg was the one that remained behind. A moment later the freight accommodation swept leisurely up, and the engine, its air pumps breathing like a stifled monster, stopped at the water tank. By this time the desperadoes had gained the pithy shadows of the siding, and lay, watching their chance.

They hadn't long to wait. Almost immediately a man with a suit case stepped jauntily down and stood a moment under the glare of light. From his belt he drew out something that glittered for an instant. Then he plunged swiftly into the chaparral. He did not gain the moon-lit patch beyond. Two long, strong arms clasped and crushed him from behind. Thump! In a zone of blurring stars he heard the snorts of the departing train, and as his chin went down on his chest he was lifted from his feet and thrown face downward on the grass.

"By the holy!" whispered the owner of the big, strong arms, "thar's a mistake somewhere, boys. It's Bellamy Shagg we've got. Bellamy Shagg I tell you!"

"No matter, Tim'ra. The old guy's out o' hearin'," answered another. Let's go the whole game fust t' last. An' hark ye, it's a straight an' equal divvy fur every man; the fust time Shagg's treated us ones right."

"So—ho! That's so!" chorused the band. And Bellamy or no Bellamy, he was allowed to lie while the game proceeded. Up behind the rocks again, they counted out the fat bundles of bills, and each man took his share.

"Ha, ha," chuckled the delighted Shagg when he pocketed his quota of the steal: "an' who's the bird y've winged, my lads, eh? Just hold you fast a trifle, I'll travel down an' see."

But the king had barely started down the incline when a wild chorus of Yuhoos broke the stillness of the night, and eleven wealthy vacqueros lit out for the republic further south.

* * *

Lara was now first in Tara.

IT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

By Elizabeth Lambert Wood

THE drift-wood fire swung up the throat of the chimney in long, gulping roars. Outside, the deep-lunged ocean answered back the roar a thousand fold. Instinctively the chairs were scraped nearer the blaze, while the silence of man's awe of the elements fell over the little group.

Suddenly a girl leaned forward, looking along the line of fire-lighted faces.

"Would anything—could anything—make one of you go alone, on a wild night like this, through the woods to Dead Man's Hollow?" she asked.

"No, no!" whispered the other girl shudderingly. "I wouldn't go for the world."

"Not even for Len?" some one asked teasingly, while all the men burst out laughing.

These lords of creation glanced at the girls with the leniency of superiority.

"Gracious, I'd go for a dollar," chuckled one.

The slim, brown-tinted girl—the first speaker—peered wistfully at him.

"Would you really?" she asked seriously.

A muscular, sea-tanned hand reached down and closed over her slight fingers, and the man beside her smiled into her up-turned eyes. In less than a month she would be his bride, and he was thankful that his God-given strength would suffice for both.

* * *

A year of seasons lapsing, of mating men and maidens, of deep-souled joy, slipped by in its fullness; and one night the fire again swept up the chimney, again the ocean roared, but to-night, the girl—a wife of a golden year—sat alone in the light and warmth. Her hand—slim and brown as ever—reached out; it touched a cradle.

With a swirling gust of wind, the door swung in, a girl in streaming oilskins clinging to the knob. In a voice of fear she cried, "Jean, the schooner! She struck an hour ago; she's drifting toward the rocks."

"Not ours?" beseeched Jean, springing up, eyes dilated.

"Oh, yes," wailed the other. "We saw their rockets. Grandpa knew them. The wires are down and their signals can't be seen from the station."

Jean was slipping into some of Jerry's discarded oilskins, and was pressing

a sou'wester over her soft hair. The younger girl watched her swift movements with startled eyes. "Where—what are you—" she stammered.

"To the station for help."

"Not clear to the Life-Saving Station on the Cape?"

"Yes. It's only five miles through the trail past Dead Man's Hollow."

"Oh, Jean, you can't, it's such a wild night. Oh, my poor father. There, there, Jean, of course Jerry's the one you are thinking of. Mother is just like she's crazy. She could hardly bear to have me come, so I must go right back. Oh, if anything happens to father and Len—" sobbing, the girl's voice trailed off into the storm against which she was once more battling.

Jean waited only to push the fender close before the fire, then she knelt beside the cradle. "I'm going to save Daddy," she whispered, kissing his son's soft cheek.

She flew over the wet sand like a gull, and began the climb over the slippery rocks to the first headland. She recoiled with a moan, as a rocket shot up from the wild sea, bursting in the misty sky. Every man of the tiny fishing hamlet was imperiled.

Soon the sea was left behind, and Jean plunged into the forest, slipping, falling, running. Her hair fell loose and whipped life into her ghastly cheeks.

Eyes gleaming and savage peered at her from leafy coverts. A cougar close at hand, with fresh killing between his knees, rose to dog her flying feet. But she had no thought for danger behind; all her fear was pitted against the sea.

At last, after an eternity of anguish, Jean reached the station, hurling it into a maelstrom of activity. She waited only until the life-boat made safe egress through the boiling surf, then thought of her babe, alone, sent her homeward.

Her weary feet hurried to the very door; there they paused, while with infinite gentleness, the eager girl-mother pushed the door ajar. In the glow of the fallen coals, the babe, Jerry's son, still slept.

Sinking down, Jean threw her weary arms across the cradle and prayed and prayed.

Hours later there were footsteps, a flashing light, and—could it be his voice?

She seemed to see some one come in, not long and level and dripping cold—but big and upright and breathing.

Jerry—with arms outstretched!

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE ORIENT

By Annie Laura Miller

ON BOARD "LEUDOI MARU,"

September 1, 1902.

FOR two hours this morning I listened to the chorus of hucksters swarming in sampans about the boat, and stared at the granite hills and yellow wall, at the blue bay with its crowd of junks and dirty coasters, until all Chefoo harbor looked a gaudy lithograph, and I felt like rushing forward to greet the boatload of passengers coming aboard. But I had barely time to catch a glimpse of a big, brown officer in khaki when the gong rang.

Tiffin would have been comical if it had not been tragic. A lone girl—an American girl with eight days' voyage ahead of her, all the way to Japan via Korea, and the conversational possibilities as limited as if she were stranded on a desert island.

There is a Jesuit father; but I know too little French to discuss Benedictine and Chartreuse; there is a pompous Dutch colonel with a cross, middle-aged wife; there are Japanese galore, a young naval cadet, a marquis, half a dozen merchants; and there is a spectacled German who looks as if he had lived always on

ancient tomes washed down with beer, so learned his expression and so portly his person.

The big lieutenant is German too. If he were only English! Between sips of tansan I glanced at him furtively and decided that I should call him handsome if I were romantic, for his eyes are blue and serious, his hair black, and having seen his face, I know what authors mean when they speak of a "bronzed soldier." He must belong to one of the German companies I saw in Pekin.

The situation at table is distinctly awkward. I sit between the lieutenant and the little Japanese chief officer, who—poor soul—does not understand English, for when I asked, "At what hour do we reach Chemulpo," he replied, "Yes," with Oriental exactness.

Across from me sit several Japanese, all clad in black, solemn as ravens, fearing lest they crack their newly acquired veneer of European civilization and revert to the chop-stick motion with knife and fork. Excepting my unfortunate remark and intermittent cawing from the Japanese ravens, tiffin passed in silence.

Dinner was worse; my only satisfaction was the pidgin English I talked to the waiter. But how much pleasure does one derive from saying, "My wantchee banana." Just as much as Polly when she demands a cracker. Oh, for a chaperon!

Did ever an American girl long so for a chaperon before? It was a cruel fate that sent me flying off on this forlorn voyage alone. No woman should travel in the East alone unless she be a missionary, or a confirmed spinster, or Isabella Bird Bishop; it is not safe, and moreover it is tiresome. I am going to bed.

* * *

September 2, 8:30 P. M.

From the spot where we lie at anchor far out in the bay, Chemulpo has all the alluring effect of the sleeping palace in the fairy tale. I watched all the passengers clamber down the gangway and diminish into sailing specks in the distance, and the nearer they approached the shore the more convinced I became that the little Korean port was waiting for me to discover it. Moreover the sharp wind had given me a headache, and I must have some phenacetin. So I shipped in a sampan, which contained a policeman attached to a big sword—a ludicrous figure of a warrior, yet so solemn of mien that he gave me a sense of security greater even than a chaperon could give. The white clad Koreans laid aside their pipes and hoisted sail, chanting a chant like a funeral dirge, and we scudded away into Chemulpo. The enchantment vanished as the red marble palaces grew into boxlike brick buildings, and the big white ants on the hillside changed to Korean coolies.

My policeman escorted me along a straggling street to a drug shop. Chairs there were none, so I sat on the threshold where my round-toed Oxfords could find a resting place among some dozen pairs of straw sandals discarded politely by purchasers who thronged the room. It was a little shop; the walls from ceiling to floor were made of drawers and pigeon holes with dangling, wooden tags. Through sliding doors I caught glimpses of a Japanese doctor gravely examining a man's throat. An officious, kimona-clad youth rushed back and forth with prescriptions which he thrust through a cubby hole, receiving mysterious looking packets of drugs in return. All about me, stood waiting, patients of the coolie class. The crowd grew suddenly larger in the silent way peculiar to mobs in these Eastern countries. I asked every coolie there, "Savey English?" and they all simply laughed in their impassive Eastern manner and looked insolent, coming gradually closer, feeling the brim of my hat, and pointing at my gold-filled teeth.

I was beginning to be really frightened when a tall figure loomed above the crowd, and there was the German lieutenant. He bowed as low as he could for the intervening coolies.

"Pardon, Miss, sometime I haf watch, I am passing. Iss not wise that you here remain."

"Oh! you speak English," I said.

"No, a little. You haf alone come?"

A feeling of disgrace came over me, and I wished that I had not come ashore. So I answered very humbly: "I have had a policeman with me; he is now gone." Even if I can not speak French and German, I have mastered one foreign language, and English as she is spoke by continentals is difficult of attainment.

"Permit that I return you to a sampan," he continued. And so he did after we had walked in silence to the wharf. But instead of bowing himself off, he bowed himself into the sampan. "Pardon! Iss agreyable that I come? These waves much wild." He looked so like a big black ogre standing there, towering above me in the rocking sampan that I waved my hand at a seat and told him:

"It is agreeable also that you sit."

"I thank. No." Then rather sternly, "You haf been since long time in China?"

"One year."

"Ach! Iss plenty. I also."

The rest of the time—it must have been an hour—passed in silence. Evidently the lieutenant was discovering feminine America, and finding her very different from the domestic frauleins of the Fatherland; frauleins who spend a lifetime mastering the mysteries of sauerkraut. He was making up his mind that she was an untutored savage roaming over the East as in her native wilds.

Any one versed in the annals of the Benton family would know that it was absolutely necessary for me to take this disagreeable voyage alone; and yet here I was being judged incompetent by a perfect stranger. I felt vaguely that the Teutonic mind was not doing me justice, and it was a thoroughly disheartened Miss Columbus who crept up the gangway.

Dinner I had served in my cabin, for it was impossible to face that appalling row of Japanese ravens after they had stood on deck and watched me return with the lieutenant. And the Dutch colonel's wife, with her sourly virtuous expression! Ach! Himmel! My headache is quite gone.

* * *

September 3.

Until they returned this evening I had a most restful day, for all the passengers left early to catch the train for Seoul. Meantime it occurred to me to rummage about in the disused garret of my mind for the German phrases I used to know. At the age of 10 I had an old German Herr Professor who taught me "Das ist ein Messer;" but he spent most of the time saying hopelessly, "Fraulein, Fraulein, vill you neffer learn?" In later years a friend used to sing "Du bist wie eine Blume." That song is too sentimental, and the only flower the German lieutenant could be compared to—so tanned he is—is a big red tulip. The Lorelei has no bearing upon the situation. Besides these I have only vague memories of Wilhelm Tell, and I know that unlimited brain racking would not produce a quotation from Schiller applicable to the scenic characteristics of China, Korea, and Japan.

At dinner there was a gulf of silence between the lieutenant and me, until finally, mindful of my gallant rescue, my conscience pricked sufficiently for me to say:

"Pardon that I have not before thank you; yesterday I am frightened. You are very kind."

"Ach! Iss nothing. I like not that a lady be not safe. To-day you haf on shore been?"

"No," I said with dignity, for I fancied that there was the ghost of a twinkle in his eye.

"Iss more better so." Then after some moments of silence: "One year in China iss plenty. I like America better."

"But in America you have never been."

"Iss so. Just now I go to America and Germany. In America are trees

very big, and ex-po-sition?" He dragged the words out to great length.

"Yes," I said. "The redwoods and Buffalo you mean."

"And houses very tall? And maidens wunderschoen." He added half aloud.

It is a strange idea he has of America; but now that I think of it, Germany always seemed to me a happy combination of brass bands and beer gardens with nightingales singing in linden trees under the summer moon.

All hope of quoting Schiller has left me; what a blessing it is that the lieutenant drew his English from the common fountain—I believe they have fountains in Germany—instead of such undefiled wells as Sill's grammar and Shakespeare.

* * *

September 4.

All this foggy day we have been going over a floor-like sea, pearl gray and shimmering, in and out among rocky islands, their rugged, brown sides fading to a dim blue in the distance. The sunset was of a brilliancy that no artist would paint for fear it be called unnatural. Ahead was a gray fog bank, and off the port-side the green and purple sea wavered with opalescent lights. To the star-board all was burnished gold and red, mingling and dividing with the slight swell; and the sun slipped like a great, gold Japanese lantern around to light the other side of the world.

The lieutenant walked from one part of the deck to another saying to his companion, the German professor: "Wunderschoen! wunderschoen!" And once as he passed me: "Iss beautiful, iss beautiful."

We had another conversation this afternoon. The professor, so the lieutenant said, came to China to collect curios for the Berlin museum, but "He iss already too late."

This led me to ask the lieutenant if he had any loot, and to my great surprise, he replied, smiling slightly: "I also am too late. We Germans haf got nothing. Iss the Americans that haf take all."

I said: "Pardon, you are forgetting the bronze astronomical instruments your troops took from the wall."

He looked a bit puzzled at that, and even if he understood, it was the thing to do, for when foreigners meet in the far East, it is wise to avoid all political topics. They make a bog wherein the unwary sink.

"Neffor before haf I meet an American lady. I am please it is you that introduce me to them," he said.

"But I am not a fair sample," and I laughed at his cumbersome sentence.

"Sample? What iss this word? I know it not; but fair, ach! yes, you are fair." And bowing low he left me a bit dazed by the uncontinental seriousness of his compliment.

So he is sentimental, about scenery I mean—many Germans are—and has a rare sense of humor that many of his compatriots have not. After I went to my cabin, I heard a melodious baritone singing, "The Lorelei." I believe he thinks I am half civilized after all.

* * *

September 5.

This morning the waves grew boisterous, and I remained in my cabin until after tiffin. When I went on deck, the lieutenant, with a click of his heels, a gracious bow, and "May I seat myself," sat in the chair next mine.

"Iss more better that you come on deck. Here iss more pleasant as in warm cabin." And then responding to my short catechism, he told me of his year's experience in China. Each understood about one-half that the other said, but the rest was made plain by the international language of facial expression. He had been in charge of a detachment three hundred miles from the Great Wall, fighting stray companies of Boxers and brigands, and had been wounded in the shoulder, "Iss nothing." In February he received a little glass-encased tree, sent by his parents for the Christmastide. This he told as simply as a child might speak of Santa Claus, and yet with such quiet dignity that the big, bronzed officer was no less a man and a soldier for the confession. Where is the American officer who would make such an admission?

And there is a maiden waiting at home, flaxen-haired, and corn-flower-eyed, of course. I thought there was. But he doesn't look especially happy. How could he when it was all arranged by the parents, who seem to have chosen as inopportune a time for the betrothal as for the Christmas tree?

Several times I forgot the continental variations and spoke grammatical English, but warned by a strained expression in the eyes and by puckers in the military forehead, I carefully inverted my ideas until the puckers disappeared along with the structure of the sentences. Yet I am thankful for even these A B C's of conversation. Perhaps the lieutenant is too, for he said: "By Great Wall, I am officer all alone. Are no frents; are no ladies. Iss pleasant once more to meet. Iss—how you say?—awfully nice."

* * *

September 6.

He looked straight down at me from his great height, and smiled at my remark. "It is like Freischutz; the ghosts, I mean."

"Ach! you know?"

We had reached Fusan, a little, round harbor shut in by rocky hills with occasional verdant valleys terraced like steps to the top. At the water's edge was a village of low huts and houses, Korean and Japanese. The sunset shadows lay long in the hollows and across the cliff road, where white-clothed Koreans wandered continually back and forth and on over the hills in ghost-like procession. The lieutenant had been ashore with his curio-hunting friend, and the professor was bubbling over with joy and German gutturals, for he had discovered a piece of rare old cloisonne.

The lieutenant, however, seemed glad to be on the boat again. "Iss very little inter-resting ashore." Together we stood and watched the coolies loading cargo, the crowd of chattering Japanese drinking champagne with the captain, and the dark shadows lengthening on the hills. He brought his sketch-book and drew rapidly the outline of the hills and the little gray-roofed town with its grove of pines above.

"At home I make finish," he said, writing the colors below the sketch. I watched his slender brown fingers turning the leaves, and espied several drawings of a girl's head.

"Her picture?" I asked.

He flushed to his eyes like a school boy, and dropped the book into his pocket.

"Ach! yes; her picture," he murmured. But it was no portrait of a placid German fraulein; it was the portrait of the only American lady he had ever met.

9 P. M.

It is a very stupid thing that I have just done. After dinner, when we were at sea again, I walked on deck, and the lieutenant, gravely begging my permission, walked with me, while the sour-faced Dutch lady, bolt upright on a bamboo couch, disapproved volubly to her husband. Presently he—the lieutenant—said, "Already we haf walk one mile. Permit that I for you a chair obtain." We sat down. He was in the shadow, and the deck is very dimly lighted, so I could only see the flash of his teeth and his ready smile. Forgetting the puckered forehead, I talked for an hour I verily believe, and always in the King's English. He could not have understood what I was saying, but why—why did he not say so? And I was sitting under the light.

* * *

September 7.

It was pleasant to see the fresh, green hills and beautiful harbor of Nagasaki.

Our "New York" and the German "Furst Bismarck" are anchored side by side, and as we passed, the German captain was coming off our ship. The lieutenant waved his hand and looked at me—he had been haunting my footsteps all morning. "Look thou, Germany and America are unite," and he wore rather a sad expression.

We went ashore in a launch, built for Japanese stature, so low that the lieutenant was obliged to double up in an ungraceful manner. The shore reached, he clicked his heels together, bowed low over my hand, and put me in a rickshaw.

"I am happy that I meet you," he said. "Always I remember. And you? Very soon I think you forget."

"No, no, you made a dull voyage pleasant; you were most kind."

"Ach! iss too small. Iss nothing. Iss very heavy for me to say adieu. Me, always I remember. Your face I carry here," bowing with his hand upon his heart. The trembling of the hand that took mine in final farewell reminded me most illogically of Jack's nervousness when he proposed.

The corner past, I glanced back. The lieutenant was standing, still hatless, gazing after my rickshaw, and a short distance away, staring at him, stood the Berlin professor, his face wearing the same expression that it wore when he hung over the piece of cloisonne; he looked as if he had again discovered a rare and valuable curio.

I wonder if hearts as well as tongues have nationality. Had the lieutenant been an American, I should say he was in love with me.

HOW THE PINTO PONIES GOT THEIR SPOTS

By Bert Huffman

TWO hundred years ago, if you could have stood on a peak of the Blue Mountains, and have looked eastward across the splendid expanse of the Grand Ronde Valley, or westward across the beautiful rolling hills of Umatilla County, you would have seen tens of thousands of pure white, pure black, solid bay, solid chestnut and pure cream colored Indian ponies.

Not one spotted pony would have been in sight on all those hills, at that time, according to the Indian legend.

To-day, in all the vast possessions of the Northwest Indians, there is scarcely a pony of solid color—the piebald and pinto being the predominating hues.

For two hundred years the Cayuse Indians have been the most powerful, intelligent and wealthy Indians in the entire Northwest, and owing to their enormous holdings of horses, of small size and iron nerves, the "cayuse horse" has become a term inseparable from all the small, wiry, faithful breeds of ponies known to the West.

A horse that is not one of the well-known imported breeds, is just a plain "cayuse."

A legend among the Cayuse Indians, a few of whom are yet found allotted with the Umatillas and Walla Wallas, on the Umatilla reservation, near Pendleton, Oregon, gives the romantic origin of the pinto, or spotted, among the Indian ponies.

According to the legend, the hills near the Umatilla River were once the chief grazing ground for the fleetest, hardiest, most magnificent breed of Indian horses in the entire West, most of the larger and better horses being pure white.

This legend is borne out by historical facts connected with the Lewis and Clark expedition, for was it not Yellept, chief of the Walla Wallas, who presented Captain Clark with his snow-white war horse, while in camp near the mouth of the Walla Walla River?

The magnificent pasturage of the Umatilla foothills, the clear, pure mountain streams dashing down from the Blue Mountains, and the acres and acres of rich, wild clover on the Umatilla River bottoms, all combined to make this chosen section the rival of Normandy for the production of good horses.

How the color of the cayuse horse was suddenly changed from the pure white and raven black to the mixed red and white, as seen in tens of thousands in the Northwest to-day, is beautifully told in an old Cayuse legend, as follows:

The Cayuses were at war with the tribes on the upper Snake River, now known as the Bannocks and Blackfeet, and a band of Cayuse warriors, led by Co-lah-cut, one of the great chieftains living 180 years ago, on the Umatilla River, had invaded the Bannock country.

The Cayuses were well mounted, and prided themselves in their horsemanship, and, like a pack of marauding wolves, swept here and there, murdering, burning and devastating in the Bannock country.

Co-lah-cut was accompanied by his only daughter, Ilt-see, a girl of 18, who waited on her warlike father and clung closely at his side in all his daring raids and murderous ambushes.

Her mother was dead and she had none but her father to love and cherish, and she devoted her life to him. He was passionately fond of Ilt-see, and though he feared for her life in the perilous dashes of the Cayuse warriors, yet he was proud of her bravery and was immeasurably strengthened by her cheering presence.

For days and days during the beautiful June weather, Co-lah-cut's warriors ravaged the lodges of the Blackfeet and Bannocks—always victorious and murderously triumphant!

Finally tiring of the uninterrupted carnage, the Cayuses crossed the Snake River by swimming the stream, near what is now American Falls, and started on a new raid into the lava bed region west of the present town of Blackfoot.

This was a fatal mistake. Word flew to the farthest lodges of the Blackfeet and Bannocks, and thousands of their warriors, stung by the terrible punishment visited on their people by the Cayuses, rallied to the lava beds, surrounded Co-lah-cut's band and cut it to pieces, inflicting the most horrible tortures on the captured Cayuses, who fought like demons.

The magnificent war horses of the Cayuses were captured by the Bannocks, and the entire band of Cayuses was utterly destroyed, Co-lah-cut alone escaping on his great white stallion, and carrying the dead body of Ilt-see in his arms.

Fleeing before his pursuers, Co-lah-cut turned his charger westward, straight across the wilderness of central Idaho, and carrying his dead child in front of him on his white horse, he left the Bannocks far behind.

Across the parching deserts, over tortuous lava trails, and down the winding canyons sped the vanquished chief, fleeing before the vengeance of his infuriated enemies. For two days he galloped over the wilderness, past what is now Boise, Caldwell, and Payette, swimming the Snake near the Huntington gorge. On and on he sped toward his Umatilla home.

Down the beautiful Powder River Valley, carrying his dead child and galloping, galloping sorrowfully, he came! Through the smiling Grand Ronde, where the wondering Indians flocked to see the lone horseman pass, across the zig-zag trails of the Blue Mountains, his white charger only stopping to drink from the sparkling mountain rivulets, and on down the western slope to his lodge and kindred on the plains of the Umatilla!

He at last laid down his precious burden at his lonely tepee, amid the loud wailing of his people, who learned of his sad home-coming and came to mourn with him.

Five hundred miles his faithful horse had galloped and borne home his dead, and when Co-lah-cut saw where the blood from his own wounds had mingled with the blood of his own child and had flecked and dappled the white stallion from his head to his hoofs with great red blotches and streaks and sinister figures of blood, he gave orders that this faithful horse should remain so spotted to his dying day in memory of his splendid endurance and speed in bearing Co-lah-cut and Ilt-see away from their enemies.

So when it rained, the women spread their rush mats over the blood-specked charger, so the rain could not efface the memory of that awful ride.

And thereafter the horses of the great Cayuse tribe became spotted, like this cherished stallion who carried the chieftain home.

Since that day the spotted horse has been considered the hardest, fleetest, most faithful of horses among the Cayuse Indians.

VIEWS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

From photographs reproduced for the first time



VERNAL FALLS.



EL CAPITAN.



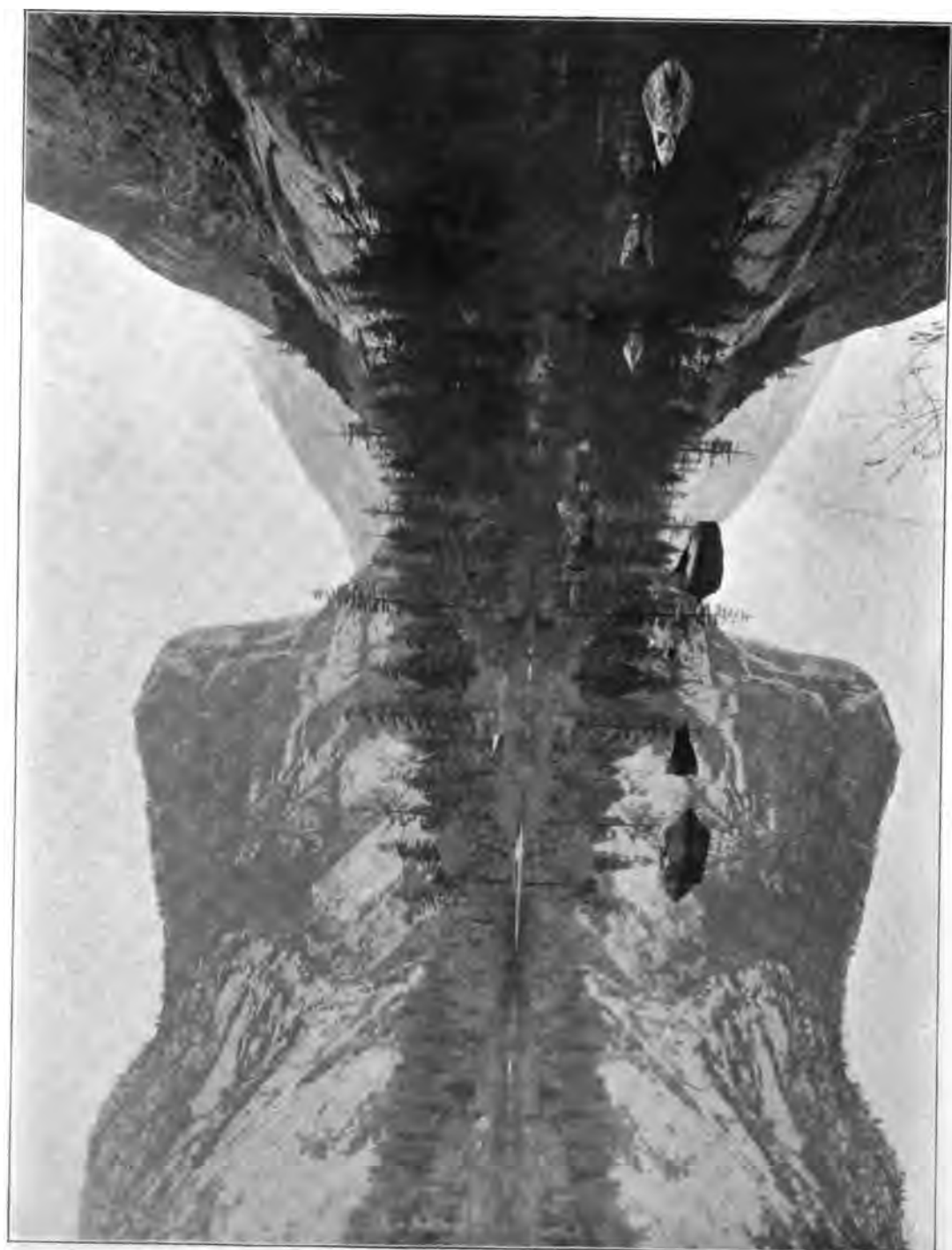
GATES OF THE VALLEY.



UPPER YOSEMITE FALL



YOSEMITE FALLS.



MIRROR LAKE.



FROM INSPIRATION POINT.



NORTH DOME, ROYAL ARCHES AND WASHINGTON COLUMN.

SANTA MONICA BY THE SEA

THERE was a time when the broad mesa which stretches inland from the sea, at the top of a rugged palisaded bluff, where now is situated the city of Santa Monica, in Southern California, was made the ground for the rodeo when the cattle owners held their annual round-up. Those who revel in the memories of such days sigh and moan over the glorious past.

There was a time when the grain fields touched the very edges of the bluff, and the ripened grain commanded always a high price on account of the excellence of its quality.

Then came the beach-resort age, when every energy was bent on making the glistening sands the mecca for thousands. While at this age the young city was formally laid out, still every one's thoughts were of the beach, and but little attention was given to building up and beautifying a city on "the dirt."

The streets, however, were all made broad, the narrowest being eighty feet wide. There were alleys between the streets to relieve them from disfigurement by water mains and other public utilities. Then, one day, the progressive people of

the community awoke to the fact that this was a most charming site for a city—and then these progressive ones began to plan to that end. To-day Santa Monica is a beautiful memorial to their energy and endeavor—a city by the sea, with mountains and canyon at its very doors. Situated at less than fifteen miles from the center of Los Angeles, it is in the direct line of the growth of that metropolis of South California.

It is in truth a beautiful place, its broad streets over-arched with a canopy of branches; a city spread out on the broad bank of an upland, and peering out through a fine grove upon the Pacific; a city with homes flower-embowered; a city surrounded by a picturesque country given over to green fields and large orchards, with a background of green hills that swell into purple mountains—such is Santa Monica.

From the edge of the bluff is seen one of America's great playgrounds—a magnificent beach, a broad expanse of glistening sand that affords most excellent surf bathing. Off to the right the great ocean pier at Port Los Angeles, the longest pier in the world, reaches out a mile into the



The ever restless and always interesting sea; a scene at Santa Monica, California.



Arch Rock on the coast near Santa Monica, California.

ocean; to the left a rugged headland marks the bay's domain.

In the matter of public buildings Santa Monica is well equipped with a City Hall that cost \$40,000, a Carnegie Library that cost \$15,000, and three fine school houses completed and two additional ones in process of erection.

It is well supplied with water, has a good electric light and gas service, and is reached by the Los Angeles Pacific suburban electric railway.

The city's population, according to a census just completed, is 7,208. The assessed valuation is \$4,100,000. There are twenty-one miles of graded streets, treated with oil; sixteen miles of cement walks and curbs, and fifteen miles of sewers.

The government is under the charter for cities of the fifth class at present, but it is expected that it will shortly be changed to a freeholders' charter.

One of the questions of greatest importance to the intelligent class of home-seekers is that relating to school facilities. Santa Monicans point with pride to the fact that their educational advantages are among the best in a state whose ambition has always been to place her schools in the most advanced rank. They have taken

that interest in her schools which has resulted in the building of three commodious and well-equipped school houses in the more thickly settled portions, and two smaller buildings in the outlying territory.

As a mark of the growth of the city, it is pointed out that the schools have increased in attendance during the past three years from 755 to over 1,500.

In addition to the public schools, there are private institutions which afford excellent courses in special branches.

These schools, together with a well-stocked public library, beautifully housed and most serviceably equipped, all backed by a progressive community and an intellectual atmosphere, make Santa Monica an ideal place for those desiring to surround their families with an environment that is refining and uplifting.

One of Santa Monica's chief charms is its climate—a temperature of exactly the right degree, varying but little, a constant tonic condition of the air and a corresponding absence of debilitating humidity.

Life here is essentially an outdoor one, much of the time of every dweller being spent in the balmy air, reveling in the many pastimes of the place, which include bathing, boating, driving, wheeling, and



Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica, California.



North Beach, Santa Monica, California, showing bath house, pavilion and amusement features.

automobiling over fine roads, fishing, hunting, tennis, polo, golf, and all outdoor sports known to America.

The Casino, a clubhouse built in the mission style, is the seaside home of tennis. There are situated the courts where racket-wielders love to linger, and from its piazza the golf links stretch out over the adjacent country.

On the ocean front all kinds of aquatic sports are indulged in, and east of the Casino, the track is situated where the Southern California Polo Club has its annual race meet.

Directly in front of the city on the ocean front, is situated a mammoth bathing establishment complete in every respect, including a large cement plunge, which in winter or summer is kept continuously full of clean salt water at a temperature of 80 degrees. There are also tub and other baths.

Even the pleasure of a bath in the ocean, which attracts so many summer visitors, is not denied to those who come in winter. There is scarcely a day in the year when one may not find a number of people taking a dip in the surf.

On the ocean front there is a continuous board walk of three miles in extent, with several piers extending seaward, and those piscatorially inclined may freely indulge themselves.

The state forestry experiment station is located amid picturesque and romantic surroundings in Rustic Canyon. A pleasant drive of twenty minutes from the center of the town, along good roads, brings one to this delightful canyon, where Nature has a thousand charms of woodland scene and song to captivate her worshipers. At the forestry station visitors are always welcome, and the foreman takes pleasure in showing everything of interest and furnishing information whenever desired.

Many cultured people make Santa Monica a permanent home, and the social life of the city is pleasant. Each year, as the lovely climate and other advantages of the place become better known, more and more of these people come to reside.

For those who prefer hotel life or for the pleasure seeker who comes for a day or longer, there is the Arcadia with its world-wide reputation as one of the finest hotels on the Coast. It stands directly upon the shore, with matchless views from every window.



The Carnegie Library, Santa Monica, California.

All of the secret organizations from Mason to Good Templar have flourishing lodges at the Bay City. The Elks, the strongest numerically, although the youngest, were the first to own a fraternal home. At their beautiful clubhouse visiting Elks are royally entertained by the herd. The Odd Fellows have recently followed suit and purchased a lot on which to erect a temple.

The San Vicente and Santa Monica de Boca ranches, except a small portion whereon is situated the City of Santa Monica, have been held intact for years,

and it has been impossible for those desirous of making homes upon the fertile fields to the north and east to purchase land. But three years ago this magnificent stretch of territory comprising 30,000 acres of hilly slope, canyon, and plain, with limitless variety of view and soil, passed into the hands of new and progressive men, who are platting and dividing their holdings, and it is now possible for a homeseeker to purchase a lot or bit of acreage upon which to erect a domicile in this garden spot of South California.





AN OUTING ON PUGET SOUND

By Belle W. Cooke

Illustrations from drawings by Clyde Cooke

A LONG the eastern border of the beautiful Northern Sound, and extending across its upper channels, lie the isles of the San Juan, wrested from the British grasp by favor of Christian, King of Denmark, and forming a group bewildering in extent and of surpassing loveliness.

With their fringes of trees and girdles of sand, their ramparts of rocks mirrored at morn in the clear waters, the wild confusion of knolls and tangled wood paths carpeted thick with moss, they afford an ever-changing panorama of purple forest, blue or snow-capped mountains whose peaks lie among the clouds or peep through veils of mist.

In summer days of the fast-fading past, a company of friends went through this delightful country in a small yacht, starting from Seattle. Passing between the fortifications at the entrance between

Whidby Island and the mainland, we skirted along the precipitous shores of that great forest-clad giant among its fellow islands, admiring its vast wealth of timber which would seem inexhaustible were it not for the devastating fires which so surely are kindled in the dry autumn days.

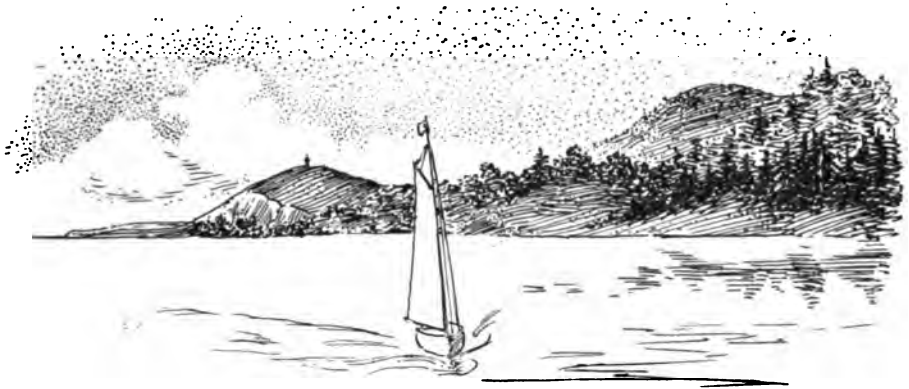
Becalmed on the broad breadth of sea opposite the Straits of De Fuca, ever varying winds obliged us to tack frequently and kept us in range of charming views for many hours. Here we had a fine view of Mt. Baker, not as high as Rainier, but wholly beautiful in the sunset lights.

Passing through the narrow strait between San Juan and Long and Lopez Islands, we came in sight of Mt. Constitution on Orcas Island, a fine, shapely peak 2,400 feet above the water level, clothed, like most of the islands, with tall trees.

Long Island is but a ledge of rock low-



Orcas Island from Rocky Bay, Puget Sound.



Sailing on Puget Sound.

lying between San Juan and Lopez. San Juan is picturesque with some bare spaces on the hills on its southern point, and adorned with occasional small wooded islets along its eastern shore.

After days of sailing over gently rippling waves, early in the morning we came quietly into the narrow strait between Pearl Island and San Juan, while those lovely little gems, the Wasp Islands, lay to the north of us, their lace-like reflections stretched out toward us, trembling on the shining water.

Pearl Island, the most perfect of all the isles we saw, lies just in front of the

harbor, bordered with innumerable small brown shells that are polished and whitened by the ever pulsing ocean swells and the grinding of the sand. It lies, in shape, almost a perfect oval when viewed from the harbor town.

We landed on Henry Island, lying the other side of the steamboat passage, beyond Pearl Island; it is of a curious shape, somewhat like a linked cuff button, with a low sand-spit for the link, joining the two densely wooded parts of the island. On the northern half of the island we pitched our tents on a grassy bank.



Looking toward Mt. Baker from a point near Port Townsend.



Forest covered headland in Puget Sound.

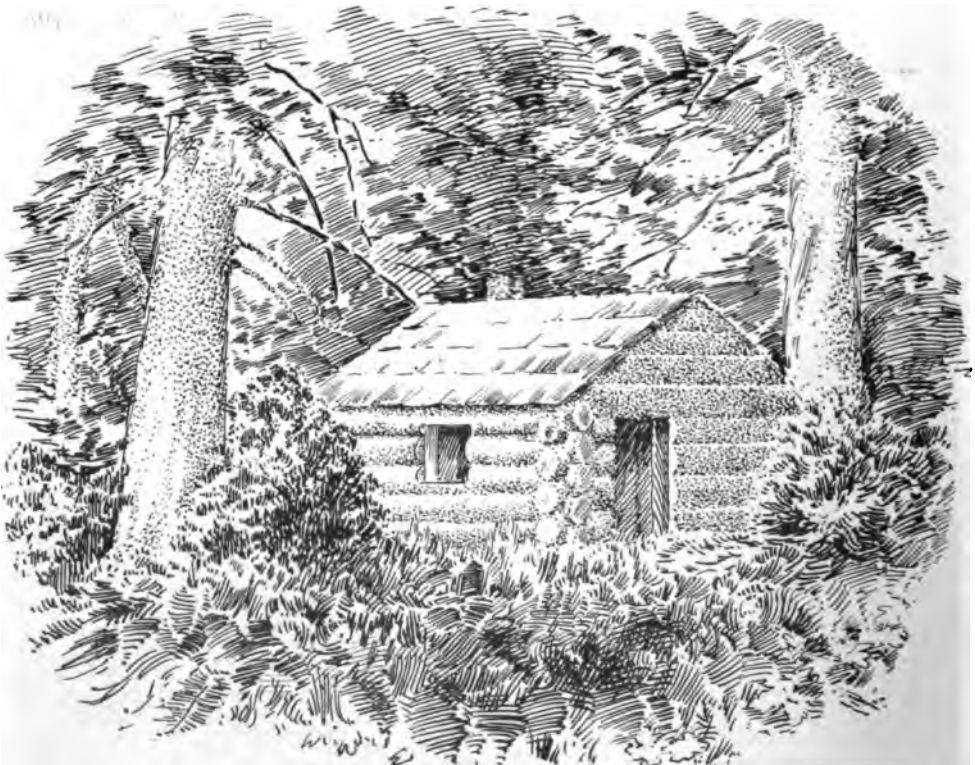
Along the slope of the hills wound wild-wood paths cushioned and carpeted deep with moss, figured with a trace of gray and brown lichens over rock and tree trunk.

Looking toward the ocean to the western edge, ranks of spruces with wind-twisted crowns shadowed the quiet waters of the land-locked bay with their darkest frowns. Wandering through these dense woods over the narrow paths, worn by the wild dwellers of the forest, we were fenced in by the luxuriant undergrowth.

Berries of juniper, tassels of pine swelled our store of gathered treasures, while the stems of the vine-maple and

hazel hung over the way in many a graceful arch.

Near the extreme western point of the island, back deep in the shadowy forest, where seldom a meddlesome foot ventures, a lone little cabin stood almost entirely hidden and seemingly deserted. Behind the cabin, beneath a small hole cut for a window, was a great pile of empty tin cans, mute evidences of former indwelling. Had we found a smuggler's rendezvous? Here in these wild waters, he might safely spread his confident sail, hidden from sight by the veils of smoke that often fold down to the waves edge, and here at night, across the Canal de Haro,



A lone cabin, hidden by giant trees, on one of the many forest covered islands of Puget Sound.



A few of the western "Thousand Islands" on Puget Sound.

we could see the distant lights of the beautiful English city, Victoria.

San Juan Island has an extensive trade in lime, and its busy laborers live in houses that are set in rows perched on the hillside opposite Pearl Island.

After satisfying our appetite for fish and fishing, taking our sufficiency of wandering through mossy glens and tangled greenwood, lying prone under the tall trees, and looking up into the vastness overhead, sitting in the moonlight around fragrant fires carefully lighted on the sandy shore, far from the dried ferns and underbrush, singing songs which echoed far over the waters and through the tall woods, we, with one accord, turned our faces homeward.

As we passed Mt. Constitution on our return we saw forest fires burning on the mountain side. Flashing and roaring, as fed by the freshening wind, the flames mounted the tall spruces, or crackling among green fountain-like sprays of hemlock, melting down stems of cherry and alder and larch without regarding their

brave broidery of brown mosses, they poured forth huge clouds of smoke.

Oh, in that fiery transformation, what banners of high-flaming scarlet! What glow of brighter crimson on the red limbs of the madrona trees, hung out with many a pendant of gray-green moss, delicate ladders for the climbing flames!

Over the day's brightness, fast spread the gray cloak of the hindering smoke, till our sailing became dangerous, and on the dun morning of a new day, we climbed to the deck of the regular steam packet. With the gray blanket of the smoke hanging along each side of the uncertain path, we steered blindly over the water, enclosed by the ever-shifting walls of smoke.

The gray, gray waste had no semblance to the blue sea of the sunlight. The face of Nature was hidden. "Traveler's travail could bring him naught."

One can only wait for the cleansing rain, when the fire, overcome by its enemy from cloud-land, the curtain will be raised and our sea-garden of islands will smile again and blossom in the sunrise.



Launching on Puget Sound.

THROUGH THE WONDERLAND OF ALASKA

By Daniel L. Pratt

THE imaginative landscape painter has conjured in his mind and reproduced on his canvas, paintings in which color has run riot, topography has assumed seemingly impossible shapes, and Nature has appeared in phases that seemed beyond the bounds of possibility save only in the conception of an abnormal imagination. But the most extravagant of these, exaggerative as they may seem, are far outdone in the scenes of stupendous grandeur that can be found in many parts of Alaska, the Great Wonderland of the world.

Nor are the regions where these scenes are found so remote from civilization and modern transportation facilities, as to be inaccessible to the tourist who wishes to view them. On the contrary, they can be reached without serious inconvenience and with all the comfort and ease that attends a trip to any of the most settled portions of the United States. The discomforts and dangers were all undergone several years ago by the engineers and railroad builders who made the way and effected the construction of Alaska's pioneer railroad.

Skagway, the southern terminal of this road, is reached by ocean steamships plying from Puget Sound ports and San

Francisco to the ports in Alaska. The trip from Seattle, Victoria, or Vancouver to Skagway is made in from three to three and one-half days, over the most picturesque inland sea in the world, hemmed in on both sides by wooded islands, with tall, snow-capped mountains standing back from the coast, presenting at all times a panorama that is equaled in few salt-water trips in the world.

The scenery along the railroad, which traverses a great mountain chain and winds through the wildest and most inaccessible portions of Alaska, surpasses description. Word pictures do not suffice to give the remotest conception of what is to be seen in this greatest wonderland of all America; and even the actual views taken by the camera are but poor reproductions of the real scenery, lacking as they do the color scheme, one of the prime essentials, and many other elements that form the attractiveness of the landscapes when viewed at first hand.

In such a land the most skillful painter fears to use his brush because of his inability to set down what he sees; and the most versatile poet is awed into silence because his words are too few and his metre too plain for such marvelous beauties. On every side is a panorama of mountains, seas, lakes, forests, where every hue that the rainbow affords is blended into color schemes that are harmonizing and yet discordant, odd and yet pleasing, entire and complete, yet unfathomable and inexplorable. It is a land such as poets and artists dream of, but never fitly picture or describe.

Rivers are crossed, rocky barriers are tunneled, glaciers are circled, and the trip, all in all, passes through as picturesque a country as there is in the



Skagway Valley, Alaska.

world. It is the route, or almost the same route, over which thousands of miners, who rushed into the interior of the Northland when the rich discoveries were made in the Klondike, were forced to travel. Then the trail to the Yukon was beset with difficulties and hardships which only the most resolute and hardy could endure. It took days to cover the distance that the railroad trains now traverse in a less number of hours. The same distances can now be covered, the same points reached, the same scenery viewed with as little discomfort and hardship as the traveler finds on the Empire State Express.

From the minute that the train leaves Skagway, the trip is one of unending delight, for the ascent of the mountains begins without delay. From that time on the great feats of engineering that were necessary to build the road are in evidence. The track leads along mountain sides so precipitous that it was necessary, when building, to suspend men over the sides with ropes, while they could hew out a foothold for themselves, before starting work in establishing the grade. The difficulties that had to be overcome, and the resourcefulness and expense that were necessary, can readily be understood, or at least imagined, by any one taking



Lake Bennett, Alaska.

the trip. The first twenty miles out of Skagway were among the most difficult to build of the entire route, and cost on the average, \$100,000 a mile. This is more than twenty times the cost of building a road along a level country.

The Skagway River is crossed twice before the train begins the ascent of the mountain side. At the end of the seventh mile, after leaving Skagway, Rocky Point is reached, where it has been necessary to blast the roadbed out of almost perpendicular rock. The beautiful views and the places of interest crowd by thick and fast. The hanging rocks at Clifton, the picturesque Pitchfork Falls, and the view hundreds of feet below of the old White Pass trail, over which so many hopeful

prospectors were compelled to work their way, in the long journey to the diggings, are only a few of the interesting sights. At one point in the route, White Pass City, now only a few log cabins, but once a prosperous little town, is to be seen over a thousand feet below. At Glacier station the railroad is within half a mile of the great glacier that covers the entire coast range of mountains. The ascent continues, the track passing



View from Inspiration Point.



Miles Canyon, near White Horse, Alaska.

through mountains, around sharp curves, making many detours, every turn opening new vistas of beautiful scenery.

Before reaching the summit of the famous White Pass, the road crosses a magnificent steel cantilever bridge, 215 feet above the bottom of a canyon. The summit of White Pass is 3,000 feet above the sea. This great height has been reached in the short trip from Skagway, and the steepness of the ascent that has been made can well be imagined. A trip has been made in one hour and a half, that formerly took the men, en route to the Klondike, in the early days of the gold rush, several days of wearisome effort and almost intolerable hardship. At the summit the dividing line between American and British territory is reached.

One of the most beautiful bodies of water along the entire route is Lake Bennett. It was at this point that in the days of the gold excitement thousands of men were continually occupied in building the boats and rafts that were to carry themselves and their luggage down the Yukon to the gold fields. The railroad follows the shores of Lake Bennett for twenty-seven miles, and this part of the journey is as beautiful and interesting as any from Skagway to

Dawson.

At Caribou, any one wishing to visit the Atlin district can take a boat and after twelve hours' travel—partly by boat and partly by train—will arrive at Atlin, having traversed in the meantime a country that is of more than Alpine beauty. The tourist visiting Alaska makes a mistake if he omits taking this trip.

The road leaves Lake Bennett at Car-

ibou and follows and crosses many little streams, passes several beautiful lakes, and reaches Fifty-Mile River. On this river are the famous Miles Canyon, and immediately below, the famous White Horse Rapids, over which so many prospectors on their way to the gold fields were forced to pass. The trip through the canyon and over the White Horse Rapids was one of the most dangerous features of the trip to the Klondike, and many lives were lost in unsuccessful attempts to cover this part of the journey. The town of White Horse, where the journey by rail has its ending, is about an hour's walk from the rapids. From here on, the journey must be made by steamboat, and in the winter by stage.

There are many beautiful scenes on the



Steel cantilever railroad bridge, 215 feet above the bottom of the canyon.

trip down the river to Dawson. In fact, it is a scene of grandeur from beginning to end. This trip, 450 miles in length, can be made with the greatest comfort aboard electric-lighted and thoroughly modern steamers.

One of the most interesting experiences is the trip through Five Finger Rapids. The waters here are very swift, and rush, in a narrow channel, between towering rocks, whirling and swirling in a way that is extremely dangerous to small boats, but does not affect the large boats to any great extent, except as to speed. Rink Rapids is another interesting place where the same experience is repeated. These rapids are about six miles below Five Finger.

After a trip down the Yukon River—where the scenery has been compared to the Yosemite or the Yellowstone—the boat arrives at Dawson, a city that for its size is probably better known throughout the entire world than any other. It has daily newspapers with regular news service, a telegraphic connection with the outside world, a fine water system, and is in every way up to date. And yet, until the building of the railroad, it was probably farther away from the rest of the world

than any other city of as much importance. There are many interesting scenes around Dawson in which the tourist can find constant interest. The mining camps so well known to all the world can be visited, and several weeks can be spent at this point without having time hang heavy on one's hands.

On the return, if the tourist wishes to extend his trip, he may go by steamer from Dawson to St. Michaels and Nome. The ocean trip from Nome to Seattle or Vancouver, a journey of about 2,500 miles, may be made in from eight to ten days. Those returning by this route have an opportunity of making a side trip from the mouth of the Tanana River to the rich placer mining camps in the Tanana district.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to say that the tourist who takes the above trip over the routes described has had an experience that he will never forget.

As Burton Holmes wrote—

"The Yosemite Valley is beautiful,
The Yellowstone Park is wonderful,
The Canyon of the Colorado is colossal,
And Alaska is all of these."



Atlin Lake, Atlin,



By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS

Mistakes

"No man becomes great," said Gladstone, "except through many and great mistakes." All history, all progress, all success is a record of triumph over blunder. In business, in political or social life, a perfect man has never been found, and never will be. Every man must work out his own salvation in all the activities of life. He may profit—if he is wise, he will profit—by the experience of others; but if his career is to be a success, it must be built up upon many and great mistakes. Experience is the greatest teacher, because it shows us not so much how to do things as how not to do them. Every mistake is a stepping stone for something better, something higher. This fact is a keynote for a great difference in men. The man who is afraid of making a mistake will probably never accomplish anything worthy or of a permanent character. But mistakes and failures cannot daunt the man who is in earnest. There are comparatively few successes because the average man fails to view his mistakes in the right light. The greatest power on earth is will, and one of the most important problems that confronts man is to adjust correctly the relations between the will and the natural tendency to blunder. Every mistake, to the right-minded man, is an education. The education of man is never completed, because, however bright, however great, however thoughtful, however considerate, however kind, however well intentioned a man may be, every man continues to make mistakes in all the affairs of life.

An Encouraging Outlook

It is easy, and perhaps natural, in many cases to look upon the dark side of things; but it is better and healthier and truer to be optimistic. It is conducive of happiness and success to look for the good rather than for the evil, but today the good is so conspicuous that "He who runs may read." There are healthy signs all about us. No one who is at all in touch with social progress will deny that there is a strong influence throughout the world working today for the betterment of society—an influence which cannot be attributable solely to man's desire for social progress. There are thought waves which seem to permeate the air like wireless telegraphy, and which, if properly understood, might be shown to influence greatly the actions of men and nations. Today there seems to be an unmistakable wave of progressive thought encircling the entire world, and having perhaps an inestimable influence upon life and social conditions. America stands before the world today as a peacemaker. In this one fact are volumes for thought and inspiration. The conspicuous and unique position which this country holds has been attained because there have been and are today in this nation and representing it abroad,

"Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands,

Men whom the lust for office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking."

Such men are making themselves felt from the length to the breadth of the land. There is Theodore Roosevelt—that strong, "sun-crowned," vigorous, manly, Christian statesman. There is Root, Governor Folk, District Attorney Jerome, Sheriff Tom Word and a host of others "who live above the fog in public duty," and who are setting a noble example which will have an influence that will sound down the ages. America is becoming greater and greater commercially and financially, but, what is more important to the stability of the government and the welfare of the whole world of mankind, the glare of publicity and disapproval is being thrown upon all kinds of graft and political dishonesty, and righteousness is triumphant throughout the land.



Revolution in Russia

When the Zemstvos met in Moscow, on June 6, the first steps were taken to put an end to the Czar's absolutism in Russia. The delegates to the convention, or congress, included the mayors of twenty-five of the largest cities of Russia. A remarkable and lengthy address to the Czar was drawn up. This was taken to St. Petersburg and presented to Nicholas in person about ten days later. The address was an earnest appeal for a national assembly. Its purpose is given in two sentences—"Sire, before it is too late, for the welfare of Russia, command a convocation of representatives of the nation, elected by equal franchise, and let these elected representatives decide with you the vital question of war or peace, thus transforming the war into a national one. * * * Let them establish an agreement with you for a renovated national organization."

The address stated that the country was on the verge of civil war, and criticised a royal measure. The direct personal pronoun was used throughout and the word "majesty" did not once appear.

It is announced that the Czar has decided to grant the appeal and will create a legislative body consisting of two houses; the upper house will be known as the Gosudarstvennaia Sovet, and the lower house as the Gosudarstvennaia Duma. The Czar retains in his own hands the final authority, but this may grow to have as little meaning as the right of absolute veto still (theoretically) allowed the sovereigns of Great Britain.

That the Czar's subjects, however, have little faith in his promises is shown by the present outbreaks which, at this writing, are beginning to assume the proportions of a full-fledged revolution. At least one of the ships of the Black Sea fleet, which is practically all that remains of the Russian navy, is in revolt, and it is hinted that large numbers of officers and men of the Army are more than half in sympathy with the rebels. At Odessa, machine guns were brought into play and thousands of the insurgents were mowed down by the bullets.

* * *

The Peace Conference

Whatever may be the outcome of the Washington conference of Russian and Japanese peace envoys, President Roosevelt amazed the diplomatic world by his extraordinary success in inducing the belligerent nations to consent to a council of peace. On June 8, the President sent to each of the governments concerned the following message:

The President feels that the time has come when, in the interest of all mankind, he must endeavor to see if it is not possible to bring to an end the terrible and lamentable conflict now being waged. With both Russia and Japan the United States has inherited ties of friendship and good-will. It hopes for the prosperity and welfare of each, and it feels that the progress of the world is set back by the war between these two great nations. The President accordingly urges the Russian and Japanese governments not only for their own sakes, but in the interest of the whole civilized world, to open negotiations for peace with one another. The President suggests that these peace negotiations be conducted directly and exclusively between the belligerents; in other words, that there may be a meeting of Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries or delegates without any intermediary. In order to see if it is not possible for these representatives of the two powers to agree to terms of peace. The President earnestly asks that the Russian (or Japanese) government do now agree to such a meeting, and is asking the Japanese (or Russian) government likewise to agree. While the President does not feel that any intermediary should be called in in respect to the peace negotiations themselves, he is entirely willing to do what he properly can if the two powers concerned feel that his services will be of aid in arranging the preliminaries as to the time and place of meeting. But, if even these prelimi-

naries can be arranged directly between the two powers, or in any other way, the President will be glad, as his sole purpose is to bring about a meeting which the whole civilized world will pray may result in peace.

Japan and Russia, in the order named, accepted the suggestions of the President, and the "Treaty of Washington" may be an accomplished fact by the time this is seen by the reader. President Roosevelt, by his keen insight, good judgment and rare tact, has won the gratitude of both Japan and Russia, and most extravagant praise from the press of Europe.

The United States became a factor in the affairs of the world when Dewey's fleet entered Manila Bay; but now, the success of the President's "message of good will" to the two nations at war in the Orient, has made our country a leader among the world's powers. Much praise has been bestowed upon Ambassador Meyer and Minister Griscom for their able assistance in bringing about the peace conference.

The plenipotentiaries of both Japan and Russia are intrusted with full power to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace, subject, of course, to ratification by their respective home governments. Japan will be represented by Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Kogoro Takahira, Minister to the United States. Russia has named as her peace envoys, Ambassador Muravieff, ex-Minister of Justice and now Ambassador to Italy, and Baron Rosen, recently appointed Ambassador to the United States, to succeed Count Cassini.

* * *

Japan's Terms Grave fears are expressed, at this writing, that Japan, puffed up by her victories, may insist on terms to which Russia will never consent. The latter seems now to understand that the victorious nation is entitled to a money indemnity, but it is hardly likely that she will consent to pay \$1,000,000,000, which has been suggested as the amount Japan will probably demand.

It is generally conceded that she will require the absolute evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, the acknowledgment of a Japanese protectorate over Korea, and the surrendering to Japan of all Russian interests at Port Arthur. Great Britain is said to be using her influence with Japan for moderate demands, and many writers in the press claim that there is no reason for thinking that Japan will make other than just demands. She is given great credit for consenting to listen to suggestions for peace at a time when, after an unprecedented succession of victories, she is in a position to sweep the Russians from the Pacific.

* * *

Morocco Whether or not France and Germany were in any danger of being involved in a war over Morocco, the published reports from Europe certainly created considerable uneasiness for a time. Germany accused France of attempting to establish a protectorate over Morocco and wished a conference of the powers called for the purpose of arranging the affairs of the Sultan. France objected to such a procedure, however, unless the questions to be submitted were first stated, clearly and in detail.

Premier Rouvier presented to Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador, a note defining France's position; in reply, Germany sent an exceedingly courteous and friendly note, which was presented at a conference between the Premier and the Prince. It now looks as if the conference would be held, and both countries are blaming English newspapers for trying to stir up strife between them.

* * *

Norway and Sweden There never was any real union between the people of Norway and Sweden. They are cousins, but not brothers. Norway was forced into a political union with Sweden in 1814, and there has been friction between the two countries ever since that time. It is said that pupils in Norwegian schools are taught to hate Sweden.

The storting or Norwegian parliament has adopted a resolution declaring that "the union with Sweden under one king is dissolved in consequence of the King having ceased to act as a Norwegian king." And further: "The storting hopes that the Norwegian people will succeed in living in peace and on good terms with all, and not the least with the Swedish people, to whom we are linked by so many natural ties. The union was justified so long as it could contribute to the welfare and happiness of both peoples while maintaining their independence as sovereign states. But above the union there stands for us Norwegians our Norwegian fatherland and for the Swedes their Swedish fatherland, while more valuable than the political union are the feelings of solidarity and voluntary cohesion of both peoples. The union has become a danger to this solidarity."

The riksdag met June 21, at Stockholm, in extraordinary session, to deal with this momentous question. King Oscar read his speech, in which he said that enforced union was worse than disunion, and the union was not worth the sacrifices which acts of coercion would entail.

This grand old man, with visible emotion, concluded as follows: "It is truly painful

to me to contribute to the dissolution of a union in which I thought I saw the independence, security and happiness of the united kingdoms. If, however, I am ready to act thus, it is in order to avoid a still worse evil, and in the conviction that the union without mutual accord would bring no real advantage to Sweden."

Norway invited King Oscar to name a prince of his house, King of Norway, but this the old King felt he could not do, and declined the invitation. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Sweden will follow the lead of her king and accept the situation as it is.

The war feeling has been growing stronger, however, of late, and Norway may not obtain her independence without paying the usual price—the blood of her strongest and best.

* * *

John Hay John Hay, Secretary of State, died at his summer home in New Hampshire on July 1. Mr. Hay collapsed from overwork last spring and took a trip to Europe in the hope and belief that the rest and sea voyage would completely restore his strength. Upon his return, but a short time before his death, it was announced that Mr. Hay was still far from being a well man; but it was confidently believed that a period of rest and recreation in the country would enable him to return to Washington in the fall fully recuperated in health.

Before leaving for New Hampshire, however, Mr. Hay spent several days in Washington, and while there he attended actively to business before the State Department. It was not known that death was near until a few minutes before the end came.

John Hay was born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838. He graduated from Brown University and while there took high rank as a scholar. He began the study of law at Springfield, Ill., in the office of his uncle, an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln.

During the campaign of 1860, Mr. Hay was active as a writer and speaker. In 1861 he was assistant secretary to President Lincoln, and, later, acted as his adjutant and aide-de-camp. Mr. Hay was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of Volunteers. In 1867-68, Mr. Hay was Secretary of Legation and Charge d'Affaires at Vienna, and in 1869 was Secretary of Legation in Spain. From 1870 to 1875, he was on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, and in 1881 he acted as editor-in-chief of that journal during the absence in Europe of Whitelaw Reid.

Mr. Hay was First Assistant Secretary of State during the administration of Mr. Hayes. He was appointed Ambassador to Great Britain by President McKinley, and his valuable services during the eighteen months he held that office are well remembered.

In 1898, President McKinley appointed Mr. Hay Secretary of State to succeed William R. Day, who had resigned. He was retained in office by President Roosevelt, to whom he was confidential adviser and friend. Mr. Hay ranks as one of the greatest of American diplomats.

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Cabinet Change On June 30, Paul Morton relinquished the office of Secretary of the Navy, and on July 1, Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, took the oath and assumed the office.

* * *

Harvard and "Tech." Great interest is felt, at the present time, in scientific and educational circles, over the proposed affiliation or alliance of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University. Such a union has long been favored by Harvard, but there has been considerable opposition to it by the "Tech." But on June 9, a meeting of the corporation of the institute was held, at which thirty-two of the forty-seven members were present; at this meeting by a vote of 20 to 12 it was agreed to accept the terms of the agreement drawn up by the committee of the two institutions. The corporation and overseers of Harvard University have still to take action on the report of the committee, but there seems to be no doubt of a result favorable to the alliance.

The agreement provides that the organization of the university, the organization of the institute, and the title of each to its property and funds shall remain unaffected, as shall also the rights and duties of each in investing and managing its funds. The institute is to be moved to Cambridge, where grounds and buildings are to be provided by the university. The government of the institute is to be vested in an executive committee of nine persons, including the president and treasurer of the institute and three members of the Harvard corporation. The Lawrence Scientific School is to be discontinued, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology takes its place as the school of applied science and engineering of Harvard University.

* * *

Church Press Agent A church of Cleveland, Ohio, some time ago appointed a trained newspaper man to the position of church press agent. His duties consisted in bringing the church to public attention. It is claimed that as a result of his efforts the attendance of that particular church has considerably increased. And now a church in Buffalo, New York, has taken up the idea. It has assigned to an energetic young man the special duty of supplying to the newspapers all information relating to the church that may be deemed of public interest.

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

Mutiny on the Battleship Kuiaz Potemkino and Revolution at Odessa

Russia is learning that the strength of a nation is not in powder and battleships, but in the willing patriotism of a people. Willing patriotism and tyranny cannot exist together.

The people of Russia are learning that after all has been said about vested rights, inherited rights, the will of God and the rights of the intelligent few, the real truth is that the laws and policies of a country must be for the mass of the people. It is the many who make every country. It is the toil of the many which supports the privileged few everywhere. The laws of nature are for the many. Only the laws of man create privileges for the few.

Some day the vast masses which make up the armies and navies which go out to be killed, as well as the armies and navies which create all wealth, will realize where justice lies and will meet all argument about governing classes and vested rights with no more respectful argument than, "Pish! A nation is its people, not its overlords, and for the good of the people all things must bend or break."

Still the wonder is of the stupidity of the people. And the marvel is that Nero, Louis, Charles and Nicholas have found armies of loyal peasants willing to die for them, to forge their own chains the stronger.

Truly of any existing order of things, man makes a fetich. He dreads change, yet only by change has he ceased to be a besotted slave. The most patient animal is not the ox nor the ass. It is man.

Chinese Exclusion

We are a highly moral nation. Well, at least, highly respectable! We are a Christian nation in everything but practice. We are a great commercial success, and commerce is too sacred a thing to be mussed up with practical Christianity. Forty or fifty years ago we bawled and wept over the heathen, sitting in darkness, who excluded us from China and Japan. We knocked down these barriers with guns, in the case of China, and with treaties and entreaties, in the case of Japan. Yet, it has never occurred to us that we could not insult and exclude with impunity Chinese citizens. But when Chinese guilds threaten to boycott American products, then the American Christian for the first time sees that his conduct has not only been un-Christian, but ignorant, coarse and vulgar—and also unprofitable. And what shall it profit a man to lose his soul, unless he gain the whole world for a market.

Woman Suffrage

Friday, June 30, I had the honor to address the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and among other things said in substance that missionary work of this righteous cause should be done among women, and especially to promote the economic freedom of woman; that woman suffrage would not come till women themselves demanded it, and women would not demand it while they were in a state of mental and physical servitude to husbands, brothers, fathers; that economic independence would make for mental independence and self-assertion.

The Rev. Anna Shaw, a most eloquent and able woman, commenting on this, said that it was useless to wait until all women wanted the suffrage, because all women never would, just as all men do not now want it; and cited, as example, that the Democratic party gave the suffrage to the laboring man, though all laboring men did not ask it, and the Republican party gave it to negroes, though they did not ask it. But it seems to me that history shows that no government has ever cared for abstract justice. No government

has ever instituted a just reform until it became practically expedient to do so—through forcible demand or hope of gain.

Now, the Democratic party gave the suffrage to the laboring men because it knew this would add to the voting strength of the Democratic party—and in this it was correct. The Republican party gave the negroes the suffrage because it knew the negro vote would be Republican, and would give the Republican party hope to control the South, though “justice” was the platform cry in each case, yet abstract justice did not enter into either case.

The cause of woman suffrage depends, at present, wholly on inherent abstract justice. No party has anything to gain from it so neither party will voluntarily hand it to them. If women will become interested, and will, as a body—not, of course, every woman—but if the general mass will make either party feel that practically the solid woman vote will, because of inherent circumstances, go to that party—women will get the suffrage at once. If the great body of women will become so interested as to know their rights and demand them in no uncertain terms, making both parties feel that they will not submit longer to this injustice, but that every home in the land will feel their decided revolt, each party will hasten to be the first to earn the woman gratitude by advocating the woman vote. An aroused popular opinion is all controlling everywhere.

Women are the mothers and instructors of men, and if the general opinion among women was earnestly for the right to vote there would in two or three generations be a body of men voters taught to believe in the justice of woman suffrage.

The existing political powers will not offer the voting franchise to women till they see some selfish gain in it. Women must, and only women can, make them see that gain—the hope of new recruits or the fear of moral revolt.

The women of the land offer neither that hope nor that fear. They are indifferent. Portland is a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants and not once was the church, in which the National Association met, filled. Women of national and world-wide reputation were there; eloquent women were there; but apparently there were not five hundred women in Portland who took any interest in this interesting subject and this interesting convention.

Notwithstanding the greater freedom of women today, women, as a whole, are still dependents, still under masculine domination, still idlers or drudges. They do not, as a whole, care anything about the suffrage question; so I remain obstinate in my belief that the work of these leaders in a just and righteous cause should be among the women.

All things come to a vast and united body of the people which knows what it wants and insistently demands it. Women must, as a class, demand the suffrage; women as a class must be economically and mentally free. These, in my belief, are the prerequisites.

Tyranny of Majorities

My own address before the National Woman's Suffrage Association was an endeavor to show that when women do vote, it will be only so many added votes to be used, as now, in the various parties by the real masters of the nation, the professional politicians, to register their will; and this will is registered by a majority vote, and this majority is got honestly, if it can be, but by fraud, purchase and theft, if necessary and possible.

Thus a half of the nation, often the real majority of the nation, have their pockets picked (as in the case of the protective tariff) and their opinions tyrannized over by a mere margin of majority—often corruptly secured. And I said it made little difference in principle whether monopolies were established or opinions obliterated by the edict of a majority or the edict of a czar. Of course, there is always a chance under the ballot system to change the majority, and the ballot saves the use of the bullet in creating a revolution. But the rule by majority is a clumsy and unphilosophical method. The true solution will be to so educate the masses that economic freedom and equality of opportunity (which never have existed) may be reached by withdrawing from the state every function it now has, except to keep peace and order. Leaving all commerce, all industry and all social institutions to be arranged by the free individuals of society, by voluntary co-operation. To this individuals will be urged by the strongest of all natural forces, self-interest, which in such a state of freedom and of non-interference will make each one see that his own best interest, his own best protection is to join in the protection of his neighbor and the recognition of his neighbor's rights.

Nor is this “government” by golden rule, mere idealism. When all the engines of power, coercion, taxation, political grafting and political control over property are abolished and there remains no possibility of state interference or compulsion against the peaceable man who recognizes the equal rights of all other men of peaceable freedom, then there will be true equal opportunity for all, in use of the land and in use of all the institutions of commerce and of society; and the dullest must perceive that to be secure in his own rights he must respect the rights of others. To share in the

general benefit, he must voluntarily contribute time and money to the general good. The necessary machinery of society will, of course, exist—courts to settle disputes and police to keep order—but they will be maintained by voluntary co-operation.

A lady in the meeting said to me afterwards, "You are a socialist." "No, madam," I said, "I am at the other extreme of political philosophy. I am an anarchist." "Ah, yes," she said, "substantially the same." And I would doubt if she ought to vote, if it were not that the intelligent voters of this land, and the intelligent press are in the same state of ignorance. Possibly, she thinks I am engaged in the secret manufacture of bombs.

Baseball

Every sport, if kept clean, has a good effect, not only as recreation, but, like the play of puppies and kittens, it helps prepare for the contests of life. There is in every town, not excepting Portland, a tendency to support the home team. This is natural. But there seems to be a growing tendency to support it, fair or foul; to insult and mob the umpire who dares decide against the favorites. This is dirty ball and makes for dirty play and dirty morals. The umpire is the judge. He may be good, he may be very poor, but while he is umpire his decisions should be accepted. That is what he is there for. You cannot show he is a poor umpire by cursing him or jumping on him with spiked shoes. One of the dirtiest exhibitions of a clean sport made dirty, was when McCreddie, of the Portlands, spiked an umpire because he was enraged at his decision.

A man who cannot keep his temper on a public ball field isn't fit to be there, no matter how well he can play. What would be thought of the courts if the lawyers cursed, hooted and abused the judge who decided against them? Yet, I have seen a judge, one who expected his decisions to be quietly acquiesced in, hooting the umpire till the judge was purple in the face. Instead of the public opinion of the grandstand and the bleachers condemning this unfairness, it seems to encourage the man who will put up the biggest bluff and raise the loudest outcry against the umpire. It is not a very healthy sign of American fair play when a whole field of players and spectators start out to mob one small umpire.

I don't care what may be the ignorance or the mistakes of the umpire—and he is bound to make mistakes—such a temper is a cowardly one and makes for cowardice and injustice.

It is refreshing to see the Oregon Journal vindicating the small umpire, and manly enough to print in bold headlines that the Tacomas outplayed the Portlands and deserved their victory. The Tacomas have been kept together three years, I believe, and it is natural that they should be superior in team work. But superior or not, the truth remains that the umpire is part of the game. He is the judge. He does his best, and it is part of the square game to submit to his decisions after fair protests have been decently made. He cannot please every one, and the tendency toward a riot, first by one side, then by the other, when he is obliged to decide against one or the other, is not creditable to any sense of fair play.

It is a pity that in the colleges so few get the benefit of the sports. They have become semi-professional. Instead of the baseball and the football fields and the track and course being open to all for the exercise and for the fun of the thing, all but a few selected ones are barred out, and these few selected ones really become in a sense professionals for their colleges. Instead of the whole college getting the benefit of athletics as a general sport and a manly exercise, an athletic department is supported for the benefit and injury of a few, and for the commercial gain and glory of the college.

It seems to me, too, it would be a very original feat if some reporter of sports would learn to write English. I see little superiority either in style or clearness in "Muggsy of the Seals was handed a pass by Juggsy of the home talent, but died on the premier bag when Binks, wielding the stick, lifted the horsehide to center, where it fell into Jones' trap."

Anarchy

James Ford, an old hermit who desired to live alone in the woods and on vegetable diet, has been arrested by the police as a vagrant. He is admittedly harmless, and so far as disclosed is sane; but it shocked the police that a man should live so far from saloons and in such an uncomfortable way. Under the principles of anarchy, this man, so long as he did not steal nor hurt any one, would be allowed to live his own life as he pleased, whether it pleased the police or not. Come to think of it, he would have been allowed to do so in the middle ages.

Ford said in the police court:

I have lived here since Christmas, and have interfered with no one. I lived here because I wanted to get away from men, and live alone, where I could meditate and think of the things of which I wanted to think without molestation and interference. I believe that man should live alone, and that he should live as close to nature as possible. I think that your interference was caused by the church people, who do not like the way I live and the way I worship.

Thank God this is a free country! Poor Thoreau at Walden; if only the Portland police had found him!



I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best.

—Shakespeare.

* * *

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.

—Shakespeare.

* * *

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

* * *

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms,

—Shakespeare.

* * *

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

—Shakespeare.

* * *

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—Shakespeare.

* * *

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down, can fall no lower.

—Butler.

* * *

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

—Young.

* * *

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing.

—Ruskin.

* * *

The amber midnight smiles in dreams of dawn.

—Bayard Taylor.

'Tis more brave
To live than to die.

—Meredith.

* * *

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting, where
And when, and how thy business may be done,
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveler,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.

—Herbert.



For the Best, Noblest, Highest

There is nothing narrow or constrained about the Christian life. The Christian is not bound by rules and statutes. He hath not given us the spirit of bondage, but the spirit of adoption. The Christian is a son, with all a son's liberty in a Father's home. It is beyond measure certain that the Christian life was never intended to be a mamley-pamley sort of thing, of the jelly-fish order, composed largely of psalm singing and long prayers, hardly daring to assert its claim to a share in the inheritance of the world, but a life in which every power is called into exercise, and that is not afraid to play its part in the great tragedy that is being enacted all around. The real Christian who has gone in, and learned the inmost secrets of his own self, and the deep truths of God, will not hesitate to go out, and play his part in the field, and perform the work which God has provided for him. There is work lying all around us to be done. There are evils to be redressed, wrongs to be righted, the Kingdom of God to be brought down to earth, and God's will to be done on earth. There is something wrong with the Christian who has not the courage to do his share in the world's work.—E. V.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains; from whence shall my help come? My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep. Jehovah is thy keeper; Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. Jehovah will keep thee from all evil; he will keep thy soul. Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore.—Psalm 121.

Blessed is every one that feareth Jehovah, that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine, in the innermost parts of thy house; thy children like olive plants, round about thy table. Behold, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth Jehovah. Jehovah bless thee out of Zion; and see thou the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life. Yea, see thou thy children's children. Peace be upon Israel.—Psalm 128.

The religious revival has always been counted by the church as of supreme importance to its growth. People outside the church have looked upon the phenomenon with indifference or interest according to the mentality of the individual. But civilization, whether it has so recognized the fact or not, has always felt an impulse that has resulted in a great onward stride for its evolutionary march.

The powerful revivals have come suddenly. They have been preceded by great moral debauchery of some kind, either in the "church" or in the "world." A breath from somewhere has fired some man or sect or class of individuals. The flame has burst out, spread, and lo! the world is shaken. It passes—some of the zeal is lost, some of the methods denounced, some of the views of its leaders discarded. But the world has taken a great leap forward.—E. P. H.

Who has not his favorite way of reading character? One reads it by means of handwriting; another studies the laugh; a third examines the bumps on the head, which method, some one has insisted, is like trying to count the money in a safe by feeling the knobs. What more accurate way of studying the life of a people than by means of its amusements? In explaining Dutch character Motley says: "From the amusements of a people may be gathered much that is necessary for a proper estimation of its character." The old Greeks delighted in the recreative games of the stadium and in the thoughtful plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles. The hardy Scot enjoys his golf. The typical Dutch boy can think of no keener pleasure than a dash over the ice on his skates. What significance is there, then, in the sight of swarming crowds seven nights in the week on their way to see acrobats hang by their toes from a wooden bar, or to listen to cheap comedians get off their old jokes and Bowery street songs?—E. P. H.



By THE READER

THE INDIAN GIRL WHO LED THEM, by Amy Jane Maguire. Published by The J. K. Gill Company, Portland, Oregon. This biography of Sacajawea, the Indian girl who acted as guide to Lewis and Clark in their now famous journey of exploration to the Pacific, appears at a time when interest in that expedition is at its height. The appearance of the book is timely, too, because of the recent unveiling, at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, of Miss Alice Cooper's bronze statue of the Bird Woman.

The story of the Indian girl is most interestingly told in Miss Maguire's little book—indeed, so fascinating is the narrative, that one feels loath to lay down the book until the 87 pages have been entirely finished.

So much has been said and written regarding the spelling and pronunciation of the Bird Woman's name, that it is interesting to note that in its Indian form the name was "Tsa-ka-ka-wia." The husband, Charbonneau, in giving her name to Lewis and Clark, pronounced it with a French accent, making it sound more like "Sacajawea." It was so written down, and so it has remained.

The book is pleasing in appearance and is easy and delightful reading.

* * *

CHRISTIANITY IN MODERN JAPAN, by Ernest W. Clement, Principal, Duncan Baptist Academy, Tokyo, Japan. Published by American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. This is a work which should prove of great interest, not only to those interested in foreign missions, but to all interested in the history and development of Japan. The work is not at all of a sectarian nature. It tells of the work done, and being done, by all who call themselves Christians.

Separate chapters are given to the work of Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Minor Missions and Interdenominational organizations.

Under Minor Missions, we find the following: Christian, Christian and Missionary Alliance, Christian Catholic Church, Disciples, Free Methodists, Friends, German-Swiss

Mission, Gospel Mission, Hephzibah Faith Mission, Independent Work, Japanese Independent churches, Lutheran, Salvation Army, Scandinavian Alliance, Seventh Day Adventists, Unitarians and Universalists.

Under Interdenominational Organizations, we find: Army and Navy Mission Club, Evangelical Alliance, National Temperance League, Sabbath Alliance, Scripture Union, Standing Committee of Co-operating Missions, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Young Men's Christian Association, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and Young Women's Christian Association.

The book, which is most attractive in appearance, contains an excellent mission map of Japan and nineteen half-tone illustrations.

* * *

THE YELLOW WAR, by "O." McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.20.

The author has attempted a rather unusual method of bringing the Russo-Japanese war vividly before the people. He takes the central figure of each campaign and tells the story of the experiences before the guns and in the camps, on the war sea monsters and in the homes of the men from his personal standpoint.

The movement is extremely rapid and the pictures drawn most vivid. The book is intensely interesting from beginning to end, and furnishes a feeling of intimacy between reader and subject that is rare except in fiction. Most of the sketches were first published in Blackwood's magazine, and the book smacks a little of that style of matter.

* * *

TRUTH AND FREEDOM, by Thomas Hebblewhite. Published by the Whittaker & Ray Company in most sumptuous form. \$2.00.

Mr. Hebblewhite has been an active Christian Scientist, but grown out of that belief into one that seems to himself and others broader and more truthful.

This book claims to be a sufficient means for the healing of all the sins and sickness of mankind. The grouping of Bible texts is very good, as are also the selections from the Vedas and Confucius. There are also beautiful selections from Emerson and Edwin Arnold. To these are added an argument between Christian Science and Mr. Hebblewhite's belief, which leaves the reader in a labyrinth of mystical words intellectually stultifying and entirely tiresome.



The Upbuilding of Nevada.

The Truckee-Carson project has saved Nevada. The decline in population, in that state, had been going on steadily for many years, until, in 1900, the United States census showed only 42,335 persons—and this in a state having an area of 110,679 square miles—more than twice that of the State of New York.

When congress decided to aid in the reclamation of the arid lands of the West, hydrographic engineers were sent to Nevada to study the water supply of that state; the result of their report is the Truckee-Carson project. This, when completed, will unite the four principal drainage basins of the state, and will necessitate the expenditure of \$9,000,000. It will mean the cultivation of 400,000 acres of land now barren and desolate.

That portion of the project under construction consists of a canal 31 miles long, now completed, which will carry the waters of the Truckee River into Carson Valley, where there is to be a storage reservoir with a capacity of 86,000 acre feet. A few miles below this reservoir, the combined waters of the Truckee and Carson rivers are to be turned into two canals, one on each side of the river bed. The canal on the north will irrigate about 40,000 acres and that on the south about 160,000 acres.

The headgates of the completed canal were opened for the first time on June 17, in the presence of the congressional irrigation committee and other distinguished guests. The waters of the Truckee, thus diverted, rushed into Carson Valley, where they were turned on 50,000 acres of land, the first to be benefited by the United States reclamation law.

Hydrographic engineers believe that the available water supply of Nevada is sufficient to irrigate 1,600,000 acres of land.

New Forest Reserve

A proclamation was issued by the President, in June, creating the Cassia Forest Reserve, comprising about 326,000 acres of land in Cassia County, Idaho. The reserve was created on petition of residents of that county for the purpose of conserving the waters of certain streams, which supply a large agricultural and range district.

Idaho Mines

Another big strike was recently made in the famous Hercules mine, disclosing three feet of ore, and reports from all over the state show increased activity in mining. The Jumbo, at the Hump, has struck a rich body of ore that promises to be one of the best strikes in the camp. Over 400 men in one month, recently, were hired for the mines through an Idaho employment office. It is estimated that there are at present more than 3000 men employed in the mines, concentrators and prospects of the Coeur d'Alenes district alone.

Activity in Baker County, Oregon

Free gold ore has once more been opened in the famous old Golconda mine, in the Sumpter district, Baker County, Oregon, some of the ore running as high as \$6,000. The district is very active. At the Colorado claim, of the Equity company, there was recently encountered a new pay shoot, with values across its face running from \$100 to \$350 per ton. The National claim has made a good strike, and heavy work has been resumed at

the Golden Chariot. A new 75-ton reduction plant has just begun operations on immense bodies of low-grade ore. New capital is assisting in the progress of the district.

Railroad Building

The building of the Western Pacific Railway from Salt Lake to San Francisco, and the construction of the Grand Trunk extension, from Montreal to Puget Sound, will give two new and independent transcontinental routes. The Gould interests are backing the one; the Canadian government and the Grand Trunk Railway Company, the other.

These two lines will develop new country, hitherto without railway communication. Further than that, the increased competition will have a tendency to compel a reduction of the freight rates to and from the Pacific Coast. In the case of the Western Pacific, a large part of the country in Nevada, to be opened, will be placed within reach of water from the Truckee-Carson irrigation project.

There are rumors of several new lines in Idaho. It is said that the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific will together build a north and south railway through that state. Also that the Northern Pacific will proceed with the construction of the Missoula cut-off from Missoula to Lewiston, and will build to Grangeville.

In Oregon, it seems likely that there will be an early extension of the Columbia Southern Railway for a distance of 50 or 60 miles south from Shaniko.

Panama Canal Purchasing Agency

The Panama Canal Commission has established, at Tacoma, a branch purchasing agency to cover the territory tributary to Portland and Puget Sound. Mr. F. H. Harroden, of Portland, formerly connected with the O. R. & N., has been placed in charge of this agency. Colonel Clarence Edwards, in announcing the establishment of the agency, said:

"It was decided to locate a purchasing agent at Tacoma after full and free discussion of the various cities on the North Pacific Coast. Most of the supplies purchased there will be of lumber and forage, with the great bulk of them in the first-named commodity. Although the agency is located at Tacoma, dealers in Portland, Seattle and other cities in that section will be given opportunity to bid, and shipments will be made not only from Tacoma, but from Portland and Seattle when deliveries can be made more promptly there."

The Klamath Project

What is known as the Klamath country includes parts of Klamath County in Oregon, and Siskiyou and Modoc counties in California. In this region are many lakes. Those to be used in the development of the Klamath project are the Upper Klamath, Lower Klamath, Tule of Rhett and Clear lakes. Only about half of the lands to be irrigated are now dry. It is proposed to drain off all the waters of the Lower Klamath and to uncover about half the lands in Tule Lake. This drainage must precede irrigation by two or three years.

There are about 250,000 acres to be irrigated. About 190,000 acres of this land will be irrigated with water drawn from the Upper Klamath Lake, which is a natural and inexhaustible reservoir. Clear Lake will furnish the water necessary for the irrigation of the remaining 60,000 acres.

The Klamath country has no direct railroad connection at present, but it is announced that construction is to begin at once on a railway to connect Klamath Falls with the Southern Pacific.

State Funds for Irrigation

At the Irrigation Congress held at El Paso, Texas, the following declaration was adopted:

"We would not have the West depend alone upon national aid for the development of its resources, and urge the several Western states and territories to adopt legislation providing for the formation of irrigation districts, which shall be able to raise funds by the sale of bonds, said districts to be organized only upon approval by the Secretary of the Interior, who shall employ the engineers of the Reclamation Service in the construction of district irrigation works. By this means the reclamation fund will be supplemented to the extent of millions of dollars by every state and territory, while the benefits of national administration will be vastly extended. We commend this subject to the earnest attention of the legislatures of our Western states and territories."

Pacific Coast Exports

A published report from Washington, D. C., dated July 3, stated that for the first eleven months of the fiscal year, the shipments from San Francisco, Portland and Puget Sound ports amounted to nearly \$92,000,000. The gain for the whole Pacific Coast, including Alaska and Hawaii, over the same eleven months a year ago, was 49 per cent. There was a falling off in outbound shipping in nearly every other section of the country. There has been a tremendous increase of shipments to Oriental ports; the aggregate gain in United States shipments to China, alone, being over \$34,000,000.



HUMOR

Written for the Pacific
Monthly unless otherwise
designated

By
HUGH
HERDMAN



She Didn't Approve.

There is a custom which, in the opinion of some persons, is "more honored in the breach than the observance," but which is still in vogue in some communities. It is that of sending out cards announcing the birth of a son or a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So.

Much to the surprise of some and to the scandal of others, this custom was for the first time recently practiced on the inhabitants of a small town. The next day two estimable old ladies of Irish descent were discussing over the back fence all the matters pertaining to the welfare of the town.

"And so the Kelleys have a new baby," said Mrs. Finnigan.

"Yis, and a foine wan it is, too," replied Mrs. Rigby. "But wasn't that a strange thing f'r thim to do now?"

"Not so strange," Mrs. Finnigan replied. "Most people do that."

"Is that so now? Well, well, Oi never heard av it."

"Niver heard av people havin' babies!"

"No, no. That's not what Oi mane. Oi mane sindin' out thim invites tellin' people thot the baby was bor-n," Mrs. Rigby explained.

"Did they do that now?" Mrs. Finnigan asked in horrified surprise.

"They did thot very same thing. Didn't you git wan av thim?"

"No, I didn't," Mrs. Finnigan replied indignantly. "And Oi wouldn't have wint if I had."

* * *

Proof Positive.

Micky O'Flinn was very sick, and it was thought he couldn't live. Micky was a man of prominence in the community and had many friends, who visited him often during his illness. Two of these, a fellow-countryman, Tommy O'Rourke, and a Scotchman, Sandy Macpherson, came often. One day, when Micky was thought to be gradually passing over to the undiscovered country, these two came into Micky's bedroom. As they stepped inside, the nurse was giving an

order to a messenger to run for some whisky, and Micky was telling her where to find the money.

Sandy perceived the situation at once, and said, "Here boy, here's four bits; make haste now!"

"Ah, Micky, and how ar-re ye today?" asked Tommy. "Ar-re ye goin' to git well now?"

"Shure, Oi 'm goin' to git well," Micky replied. "Didn't ye jist see that Scotchman lind me four bits?"

* * *

Stole Her Fire.

They were digging a deep ditch near little Robert's house, and of course Robert found nothing so interesting as observing operations and listening to the conversation of the men. His mother, while she desired that Robert should have a good time, was not certain that the association of ditch-diggers was the most fitting thing for her son. It was not her way to forbid him to do things. Instead she would talk matters over with him and use persuasion rather than force. As a result of this practice, Robert, himself, had become somewhat of an adept at persuasion.

"Robert," said she one day, "don't those men say naughty things sometimes?"

"Yes," replied Robert, "they swear a good deal. And if I were you, I wouldn't go around where they are."

* * *

Cause for Dislike.

"That fellow Turner may be all right," said Mr. Newfather, "but in some ways he is an intolerable bore. He talks too much, for instance."

"That is a failing many people have," replied his wife.

"Yes, I know; but he monopolizes conversation. For example, he spent an hour in my office this afternoon telling me how smart his girl is, and—will you believe it—he wouldn't give me a ghost of a chance to talk about my boy."

"Our boy, you mean, dear."

* * *

The One Exception.

Binks—Yes, advertising to increase one's business is a good thing. There's one man, however, who oversteps propriety when he does it.

Jinks—Who is that?

Binks—The undertaker.



Acme Mills Company Exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon

THE ACME MILLS COMPANY have established on the grounds one of the most unique exhibits in the shape of a complete and entire restaurant. One is surprised at the variety and delicacy of the goods which are served. It would seem as though everything could be made from a grain of wheat, from a first class cup of coffee to a most delicious pudding or sherbet.

The building abounds with attractive advertisements and the waitresses are all well versed in the properties of the different goods which are being served.

Portland is the only place on the Pacific Coast where are made the famous RALSTON checker-board packages. They are distributed from this point into far away points in Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, and even across the seas.

The exhibit of the ACME MILLS COMPANY is most attractive, and their colored chef, Mr. Harry T. Kilgour, who has called upon every retail grocer on the Pacific Coast, is graciousness itself in his efforts to give information to those interested in calling at the RALSTON building.

To those interested in the subject of Cereals, a visit to the ACME MILLS COMPANY at the Fair will bring good results, and will be quite satisfactory to those who are anxious to satisfy the inner man.



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

A Tragedy in Little.

Burns—Sit down, Jones; the others will be here in a moment. Ah, there they are now. Come in, Smith; come in Robbins. How are you tonight?

Smith—Hello, Burns! Hello, Jones.

Robbins—Ah, say, this is great!

Jones—How did you manage it, old man?

Burns—You won't tell?

All—No, no, no; not on your life.

Burns—Well, it was this way. But let's get to playing, and I'll tell it as we go along. Wait just a minute—a wee bit of a nip before. Here's the Scotch: here's the rye; here's the bourbon and here's the seltzer. Now, help yourselves. Just wait till I get the cigars. Are we all ready now. Let her go! Drink hearty.

Smith—Who's going to keep bank?

All—Burns, of course.

Burns—All right. Blue, red, white—there are yours, Robbins, and yours, Jones; and yours, Smith; and yours, Burnsie old boy. Let's cut for deal. I'm low.

Robbins—Now, let's have the story, old chap.

Burns—All right; here goes. But you won't tell?

All—No; of course, we won't.

Burns—Say, fellows, this is great, isn't it? By jove, this is worth waiting two years for. Do you remember that last little conference we had, before I was married? A long time ago, wasn't it? I mean, of course, that the time has been short, but—but the parties, these little meetings, you know, kind of far apart, don't you see?

Smith—Yes, oh, yes, we see, all right. You needn't explain.

Burns—Say, that last one was a peach, wasn't it? Saturday night, and Monday a holiday!

Jones—But about this. How did you arrange it? Where (looking around cautiously) where is she?

Burns—Ah, you needn't worry. She's away on a little visit. You're all sure now you'll never tell?

All—Dead sure!

Burns—Because, you know, it might be—well, you know, she might not—well, to be perfectly frank with you, I wouldn't like for her—

Robbins—Enough said, Burnsie, old boy. We are only bachelors, but into our as yet unilluminated souls there comes a faint suggestion of a dim, uncertain glimmering of what you mean; and with that we are content.

Burns—Said the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina—

Jones—A sensible suggestion.

Smith—But, hang it all, Burnsie, you haven't told us how it happened yet.

Burns—Haven't I? All right, I'll tell you. You see, it was this way: It's a mighty fine thing for a man to be married. I want you to know that. It's a great thing. It rounds out his life. It supplies that part of him which so long as he remains a bachelor is missing.

Robbins—You mean that rib, Burnsie?

Burns—As I was saying when Robbie, here,

butted in with his irrelevant question, I'm mighty glad I'm married. And to you fellows I want to say that I'm sorry you are not.

Smith—What have we done to you?

Burns—If you fellows would get married you would find in married life the complements of yourselves.

Robbins—Well, some of our traits would hardly call for compliments.

Jones—Say, was this the plan: Get us here to have a quiet little time with the pasteboards, and then spring a sermon on matrimony on us?

Smith—It looks like it. Well, trot out the three charming young ladies you have provided for us, Burnsie. We're game; we'll marry them. Eh, Jones? Eh, Robbins?

Jones and Robbins—What's that? Well, yes; we're game.

Burns—Oh, now, fellows, cut it. You all know that was just my way of saying that I've got the best little wife in the world, and that I'm glad I'm married. But with all the attractions that home life has, a man feels once in a while that he would like to get out among just men, and, well kind of stretch some of the traits that have been a little cramped, you know, and have a good, free and-easy time, without doing any one an injury or really doing wrong, don't you know.

Robbins—Minutes approved as read.

Burns—Well, that's the way I felt. I wanted to get with you jolly old dogs again. So I fixed up a little scheme. But you'll never give it away!

Smith—We will if you don't hurry and tell it.

Burns—My wife's mother and sister have been visiting us lately, and I suggested that we all take a run down to the coast this afternoon and stay over Sunday. I was to meet them on the train. They were to go down early and secure seats for us.

Robbins—And you missed the train?

Smith—He did.

Jones—He did.

Robbins—And your wife—

Smith—And your sister-in-law—

Jones—And your mother-in-law?

Burns—Went to the coast.

Robbins—You villain!

Smith—You deceiver!

Jones—You wretch!

Burns—Said the Governor of—

All—Don't care if I do.

Burns—So just for tonight I'm going to be a bachelor again. I'm going to be one of you boys. I'm going to dally with the cards and the chips. I'm going to harken to the gurgling of the Scotch and the hissing of the seltzer. I'm going out on my own doorstep and jump up and kick my heels together and crow, if I want to. In fact, I'm going to do just as I d—d please, and there'll be nobody to stand up and reproach my exuberance of spirits with such an exclamation as— (The door suddenly opens. His wife and her mother and sister appear.)

Mrs. Burns—William Burns! I am surprised!

Robbins, Smith, Jones—Well, I'll be—

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Havana Cigars

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WORKMANSHIP IS APPRECIATED**

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Location Ideal**

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

When a Lie Is Popularly Considered Excusable.

When a woman asks you how old you think she is.

When a man asks you if you "have a ten to spare."

When the car conductor asks you if you have paid your fare.

When you are asked if you mailed a letter which was given to you to mail.

When you are asked if you received a letter which contained a "dun."

When wifey asks you what time you arrived home—if she was not sitting up for you.

When you are asked if you have read a popular book you tried to and could not.

When an author asks you what you think of his work.

When an editor asks your opinion of his magazine.

When the family inquire what you have done with your money.

When you bet on the wrong horse.

When any one asks when you are going to pay your indebtedness to him.

When a child asks questions you cannot answer.

When a girl asks if you ever loved another girl.

When you are asked the name of your tailor or dressmaker.

When you are asked where you spent your vacation.

When a girl asks you to take her to the theater and you are "broke."

When you you go home with a pair of black eyes or otherwise disfigured.

When a mother asks you what you think of her daughter or her singing or playing.

When mamma wants to know if her baby is not a wonder.

When papa asks if you ever saw such a genius of a boy as his.

When the servant girl asks for a "character."

When you've kept little Johnny home to chop wood and it's necessary to write an excuse to his teacher.

When your wife appeals to you to confirm any of her statements or opinions in the presence of company.

When you fail to reach home, but it is not because you missed the train.

When your best girl, whose hair is black, wants to know how a golden lock got on your coat shoulder.

When a girl asks you how she looks. Or if you think her photo does her justice.

When she asks you about another girl you like and know she dislikes.

When you are called to serve on a jury.

When you are a party to a law suit.

When you provide an "extra" fine dinner for company who do not know your usual bill of fare.

When the cook asks if you have been criticizing her.

When you want a "day off"

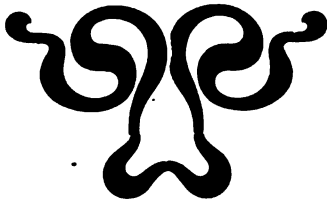
If you're a woman, when the conductor asks if you have not anything smaller than a five-dollar bill.

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IS

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REPRESENTS FORTY YEARS' ACHIEVEMENT. ❖ ❖ YOU CAN GET PREFERRED STOCK FROM ANY GOOD GROCER



ALLEN and LEWIS
Portland, Oregon

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

HUMOR.

When a girl asks another girl how many proposals she has had.

When a competitor asks you "how is business"?

When the sheriff comes to make a levy.

When the servant girl can act as proxy.

When you are asked if you enjoyed the opera.

When you get late to the office.

When the doctor asks if you have followed his directions.

When a lawyer asks if you have told him the truth.

When you are called upon to eulogize the deceased.

When you are writing an advertisement of a "fire sale" or something similar.

When you are asked if you like to see your name in the paper.

When you are asked the amount of your salary.

When you are behind with your board money and the landlady asks if the steak isn't delicious.

When "the girl" wants to know where you were last night.

Most any time when the truth would be embarrassing and you are sure a lie will not be found out.

Henry Waldorf Francis.



J. A. BAILLARGEON & CO., Second and James Street, Seattle, Wash. One of the leading and most progressive Dry Goods Establishments in the city. A place where buying is made a pleasure.

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

THE SINE QUA NON.

Mrs. Newrocks—Now, Hiram, at the reception to-night we must not show that we have only recently got our money. We must act as if our people had belonged to the millionaire set for several generations.

Mr. Newrocks—Oh, what's the use? They'll see through our game. I haven't any divorced wife, nor you a divorced husband, to treat as if nothing had happened.

* * *

Where the Interest Went.

Smith—What's the matter, old man? You don't seem to take any interest in your new house.

Smythe—That's right, I don't. The man I borrowed the money from takes all of it.

* * *

The Artistic Temperament.

Isabel—Van Daub has the truly artistic temperament, hasn't he?

Robert—Yes, if being broke and living off one's friends be signs of it, he surely has the real thing.

* * *

Ah, Dr. Osler, you are a mystery,

For you state

That on the date

A man attains his three score years

He should be made a part of ancient history.

But, Dr. Osler, did it ever penetrate

Into your pate

That what you state

Is all one-sided and unfair,

For the world of grandpas you will depopulate!

Ah, Dr. Osler, we all admit

That you're wise

In your surmise,

That a man may reach his sixty years

And for the world be no more fit.

But, Dr. Osler, you have forgotten

The other sex.

Now that reflects

Upon your scientific theory.

Sixty years will not do for a limit for them,

For you know very well no woman ever gets beyond thirty-five.

So, Dr. Osler,—

(Telegram just received: "I didn't say it.")

—Dr. Osler.)

* * *

Woman and politics—beauty and the beast.

If photographers were not such flatterers of women they would put the date on every photograph.

* * *

Court records nowadays indicate that marriage is considered a failure only when neither party can secure a divorce.

* * *

Wise Brothers, Dentists.

Falling Building, Third and Washington Sts.
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*In fact, All Kinds Made of
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The Most Economical
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 world, as it will pay for
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So easy, quick and simple
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Made in pints, quarts
 and half-gallons of strong,
 clear white flint glass with
 three-inch wide mouth of
 smooth surface, permitting
 the preserving of
 fruit whole or in layers.

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The only hermetically
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 the world.

Every kind of preserv-
 ing a pleasure, not a
 drudgery as it is with all
 other jars.

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 the Agricultural Building,
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 stration is given every day
 in packing vegetables,
 fruits, meats, fish, soups,
 catsups, etc.

Free booklet of recipes
 given to all inquirers.



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Portland, Oregon

2000-00-00



CONSIDER THE LILIES

Ears that strain for the faint refrain,
Earth dim eyes that fain would see—
Yield thy yearning heart and brain
 To the lilies' ministry.

Leave thy cell where dark doubts dwell,
Cool thy vigil-furrowed brow,
Let Nature tell that all is well—
 Consider ye the lilies now.

—Ida E. Albee



Volume XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 3

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

LOS ANGELES and the seven Southern California counties form what a college professor might term "A consistent homogeneity"; but the average native would not stop to let this filter through his mind. "The Land of Sunshine and Get-there" suits the country and its spirit better.

Southern California is an empire by it-

self, possessing characteristics peculiar to no other section of the country. The geographic and climatic conditions lend themselves to this description. It forms the lower end, but not the little end, of the great state of California. A chain of great mountains, the Tehachapi range, separates it from the rest of the state. On the east is the great American desert, and on the west, the Pacific Ocean, with its



Figueroa street, Los Angeles.



Panorama of Los Angeles, showing the

balmy trade wind and its Japan current. It is well to mention these things, because they are largely responsible for making Southern California unique.

Southern California consists of the seven counties of Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino, San Diego, Santa Barbara and Ventura, having a total area of about 45,000 square miles and a population safely estimated anywhere from 450,000 to 500,000. There are also several other counties tributary to Los Angeles and the southern part of the state which are in many respects virtually a part of Southern California—

Kern, Kings, San Luis Obispo, etc., good counties, all.

The climate may be dismissed with a paragraph important out of all proportion to its size. Spring, summer and the rainy season constitute the three seasons. There is no snow, and scarcely any frost. On the coast it is cool in summer, rainless, but with fogs at night during part of the time. In the interior it is warmer and drier; but there is only fifteen degrees difference between the mean annual temperatures of winter and summer. The absence of humidity makes even the warm days comfortable, and the nights are always cool.



Residence of Homer Laughlin, Adams street, Los Angeles.



greater portion of the business district.

It is more comfortable in Southern California at ninety degrees than in Eastern cities with the thermometer at seventy-five. The average rainfall is sixteen inches, and it does not rain every day during the rainy season. Sometimes weeks will pass without a severe storm. A typical California rain is a drizzle that may last several days or one day, and be followed by a week or more of clear weather.

There is great variety both in climate and in scenery in Southern California. The sightseer in Los Angeles may in one day visit the top of a high mountain and the seashore. He may "snowball" on top of

Mount Lowe in the morning, say in January, and bathe in the surf at any one of a dozen beach resorts in the afternoon. He may pass from the desert to an oasis in a few hours' ride.

Citrus fruits are, of course, Southern California's principal crop. Fewer and fewer ill-natured references to the tourist crop are heard. The tourists are there both summer and winter—Los Angeles as a summer resort is an accepted condition now—and they are glad to come and sorry to go away. But while the 30,000 carloads of oranges and limes shipped annually from Southern California form a mighty



Private grounds in the residence district of Los Angeles.



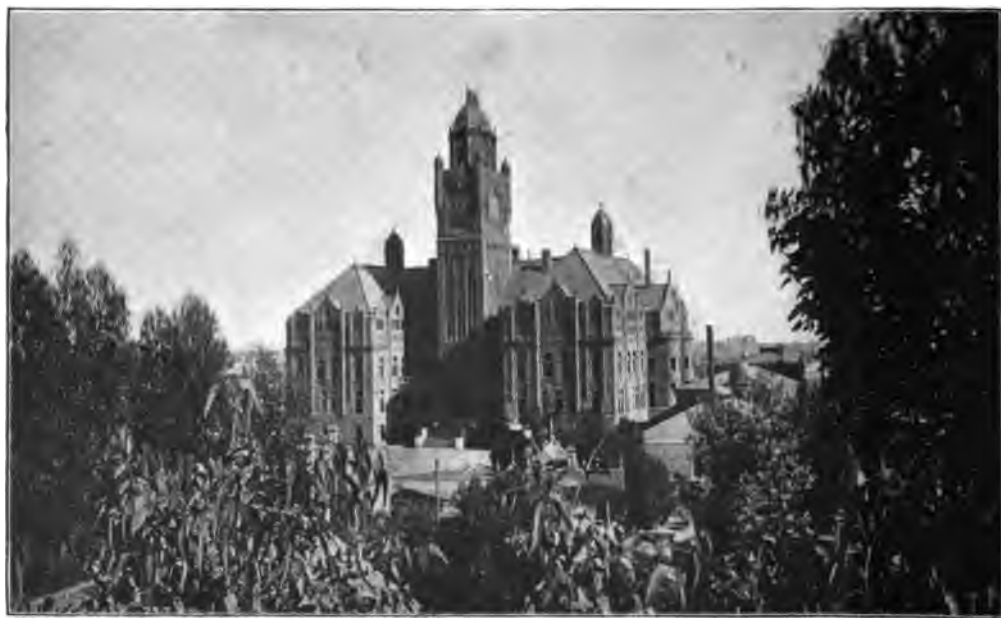
Spring street, looking north from Fourth, Los Angeles.

item, it is nevertheless a fact that Southern California has come to be something more than the land of oranges and sunshine. An orange grove is not the only haven of refuge and hope of prosperity for the newcomer from the East. Thousands of small farms are being devoted to beans, walnuts, almonds, deciduous fruits,

alfalfa and other branches of horticultural and agricultural industry. Small fruits and vegetables attract many. The home market is growing larger, while the shipping of early canteloupes, celery and other good things shows that the theory of diversified farming and natural selection is having its proper innings. The day of the one idea—the orange idea—is past. Then, too, there is petroleum, mining and manufacturing—the last a very large item, strange as it may seem.

Irrigation has done it all, of course. Nowhere else in the world is irrigation and intensive farming carried on to such perfection as in Southern California. The water question has always been serious, but the promise of a solved problem always is in sight. Los Angeles, for instance, is confronted with the necessity of providing a great water supply, ample for a population of a million souls. She proposes to settle the question once and for all time by bringing a supply of 30,000 miners' inches from the Owens River Valley, 240 miles away, at a cost of more than \$20,000,000.

Another thing that is making Southern California an empire well knitted together is the unequalled system of electric roads owned by Henry E. Huntington. These lines are for the most part in Los Angeles County, making an electric gridiron of it,



County Court House, Los Angeles.



Broadway, looking north from Fourth, Los Angeles.

but they have reached out into Orange County and extensions to San Diego and Santa Barbara are possibilities of the not very distant future. Already the system consists of nearly 450 miles of track.

During the past four years the steam and electric railroads have expended nearly \$35,000,000 in Southern California, of which amount over \$20,000,000 has been expended in Los Angeles County.

The awakening of Los Angeles as a manufacturing city has begun; the possi-

bilities are gigantic, especially for those who are shrewd enough to follow the lines of the least resistance, and fix upon industries favored by the location, products and climatic superiority of Southern California.

Cheap fuel, cheaper buildings, no expense for heating, greater economy in general operation, are some of the factors which will place Los Angeles and Southern California in the front rank of manufacturing sections.



Adams, street, Los Angeles.



Palm Avenue, of Singleton Court, Los Angeles, planted by General Longstreet.



IRRIGATION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Willian E. Smythe.

IN the early days of the national irrigation movement, when we were trying to make a breach in the dead wall of Eastern indifference, I boldly challenged public credulity by talking about "the blessing of aridity." Governed as we are by influences arising from heredity and environment, we used

to think that light rainfall, with almost none in the long growing season, was a misfortune for the country so circumstanced. Our fathers for countless centuries depended upon the caprice of the clouds for moisture. When the clouds failed them, they fell upon their knees and prayed for rain. They believed that God



Irrigating from artesian well.

would suspend the laws of the universe for the benefit of their potatoes and cabbages. When Southern Californians pray for rain, they do not fall upon their knees, but upon the headgates of their canals. Their prayers are always answered. They do not ask that the laws of the universe be suspended, but conform their customs to the demands of those laws. This is the key to the civilization of Southern California. We are working in partnership with God and collecting rich dividends, social and pecuniary.

If the rainfall of Southern California were equal to that of Illinois, our agriculture would be commonplace. Farms would be large and rural life unattractive to average men and women. Our scenery and climate and, consequently, our products, would be different. The summer heat would be almost intolerable because the combination of high temperature and high humidity would be killing. The artist would find no joy in our hillsides, which would cease to pass from green to gold, and from gold to bronze, remaining monotonously green. The optimistic sun-

shine would give place to the pessimism of gray skies, and the warmth in nature's heart would be driven out by the cold, damp breath of endless storm.

Aridity is the mother of many good things. First of all, it is the mother of co-operation among men. It compels them to associate in communities and, to a certain extent, to make the motto of the Swiss Republic and of the Three Guardsmen the rule of their social and economic life,—“Each for all and all for each.” They must combine and organize their efforts in diverting the stream, constructing the reservoir, or boring into the earth, in order to get water, and this combination and organization must be maintained to the end of time in order that the water may be fairly distributed over the land. And co-operation is the very essence of civilization.

The step from the co-operative canal to the co-operative fruit exchange is easy and natural, and the step from the fruit exchange to co-operative manufacturing, banking and distribution is likewise inevitable. True, these steps have not all



Main canal, Imperial irrigation system, Southern California.



Irrigated fruit lands, Southern California.

been taken, as yet, because the country is young—only a generation from the pioneer plantings of English-speaking men—and it takes time to outgrow the influence of heredity and custom and to adjust ourselves to new conditions. We are the descendants of a race which defied competition and sought individual prosperity by overcoming our neighbors; but we are the pioneers of a race which will deify co-operation and seek individual prosperity by enriching and ennobling our neighbors. To the extent that we have combined successfully in dealing with our water supply, we have already realized this new and higher ideal.

Irrigation is always expensive. Man asserts his control over the forces of nature only at the cost of labor, patience and eternal vigilance. This truth applies with peculiar force in our rugged land, with its high mountains, its torrential streams and its underground rivers. It costs money to get the water in the first place; it costs money to maintain the works by which it is diverted, stored or lifted from the bowels of the earth. All this is influential in shaping the life of Southern California.

Those who imagine that the soft, semi-tropical climate will breed an indolent

race do not understand that irrigation is a hard taskmaster, a jealous mistress. Southern California may be a lazy land for the leisure classes who use it as a playground, but the laziness is in the people, not in the land or climate. Southern California is a strenuous land for those who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces, and it always will be. Not a single crop could be brought to maturity without an intelligent effort in managing the water supply. Nature compels men to work, and this everlasting struggle to subjugate the desert, and to keep it subjugated, makes a race of tough fiber, mentally, physically and morally. This is one of the important influences growing out of irrigation.

The expense attached to the artificial watering of land produces striking social effects. It compels the adoption of a small farm unit. Settlers in new countries are always poor men, or men of small means. If they could get land for nothing they would have a thousand acres. If they could get it for ten dollars an acre, they would have at least a hundred; but when land and water may only be had at a cost of one hundred dollars an acre or more, they begin to see the beauty of a ten or



Running water in the furrows.

twenty-acre farm. This means dense population, and dense population means near neighbors. Near neighbors mean all sorts of social advantages which are not attainable in a region of big, lonely farms—free mail delivery, piped water and bath tubs, modern sewerage, telephones, daily newspapers delivered at the door, libraries, schools, churches, and that satisfaction for the social instincts without which there can be no permanent rural population above the level of a European peasantry.

It all traces back to the original blessing of aridity, with the miracle of irrigation as its corollary. Southern California of today is the living example of these truths, but the Southern California of tomorrow, and of the day after tomorrow, will present much higher examples.

The history of the famous colonies of the South, like Anaheim, the mother, Riverside, the elder sister, Redlands, Ontario, Pomona and others of the younger brood, is a familiar tale. Thousands of tourists come yearly to look upon these celebrated oases which have arisen in the waste of sagebrush and cacti. But has the limit of development been reached? Is the future, so to speak, wholly in the past?

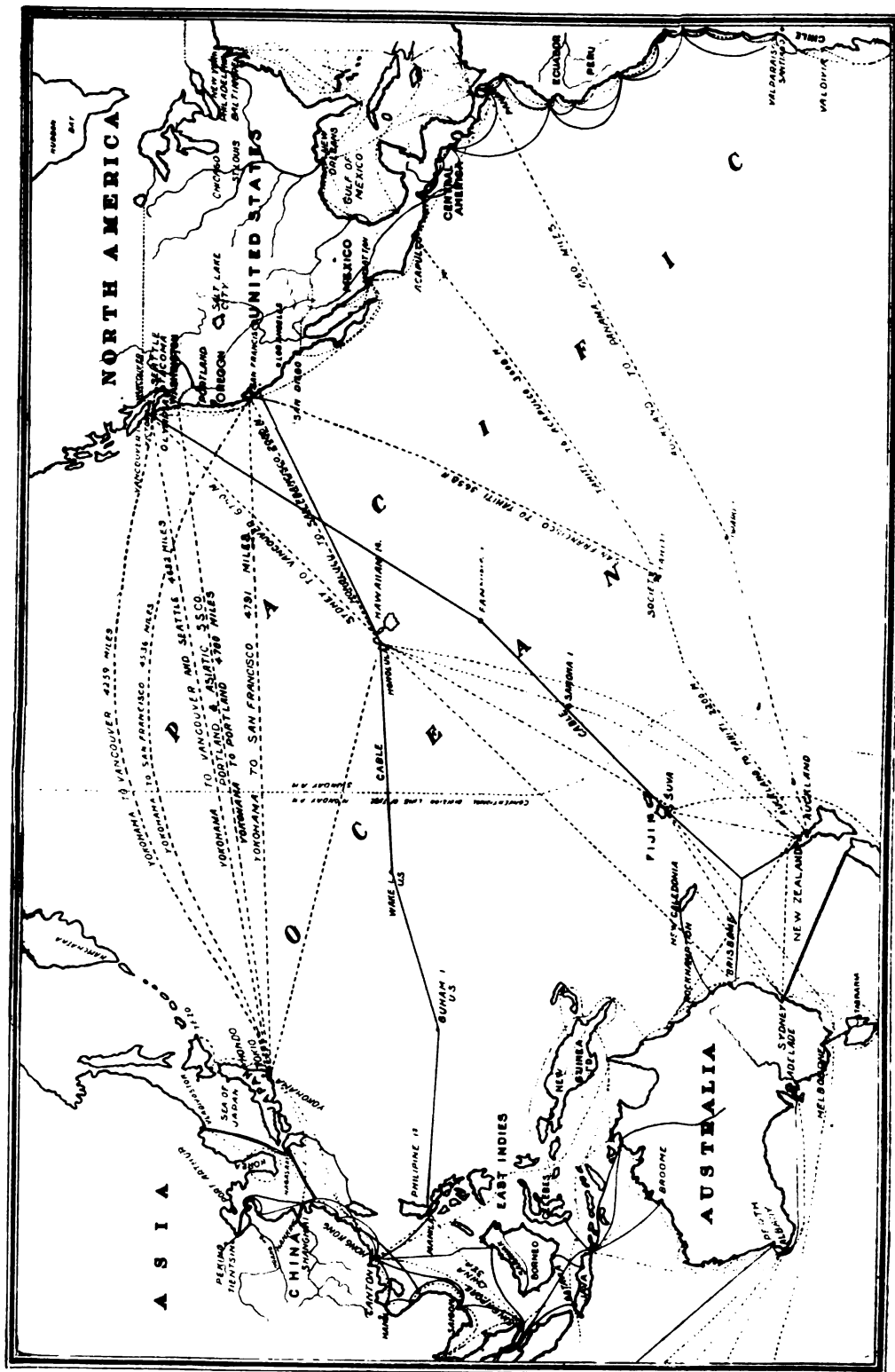
On the contrary, the irrigated area of

Southern California will be doubled and quadrupled in the next ten years. What we see today is only the prophecy of what we shall see. Under the leadership of the nation and the operation of the beneficent Newlands law, the present total population of the entire state of California will be duplicated in the two counties of San Diego and Riverside. This will be due to the diversion of the Colorado River and the storage of winter rains on the Western slopes. What individual effort could do was done long ago; what local community effort could do was done more recently, but is of the past. We are now to behold what can be done by the greatest nation on earth when it directs its genius, its money, and its energies to the task of domestic development instead of foreign expansion.

The irrigated land of Southern California now sustains, in town or country, one person for each .72 of an acre. A million acres will ultimately be reclaimed as a consequence of what the government is now beginning to do on the Colorado River—a million acres of remarkably fertile soil in the United States and Mexico—and this will sustain a new population, chiefly in California, of approximately a million and a half.



Flooding the arid lands of Southern California.



Map showing the present day connections between the Pacific Coast states and the Far East.

THE COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC

Second Paper—The Cities of the Pacific Northwest

By Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph. D.

TO explain the phenomenal growth of the whole Pacific Coast during the last decade, the changed conditions, which have followed the Spanish-American war and have marked the Russo-Japanese one, are usually cited as sufficient grounds. But this is by no means the case. Certainly, those two events have had a strong stimulating effect upon the Pacific Coast, though, as to the latter, it has temporarily resulted in a decrease of trade with the countries forming the war zone. This, however, is only an ephemeral effect, for during 1905 the deficiency was more than made up by immense orders, notably from Japan. And it is a foregone conclusion that so far as this country's material interests are concerned the principal result of the gigantic struggle between Russia and Japan will be enormously enhanced trading facilities with far Asia.

But these two political events, momentous as they unquestionably are, do not altogether explain a change as sweeping as occurred in the same region after the discovery of gold half a century ago.

Look at some of these changes.

Ten years ago the population of San Francisco was about 300,000; to-day it is very near the 500,000 mark.

The population of Portland, seat of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, held to commemorate the initial exploration voyage to the whole "Oregon Country" a century ago, has grown from 80,000 a decade ago to 145,000.

Seattle during the same time grew from 35,000 to 150,000; Los Angeles from 80,000 to 180,000; Oakland from 57,000 to 107,000; Tacoma from 36,000 to 70,000; Spokane from 15,000 to 45,000; Astoria from 8,000 to 22,000, and so forth.

These are only some of the larger cities. There are scores of less important towns all over Oregon, Washington and California which ten years ago either did not exist at all or were but tiny hamlets, but have since grown into places of from 2,000

to 10,000, and are still growing so fast that the census taker can not keep track of them, forming the radiating centers of equally flourishing agricultural communities, mining districts, and manufacturing places.

And that's just it—manufacturing. That is a new motto in the Pacific Coast country, but it is a word to conjure with. This is a fact hitherto almost completely overlooked in the states east of the Rockies. A large foreign commerce is now universally acknowledged to be firmly established in the Pacific States. The wonderful rise of their trade with the Orient is accepted and pithy statistical showings demonstrating this rise now meet everywhere with that degree of respectful attention which such figures are apt to inspire. But manufacturing—bah! who would believe that!

And yet it is this fact—for unquestionable fact it is—which will from now on form the keynote to the Pacific Coast's progress, a progress which during the next twenty years will far outvie even the progress of this past marvelous decade.

Whoever has eyes to see and ears to hear can not at this day make an extensive tour of the three Pacific States without having it brought home to him with elemental force that the soil is prepared, the conditions are ripe, the opportunities are awaiting the harvester, and that this wonderful region stands at the very threshold of an industrial development which, in several respects, will shame the older and supremely self-satisfied East.

What are the essential requisites for successful manufacturing? They are three: Enterprise and trained intelligence of population; cheap raw stuffs, fuel and motive power; varied and low priced means of transportation.

All these essentials are now assembled; the industrial equipment of the Pacific Coast is flawless.

But let us look at this in detail.

The gift of splendid enterprise and of trained and well-directed intelligence is conceded to the people along the Pacific

by everybody who has had occasion to become acquainted with them. Indeed this is as it should be. For is not the population drawn almost altogether from the best brawn and brain of this country, from the pushing, energetic Middle West as well as the intellectual Eastern States? Keen minded, dauntless the new settlers arrived; the struggle with new conditions enhanced these qualities. It is not overstating the facts to say that nowhere in the Union do you find stronger and more tenacious mind power than right in the Pacific States. The careers of scores of their prominent and successful men prove this. Many of these names have become household words all over the country for pluck, shrewdness, and wise foresight. There are men along this coast who within the space of twenty or thirty years have accomplished in business or in the carrying out of huge and original semi-public enterprises what further east it took two or three generations to accomplish.

Raw Stuffs Cheap.

Then there is the second ingredient—cheap rawstuffs, fuel, and motive power. While the East has been absorbed with its own affairs, this far-away region along the greatest of oceans has gone on piling discovery on discovery, then quietly taking stock and drawing practical conclusions. What then do we find to-day?

We find abundance of coal, from the lignite to the choicest anthracite. Washington has most of it. Her coal production for 1904 was over 3,000,000 tons, of a value of \$9,750,000. But there are many mines which, owing to insufficient means of transportation, are not yet exploited. There are others, and probably outnumbering the known ones three to one, which have not yet been located. However, the present production of coal in Washington alone is fully sufficient for years to come in the development of local industry. Then there are coal mines in Oregon, in Montana, in Idaho, any number of them, and among them some producing the choicest hard coal.

There is in California an abundance of the cheapest and most convenient fuel of all—crude petroleum, more than 28,000,000 barrels of it last year. And this industry is now in such shape as to be fully available for industrial purposes. Pipe lines for this oil have been laid, bringing it to any desired point. There is a line

from Kern County to Point Richmond, 250 miles long, for instance. There are pumping stations every thirteen miles on this pipe line, and the oil is heated so as to render it more volatile and better to float. This one county of Kern in California has practically exhaustless supplies of crude oil.

Then in this same state of California there is the item of electric power to be spoken of. There are at present 140,000 horse power of it. It is developed mostly from mountain streams; \$50,000,000 are invested in the business. Another 80,000 horse power is now in process of being developed. This power is used to run street cars, canning factories, mines, dredges, pumping plants, grain elevators, for illumination, and for all sorts of industrial purposes. The power is sold so cheap that from \$50 to \$80 per horse power an annum is the figure. California leads now in long-distance transmission. Power is carried 370 miles, from Colgate to Oakland, a distance of 219 miles, and then around San Francisco Bay to San Jose and points in the San Joaquin Valley. An interesting feature is that not a drop of water is lost on the way. It is only used to generate power, and the water is then turned back into the irrigating ditch, etc. On the Kern River, for example, there are five power plants, one above the other. This power differs from that generated by the Niagara in that it comes in big volume from great heights, and consequently under enormous pressure. There are no turbines, as in the Niagara, but water wheels, and the force of the water is often as much as 900 pounds per square inch, the ordinary force being 200 pounds. Some of the pipes are half a mile long.

We see, then, that in California motive power and fuel are both abundant and low priced. But the same is true, in varying degree, of Oregon and Washington, as will be shown further on. Then, as the third point in this list, let us speak of raw stuffs. Iron ores exist in enormous layers and of the finest quality in Washington (especially the northern, eastern, and western parts), in Oregon (where it is found best along the southern shores of the Columbia River, in the whole Cascade Range, and in the Klamath country), and in California, as well as Western Idaho. Minerals of every description, needed in manufacturing, are also found along the Pacific in great quantity.

Transportation Facilities.

Then, lastly, a closely spun network of railroads, the mighty Columbia and its tributaries, as well as a score of smaller rivers, but above all Puget Sound and the near-by ocean, yield all the varied and low-priced means of transportation needed. Besides, there is steady improvement in all this. New railroads, both main and branch lines, are building or planned; the harbors are being dredged and otherwise improved; the whole of the Columbia River system will be made more available for navigation, allowing uninterrupted water passage down the Snake and Spokane Rivers and along the Columbia itself to its mouth at Astoria.

In all the three prerequisites necessary to the growth and permanent prosperity of a large and varied industry we find, therefore, the Pacific Coast in an impregnable position, for to the above items must be added the unmatched variety and excellent quality of its other products from wool and wood to fruit and grain. But that is so well known a feature that it need not be dwelt on here in detail.

More to the purpose, perhaps, would be a brief survey of the present status of the leading cities along the Pacific Coast,

showing, as that will, both the spirit animating its population and the conditions which tend to the even more rapid growth of these centers.

Seattle.

Far up in the north, close to the border of British Columbia, lies Seattle, washed by the waters of the Puget Sound. Its local statistics show a total ocean commerce for last year of \$75,686,554, of which the coastwise and Alaska trade amounts to over \$60,000,000, and its deep-sea tonnage for the same period is stated to have been 1,960,952.

The Seattle people just now feel proud of several of their latest achievements, for instance, the erection of the Alaska building, at a cost of \$4,000,000, a "skyscraper" office structure which in size, beauty, and appointments would not disgrace Wall street. Then they pride themselves on the completion of the Great Northern tunnel beneath the city; the completion of the great United States battleship Nebraska on the local yards of Moran Brothers; the inauguration of "Jim" Hill's new line of 23,000-ton steamers plying between Seattle and far Asian ports, and lastly, the erection of a magnificent union depot, the largest and



Steam plow turning the soil on reclaimed land in Southern California.

best on the whole Coast. Greatly pleased, too, they are at the establishment of the West Seattle Steel Plant, the creation of William Pigott and E. M. Wilson, and destined to supply in future much of the demand for steel fabrics of every kind, large and small, including locomotives; and the combination mammoth hotel and theater, built by James A. Moore, on the summit of a hillock overlooking not only the placid Sound, but Mount Rainier.

It was early in the '50s when A. G. Denny, T. D. Denny, H. L. Yesler and two men named Boren and Bell, coming from Oregon, and all accompanied by numerous hostages to fortune, located at West Seattle and built little cabins. But after examining the bay and harbor, they came over to the other side, and each family took 640 acres of land, right in the forest, on the same location where now stretches the young imperial city. Their property, some of it still in the hands of descendants, is worth to-day many millions. That of Yesler, for instance, is valued at \$2,400,000; that of the two Denny families at a round \$20,000,000.

All along the Coast they talk of the "Seattle spirit," a spirit of pluck and daring, of willingness to incur any sacrifice for the good of the town. One gets an inkling of what is meant by that when listening to some of Seattle's public-spirited men, such as Mr. James A. Moore, for example. He came to Seattle in 1881, when the population was but 3,500. "One of the marked things was when the Northern Pacific built its road and determined to wipe Seattle off the map and make Tacoma 'the' city. Then our Seattle merchants came together and built a railroad of our own, twenty miles of it, to Auburn. That brought the Northern Pacific to reason."

Tacoma.

Tacoma, it is well known, came into being with the building of the Northern Pacific railroad; it is a "flat city," such as St. Petersburg and Washington, D. C. Not every flat city thrives, but Tacoma certainly does. In 1895 her shipping trade showed a total of \$10,256,607; in 1904 it had risen to \$41,020,818, or quadrupled within a decade. In manufacturing she has done almost as well within the same period, for in 1895 her invested capital amounted to \$9,827,000, with 4,383 employees, a yearly pay roll of \$2,661,000

and an output of \$10,313,000; in 1904 the capital invested had increased to \$17,947,700, the employees to 9,141, the yearly pay roll to \$6,355,300, and the output to \$32,960,134.

Nearly everybody in Tacoma owns his own home or, at least, rents a whole house, nearly always standing in a pretty little garden full of flowers and blooming trees and bushes. There is plenty of space in Tacoma. In Seattle real estate comes high, and the whole city is as bustling and busy, but also as noisy, as a beehive. Tacoma's pretty park is right in the center of the town; in Seattle you have to ride quite a while on the trolley to reach the park, but it is, sure enough, well worth the trouble to go there.

There is a high standard of schools in Tacoma; but that is even truer of Seattle, and still truer of Portland; it applies, in fact, to the whole Pacific Coast. The State University in Seattle is doing splendid work.

In Tacoma are located the docks, car building shops, etc., of the Northern Pacific railroad, costing \$15,000,000. One of Tacoma's gigantic warehouses measures 2,360 feet in length and 147 in width, and here is the second largest wheat and flour shipping point on the Pacific. Tacoma lies 150 miles from the open sea, at Admiralty Inlet, forming the very bottom of that great pocket, the Puget Sound. The St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Mill is the largest in the world; the cut in 1904 was 100,000,000 feet, and its value \$1,500,000. The city boasts likewise of the largest and most complete smelting works upon the Pacific Coast; it smelts ores not only from Washington and Oregon, but also from Alaska, British Columbia, the western states and South America.

In part, of course, the secret of the phenomenal success of Seattle must be found also in her splendid steamer service of small to medium sized craft, that connects Seattle with every port and mill, city and hamlet on Puget Sound, just as the early prosperity of New York as a shipping center was largely due to the same cause. Much of Tacoma's importance and wealth depends, and will continue to depend, upon her being the terminus of a great transcontinental railroad, with all that implies. But her citizens have also made wise and efficient use of all of Tacoma's other advantages. Not the smallest of these is the unlimited

water power which nature has put in her way. The Snoqualmie Falls, located in the Cascades, have been put in electric harness by enterprising citizens of Tacoma and Seattle, who have invested \$3,500,000 and furnish 10,000 horse power to both Tacoma and Seattle for lighting, motive power, etc. But the possible extension of the system, an extension now contemplated, is to the tune of a round 100,000 horse power. And with that, owing to the exceptional facilities for obtaining this power, it is very low in price.

We see the same fact repeated in Portland and its string of suburbs, which obtain their electric power from the falls of the Willamette River, just a few miles above the city, and do it likewise at an extremely cheap price, when compared with Eastern states. But the same is true of nearly every town and village of any size along the whole Pacific Coast; the Cascade and Coast Ranges, with their numerous falls, glaciers, mountain brooks and rivers, supply exhaustless water power. That is why we see electric light everywhere, on the farms as well as in cities, and telephones universally in use; all this to an extent probably unrivaled in the world. This abundance of clear, pure water explains also another great advantage of the Pacific Coast towns and cities, namely, their unlimited supply of the finest drinking water. In Portland, for instance, the water is derived from one of the tall mountains near by, the summit of which is covered with eternal snow; and what is true of Portland is true of nearly all the other cities, San Francisco included.

Portland.

Not alone that, however, for the pure water doubtless, in conjunction with the salubrious climate and the thorough sanitation everywhere enforced, has its full share in bringing about the abnormally low mortality. In this respect, too, Portland bears the palm. Her average mortality is a small fraction above 9 per cent; that of Tacoma, 11.3; that of Seattle, about 12, and so forth. Of all the large cities of the world, Portland has, so far as we possess reliable statistics, the lowest mortality.

The people of Portland justly feel proud of this fact, as they do also of the alluring charm of landscape in the midst

of which their city is set; of the "home-like," cosy quality of the town, with its well-paved, stately business quarter and its residence sections, all embowered in luscious foliage and fragrant rose bushes that bloom perennially and attain here a size unknown elsewhere. For years Portland figured in the census lists as the wealthiest city (considered per head of population) in the Union; now it is still the third highest. The standard of culture and of its educational institutions is a very high one in Portland, probably the highest anywhere west of the Mississippi.

But in purely material things, too, Portland is on a par with her rivals. During my stay there, a big steamer fleet of eleven vessels was one day chartered to carry out 50,000 tons of merchandise from her fine and spacious harbor to the Far East. Her harbor lies 114 miles off from the mouth of the Columbia and the open Pacific. In most respects this must be accounted an advantage. But to adequately attend to the difficult and expensive task of keeping the navigation channel from the sea downwards at the required depth of twenty-six feet, the enlightened public spirit of Portland's merchants and shippers opportunely stepped in some years ago. Plans were drawn and approved by the national government, and huge dredging machines have since taken care of the problem. Up to the present bonds to cover this big expenditure have been issued to the extent of \$1,550,000, and the largest and latest dredger put on cost a matter of \$242,500; it has a thirty-inch discharge. The Columbia River, above the mouth of the Willamette, is navigable for 900 miles, and after the work of "regulating" this noble river in its upper course has been carried out, as it will be within the next five years, the shipping facilities to and from Portland—as far as the Snake River in Idaho—will be greatly enlarged and its commerce by water correspondingly increased.

That commerce is, however, already a very large one. Portland is the first wheat port on the Pacific Coast; 400,000,000 feet of lumber are annually produced by her mills, and a large portion of this is sent abroad; her wholesale and manufacturing business is \$180,000,000; there are located there 2,101 business establishments, with a capital invested of \$107,627,750. Her pseudonym, "Rose City,"

speaks for itself; even in midwinter roses and other flowers are blooming in her thousand little gardens behind the back porch. In answer to the oft-repeated charge that Portland is "too wet," the official government data shows that while the average annual precipitation, between 1894 and 1904, was 39.8 inches for Portland, it was 43.4 for New York, 49.7 for New Orleans, and 46.4 for Atlanta.

As to the prospects of Portland as a manufacturing center, one of the wide-awake men of that city said to the writer: "In a few years sawmills and all kinds of other manufacturing establishments will line the river from St Johns to Portland. Here is where rail and river meet, and that is an enormous advantage for industry. Above all, the furniture industry will spring up—the costly woods we can get first-hand from the Philippines and the common woods of every kind we have here in greatest variety. We shall have woolen mills, working up the wool from our own sheep, 20,000,000 pounds every year. We shall have dairies and condensed milk establishments by the score, and many others. Within another twenty years Portland will do manufacturing at the rate of \$500,000,000 per year."

Smaller Cities.

Among the other flourishing cities and towns of Oregon, Astoria deserves special mention. Its situation at the mouth of the lordly Columbia alone predestines Astoria to greatness. But there are other reasons as well. The jetty recently built by the United States government at a cost of \$5,000,000 protects Astoria's magnificent harbor. Vessels with a combined tonnage of 1,310,759 entered it last year. Her navigable water front has a depth of twenty-nine feet. Her trade in 1904 aggregated about \$12,000,000. Within accessible distance there stands 75,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber. Her salmon catch is worth an average of \$3,500,000 annually. As population in Oregon and all along the Columbia River basin becomes more dense, and as the Columbia itself will become an immense highway of supplies, Astoria is bound to profit from these new conditions as no other city can. The saying in Astoria now is: "A laboring man can buy a barrel of flour with one day's earnings"; and

ordinary fishermen there often make their \$25 to \$50 per day in season. The average wealth for every man, woman and child in Astoria is computed at \$2,000, and the town's proudest boast is that it is the wealthiest community in the Union. The day will come when Astoria will rank with the largest seaports on the entire Coast.

In Washington, too, there is a young and phenomenally thriving city which has a great future. This is Spokane, grown into 40,000 population within a few years, and yet showing all the earmarks of stability and firmly anchored wealth. Spokane lies just far enough to the east of Seattle to escape the whirlpool of its business influence. Located on the broad and deep Spokane River, the city derives from the two falls near by the 35,000 horse power of electricity which it needs for its own manifold uses, and of which it transmits a large portion elsewhere, above all to the Coeur d'Alene region in Idaho, some 150 miles away. Its tributary territory includes those two wonderfully productive valleys, that of Yakima and of the Wenatchee, and its interests show the almost invincible combination of mining, agriculture, and manufacturing.

There are all along the Pacific Coast beautiful, pushing, resistless centers of civilization growing up before our very eyes, equipped with everything, material and spiritual, which the Twentieth Century can boast of. The air there is humming with bee-like activity; the pulse beat is strong and quick. Another generation, say thirty short years, and the Pacific Coast will be lined from north to south with a score of mighty, wealthy, imperial cities; some of them will have reached the million limit, others will be on their way to it.

Only total ignorance or willful blindness can fail to read the signs. As the Eighteenth and the first half of the Nineteenth Centuries saw the rapid growth of the Atlantic border, and as the second half of the Nineteenth Century witnessed the evolution to life and greatness of the Middle West, so the Twentieth Century will have as one of its chief theaters of action the Pacific Coast. The feats of the forefathers will be eclipsed here. The supremacy of the Pacific Coast will become an established fact.

(Note.—The third article in this series will appear in the October issue.)

THE BORDERLAND

By Arthur J. Burdick

JUST east of that point where the rock-ribbed, lava-crested Coast Range creeps over the borderline from the United States into Mexico, lies the plain of Yuha, a bit of territory unique, interesting, mysterious, and known only to an adventurous few.

The Yuha plain is a desert and it is avoided by most persons because of its terrors from heat and thirst; because of its labyrinth of drifting and shifting sand hills; and of the gruesome tales told about the mysterious region. There is, however, no section of country in California possessed of more wonderful features or more interesting natural phenomena than this plain of Yuha.

At the very northern extremity of the plain, separating it from the desert beyond, are the Superstition Mountains, quite as interesting, in a way, as the plain they border. The Indians look upon the mountains with awe and fear. Nothing will induce them to visit or even to ap-

proach near to them. They believe them to be the abode of evil spirits—in fact, this little range of hills is the Hades of the Cocopahs.

One of the spirits supposed to reside there is called Wah Didin. He is represented as being a little old man whose office is to warn the Indians of approaching death. He appears to the one called and makes known his errand by writhings, wringing of hands, moanings and doleful noises.

There is a reason why the Indians look upon the mountains with fear and trembling and why their imaginations have been led to people them with these evil spirits. Owing to certain conditions, which will be explained further on, the mountains seldom look twice alike. They are constantly changing their contour and seemingly their location on the plain. Even white men are impressed with this idea of their instability. One man, upon being asked their location, replied:

“At this season of the year, I should



The Devil's Wigwam, near Superstition Mountains, close to the Mexican line in Southern California.



Colorado Desert, Yuha Plain, Superstition Mountain in distance, Pebble Plain in the foreground.

judge they would be about twenty miles north of Mexico. Last spring they were down about to the line."

In journeying to the mountains the impression of their propensity to travel is strengthened. A comrade and I visited this range in December, 1904. The morning of the day previous to the one in which we reached the peaks, the mountains looked to be close at hand. We thought we might reach them early in the day, but the longer we traveled toward them, the further away they appeared, till about the middle of the afternoon, when they seemed very near to us again. They continued to draw near till sundown, when they again receded. The march toward them was continued long after dark, with their dim outlines and the stars for guides, but when, late at night, we made camp, they were apparently far from us. When morning dawned they were just before us, seemingly having advanced miles during the night.

Then, too, the contour of the mountains was constantly changing. A part of the time they appeared like one long, low-lying mountain; again like several peaks; again like very many. This phenomenon

is one of several which have given the mountains a bad reputation with the Indians, but this feature is not difficult to explain.

The mountains are surrounded with miles of sand drifts which are from a few feet to nearly or quite 1000 feet high. These sand hills are constantly changing position and form. Sometimes they add a line of hills several miles long to one end of the chain of peaks, and sometimes they are found at the other end. Again, they will drift up the sides of the rocky peaks nearly or quite to the top, causing them to look like giant sand-hills, and then they are blown away and the gray, red or black rocks of the peaks are exposed.

The shadow effects have also much to do with the transforming of these mysterious mountains. The morning sun strikes the white sand drifts and sends black shadows over other parts of the mountains, picturing in black and white lines, to the eye, peaks and canyons which do not really exist. The noon sun changes these lines, giving a very different appearance to the range, and the evening sun works another transforma-



Volcano on Yuha Plain.

tion. In fact, every hour means a change in these peculiar hills.

There are still other reasons for the superstitious fear of the Indians. Explosive noises are frequently heard among the hills, as though some one deep down in the earth, or back in some secluded canyon were firing guns. The hills are volcanic. They had their birth in some prehistoric convulsion of the earth. They are in the very center of a region abounding in extinct volcanoes and they are surrounded by fields of lava and volcanic debris. The explosions and the occasional tremors of the earth there are no doubt the deep-down boilings and bubblings of the yet uncooled sea of molten rocks, the remnant of those ancient active spouters.

In piling up the principal peaks of this small mountain chain, nature has worked in a curious manner. The peaks, which are from a few hundred to about one thousand feet high, stand thickly grouped but scarcely two can be found composed of the same material. One peak is of black volcanic rock and close beside it is a peak of red granite. Next to this rises a peak of gray granite, and beyond a hill that gleams with quartz or glistens with crystals of gypsum or fluorspar.

On the eastern wing of the range are

the wigwams of Wah Didin and the other evil spirits of the mountains. These satanic homes are circular mounds, resembling, in the distance, the dwellings of the Indians themselves. They have been carved by the action of the waves of a prehistoric sea, from an elevated bed of red volcanic mud. The mounds thus formed are a hundred feet or more, high, with a diameter nearly or quite equal to their elevation.

South of the mountains are several miles of plain, and then the sand dunes. The first two or three miles of the plain is of the red volcanic mud, which has hardened to the consistency of India rubber. It is springy to the feet and not an unpleasant paved way upon which to travel. Beyond this is three or four miles of hard, cemented sand, thickly set with white, glossy pebbles about the size of peas. Still beyond is another three or four miles of hard pavement thickly besprinkled with irregular-shaped pebbles from the size of a walnut up to stones as large as a hen's egg. Every color in nature is here represented. There are red and gray and mottled granite pebbles, jaspers, green serpentine, chalcedony, agate, hyolite, gneiss, gypsum, fluorspar, and occasionally hya-

cinths, topaz, and other stones of commercial value.

Then come the sand dunes, a section of the plain filled with drifts of fine sand, some stationary, owing to an anchorage of mesquite, others, like the "Crescent Hills," slowly advancing across the plain. These crescent hills are, themselves, one of the wonders of the plain. Each mound is a true crescent, as shapely and well proportioned as any that could be constructed by a landscape gardener. The horns of the crescents all point toward the east, the winds blow from the west. While these hills travel slowly across the plain, as the winds pick up the particles of sand from the one side and fling them over to the other side, they preserve their shape and proportions, though they increase in size as they advance.

South of these crescent-shaped dunes lies the most remarkable portion of the plain, if not, indeed, of the state.

There was a time, in the dim, dark, unknown ages, when this region was the heart of a fiery furnace. The rocks were melted with fervent heat and the sky, now so blue and cloudless, was blackened with the smoke of a dozen belching vol-

canoes. Scoriac plains now stretch across the landscape, and from their midst rise numbers of cone-shaped peaks which tell where the heart of the volcanic conflagration was located. Farther northwest and southwest are other volcanic peaks, which attest to the fact that the hot period was wide spread.

Thirty miles to the south, a relic of that eruptive period, is a region known as the "Volcanoes," where in a radius of a mile or more of territory are a hundred smoking, steaming mounds, varying in height from a few feet to a hundred feet. These vomit forth hot mud and volcanic matter constantly and the region is covered with a cloud of steam. Yuha plain now lies nearly 100 feet below sea level, and the rocks of the plain and the mountain bases are washed and eroded in a wonderful manner.

In one portion of the plain rise two small mountains or hills, conical, steep and sharp in outline. One might, from a distance, mistake them for crater cones, so round are they, but when he approaches he discovers them to be shell mountains, great beds of prehistoric bivalves which were left stranded when the ancient sea was swept back.



The endless sand of the desert.

VALUE OF THE SMALL COLLEGE

By Guy W. Wadsworth, D. D.

President of Occidental College, Los Angeles

EVERY American university has an undergraduate or college department. In most of these the undergraduate students far outnumber those who are doing graduate or professional work. A college which exists apart from university surroundings and which has an attendance of, say, from one to five or six hundred, may be considered what is technically known as a "small college." Our country owes a great debt to the graduates of such institutions. Their alumni are leaders in every walk of life. Many of them are the presidents and teachers of our great universities. The question is: Are the small colleges, whose usefulness was conceded in the Nineteenth Century, out of date now? Are they needed in the Twentieth Century?

Excluding institutions whose only claim to come under this head is their smallness, and whose teaching force and equipment are evidently inadequate, I hold that the typical, up-to-date, small college is still needed, and for many reasons.

The small college has superior advantages in the impartation of knowledge.

The Question of Teaching.

The teachers, on the average, are at least equal to the teachers of undergradu-

ates in the great universities. They are frequently superior to those who teach the university freshmen and sophomores. I recently heard of a case where an instructor in Latin in one of our greatest universities was taking private instruction of the professor of Latin in a small college.

The heads of departments in the universities are often men seen by undergraduates only from afar. These students are usually taught by underpaid instructors and assistants, many of whom have had little experience as teachers. They practice upon the sons of the wealthy and those who desire the prestige of graduation from a "great university." Many of these instructors and assistants prove to be successful teachers, others drop out of sight—failures. The able presidents of the State universities could tell a tale of woe about political influence, which sometimes holds securely in their chairs men who would be ousted forthwith if their positions depended upon pure merit.

The small college also has its troubles, but owing to the limited number of courses and the comparatively small attendance, the bulk of the teaching, even of freshmen and sophomores, is done by heads of departments and associate or assistant professors, usually men of tried experience.



Two of the thirteen buildings of Colorado College.



Pomona College, Claremont, California.

Small Classes, More Learning.

The small college has a great advantage in imparting knowledge in the size of its classes. One of our best known Eastern universities is engaged in a campaign to raise several millions of dollars in order that classes may be properly subdivided; in other words, in order that the universities may compete with the small college.

Every teacher knows the folly of trying to teach a class in geometry, for example, which numbers one hundred or more students. A class of twenty-five is large enough for good results. The personality of the teacher can not make much impression upon an unwieldy class. The great president of Williams College, Mark Hopkins, used to say that he hoped the classes at Williams would never number more than fifty. The alumni of Williams College have contributed mightily to the glory of our nation and the betterment of the world; and now its enrollment is little over three hundred. Williams and Amherst, Dartmouth and Union, Lafayette, Hamilton, Washington and Jefferson, Wooster, Hanover and Park are small colleges and famous.

The Recitation Method.

The small college in general makes use of the recitation method, rather than the lecture system. For undergraduate students the recitation method is incomparably better. The lecture system has its place, but not to the exclusion of the recitation method. The best results in scholarship are seldom obtained where little attention is paid to the students except at

the time of examination. The work lacks continuity and steadiness. The lecturer may please. His room may be crowded with visitors, but for results he can not beat old Socrates, with his questions demanding prompt and clear answer. The student should have a chance every day to show how much or how little he knows. If he recites well, encouragement will inspire to greater effort; if he "flunks," shame drives him to burn the midnight oil and to-day's failure is forgotten in the success of to-morrow.

The small college emphasizes the culture courses. While a reasonable amount of elective choice is permitted, the prescribed work is generally in greater proportion than is the case in the university.

President Stryker of Hamilton College has said that "It is the function of the college to make iron into steel, and it is the function of the university to make steel into tools." The undergraduate student at a university is not likely to receive the training which best fits him for the steel-making process of the professional school or graduate department of the university. The high standing of graduates of small colleges in the professional schools of our country is a matter of comment.

Discipline of Small Colleges.

When Bishop Conaty of Monterey and Los Angeles was dean of the Catholic University at Washington, he was asked to answer the question, Why go to college? He replied: "I should say, in one word, for discipline."

The small college stands for discipline. It believes in training the mind symmetrically and vigorously. The student who "hates mathematics" nevertheless takes it like a man, and though like quinine it is bitter to the taste, it works wonders in his intellectual stomach. The student who growls at first about studying "dead" languages, and yet "tackles hard," finds that the dead are alive, and in the end thanks his alma mater for her strenuous training.

The small college has ever stood for character building. The great President Woolsey of Yale once said: "In the choice of a college the first thing to be considered is character; second, culture; third, knowledge."

The small college has aptly been compared to the well regulated home with its simplicity and quiet influence; the university to the magnificent hotel with its elaborate appointments and elegant furnishings. Which shall it be for your son or daughter, the homely life of the small college, or the artificial life of the great university?

Universities Are Worldly.

The university can not touch the real life of its students. Their numbers make it impossible. The students can not adequately be shielded from temptation, advised in difficulty, consoled in sorrow, encouraged in moments of failure, and stimulated to true success. The small college can do and does all this.

The great need of the day is men of character. In answer to the question, Why go to college? President Angell of the University of Michigan replied: "To make one more of a man." Knowledge and culture give power, but the power may be used for evil. The Duke of Wellington once said, "Education without religion will only end in making men clever devils."

The American small college stands and always has stood for the development of Christian character. It will never be out of date so long as this continues to be its chief purpose. The small college, if true to its traditions, strives to bring its students in close touch with the Great Teacher, that in Him they may find "the Way, the Truth and the Life."



Library, Occidental College, Los Angeles, California.

THE FIRST WESTERN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

By Herbert W. Kerrigan

Director of Athletics, Lewis and Clark Exposition

THE first Western national athletic contests which were held at the Lewis and Clark Exposition Saturday, August 5, proved a success far beyond the expectations of all but the Westerners themselves. Only once before, at St. Louis last year, has the Amateur Athletic Union



Waller, of Milwaukee, striding over the low hurdles.

consented to hold its national championship games for track and field events outside New York, and it will probably be many years before the games are secured for the Pacific Coast again. California may succeed, but the Northwest has a long time to wait for the recurrence of this great meet.

The securing of the games by the Lewis and Clark Exposition committee was certainly a bold action in the face of so much competition from other cities, but the persistence of the athletic committee has been rewarded with the greatest success, as shown by the records made at the games on that greatest of all athletic days. The result of the games in general, the records made, the knowledge shown in the handling of the games by the Western people, the excellence of the track and field run on, the climate to perform in, the interest in athletic contests by the people, the great advancement in the various events, and

especially the ability of the athletes themselves, has opened the eyes of the athletic world. The Eastern people did not believe that we could have such successful contests. The records that have been made in the past they considered ridiculous and even spurious. They did not seem to realize that we had men competent enough to run the games, and neglected this part of the country. If they ever did hear of an athlete being successful, they thought it exceptional and immediately sent for him to go East for the finished principles of training. Even the conditions of our tracks and fields were questioned. They could not imagine the West knowing anything about what a track should be like, and believed that the sun never shone on this part of the globe enough to allow the young man to get out in it and develop the qualities of speed and endurance. With the idea also that the Western people did not like athletics as well as themselves and could not appreciate them, perhaps even thinking that we had never advanced further than the Indian war dance and lacrosse game, with the athletes running and jumping in moccasins, they disregarded us.

But the Eastern people have found out



Coe, of Boston, who broke the world's record in the shot-put by sending the 16-pound weight 49 feet 6 inches.

that the West is well equipped for athletic contests on track and field, that we have good records, that there are men here also

that know the game of athletics; who know how to lay a track, measure a jump, start a race, hold a watch, and that clay is as good as a cinder path; and that the people know the difference between a good performance and a poor one.

We have athletes, as we have shown, and we will try to keep them for our own schools and colleges. It is only a short while before the East will have found this out, and will appreciate that we know the importance of athletics, mentally and physically; that the schools and colleges are well equipped to carry on the advancement of pure amateur athletic sports, having all the facilities and trainers necessary to do this and finish an athlete's training; and instead of sending our athletes away for competition, through our advancement in the scientific principles we will make it necessary for the Eastern athletes to come to the West for their competition. For here the climate is better and the athletes are more robust than the Eastern and Southern athlete. For it will be found that the life of a Western athlete surpasses that of the Eastern.

The field event, the short distance runs and the hurdles were the most successful events in the national games. Parsons broke the Coast record for the 100-yard dash; Friend, of Chicago, did excellent

work in the hurdles and broad jump; Coe, of Boston, broke the world's record in the shot-put, and Plaw made a great throw with the hammer.

The first event, the 100-yard dash, won by Parsons, the Californian, was the fastest 100 yards ever run on the Pacific Coast, and surpassed last year's record at St. Louis by three-fifths of a second. The 120-hurdle race won last year in the Senior Nationals equaled the record made this year by Friend, of Chicago, 16 1-5 sec., with Friesell, of Multnomah, second, and Kerrigan third. The one-mile run, which should have been faster than it was, and could have been if Lightbody had exerted himself, was run 7 3-5 seconds slower than a year ago at the Senior Nationals, 4:48 4-5—a very poor showing for a fast man; but in the 440-yard dash, Waller, of Milwaukee, made a run 1 3-5 seconds better than the time made last year—49 3-5 seconds. Archie Hahn, who was considered "sure" winner in the 100-yard dash, won the 220-yard dash from Parsons, of California, and Blair, of Chicago, in three-fifths of a second better than last year, making it in 22 1-5 seconds. It was a grand fight between Hahn and Parsons.

Lightbody did fairly well in the half mile, but again failed to show as he should, doing the race in 2 minutes 3 3-5



Parsons, of California, winning the 100-yard dash.

seconds, not very good time, 1 1-5 seconds slower than the record last year. And again the two-mile race was slow—won by Lyon, of Chicago, in 11:28 4-5, 1 minute 22 3-5 seconds slower than last year's record. The 220-yard low hurdles was also slow, 3-5 of a second slower than the time made last year, and was won by Walter of Milwaukee. Verner, who won the five-mile run, was the only entry, running it some 27 2-5 seconds slower than last year's champion.

The first field event, the pole vault, was not as good as expected, the competitors all being twelve-foot men; the winner, Roy Heater, of Multnomah, taking it by vaulting 11 feet 6 inches, defeating Dole, the world's champion, and doing 1 foot 3-4 of an inch better than last year's champion.

The high jump, one of the three events won by Coast men, was 4½ inches better than made by Sam Jones, last year's champion. It was won by Kerrigan, of Multnomah, 6 feet 1½ inches. Friend, who won the hurdles, also won the broad jump, making 22 feet 10 1-8 inches, 5½ inches better than Prinstein, last year's champion, with Kelly, of Multnomah, sec-

ond, and Friesell third.

With the weight events, beginning with the 56-lb., Mitchell, of the New York Athletic Club, surpassed the other contestants by throwing the weight 33 feet 1½ inch, 2 feet 7½ inches shorter than Flanagan, last year's champion.

Coe broke the world's record in the shot-put, defeating Rose, of Chicago, and making a mark of 49 feet 6 inches, 8 feet 9 inches better than last year's champion—a wonderful record. The hammer, which was expected to be broken, was won by Plaw, of California, with a throw of 163 feet 4 inches, 1 foot 4 inches better than his last year's throw at the A. A. U. Nationals. The discus was very poor, considering the men entered, and was won by Rose, of Chicago, 117 feet 5 inches, 1 foot 9 inches short of last year's record, made by Sheridan, of New York.

Taking the games all in all, the Lewis and Clark A. A. U. Senior National championships were the most successful given in years with more of a representative list than ever before, and will long be remembered by the Western people, on the whole, surpassing last year's national games at St. Louis by a big margin.



Roy Heater, of the Multnomah Club of Portland, vaulting eleven feet six inches.

DINNER WITH SENORA

Giving Recipes of Famous Spanish Dishes

By Laura Grover Smith

OUR Senora lives in a little back street in Los Angeles. She can hardly be said to have a restaurant for she entertains her "friends" only, and it is an honor to sit at her table and have one of those wonderful dinners tossed up by her hands. Her house is her castle and she is its lively chatelaine. The garden is a copy of an old Spanish garden; over the fence grows a large leaf cactus; shading the house is a great sycamore—when the verandas were built, the branches of the tree were not cut down to make room for the roof, but the roof was built around the branches.

The evening I was taken to her house our Spanish hostess met us at the door, saying, "Muy buenos dias; pasen Vds. para dentro de la casa, que es de Vds." (Many good days; enter my house, which is yours.)

The Senora is no longer youthful, but her sprightliness and vivacity are not dimmed. She has black hair and the sparkling dark eyes of her race, and her figure is marvelously straight.

After she had welcomed us in a cordial and voluble manner she returned to the kitchen, which is a marvel of order and neatness, with everything systematically arranged for the preparation of the elaborate dinners.

The Senora's dress consisted of a straight white duck skirt with a jaunty little white coat, and it is a tribute to her deftness and skill that the dress was still white after making the various vivid sauces. In the kitchen the volubility and lightness of the Senora disappeared. Here she was silent as a sphinx and as severe as Fate. The bright coals and flame in the big stove threw a brilliant light on her face, bringing the strong features in relief as in a Rembrandt picture. At the particular moment when we ventured in the kitchen, she was preparing the chickens for frying. With grim determination she seized the chicken, tearing it apart and cracking its tender young bones. It seemed singularly barbaric and I was glad that

this was the twentieth century and we were friends instead of foes.

The dinner commenced with soup a la Espanol, rich, fiery and red, which was the prevailing color of all the dishes. It



Senora.

was a soup to make one feel the poverty of every other soup. In it were balls of meat with the difficult name of "Albondigas de Gallina." To make these, one has but to follow this genuine Spanish recipe:

Albondigas de Gallina.

- One chicken.
- Two small onions.
- One egg.
- One teaspoon of spearmint.
- One small clove of garlic.
- One teaspoon of lard.
- One-half of a green pepper.
- Two teaspoons of salt.
- Three teaspoons of flour.
- One teaspoon of black pepper.

Remove the meat from the bones and chop very fine with the garlic, one onion and mint. Mix these with the other ingredients, and roll in balls about the size of a pigeon's egg. Mince the other onion, fry it brown in a sauce pan, add two quarts of boiling water, drop the balls in and let boil for an hour. These may also be made of veal or lamb.

After soup came "torta de camarones," shrimp croquettes disguised with rich red sauce, and they were most appetizing.

"Frijoles con queso" followed the fish.

The next course was "Carne con chile"—no dinner is complete without this. The following recipes are Spanish treasures:

Carne Con Chile.

Two pounds round steak.
Ten red peppers.
One small onion.
One tablespoon of salt.
Two or three cloves garlic.
One teaspoon black pepper.

Cut steak in two-inch pieces and fry brown in very little grease; none if meat is fat. Prepare the peppers as for chile sauce; chop the onion and garlic and add all to the meat; enough water to cover and stew slowly for about two hours. Add water if needed during the cooking.

Chile Sauce.

Sufficient quantity for two pounds of meat. Remove the seeds and veins from ten red peppers; scald them until soft in enough boiling water to cover them. Mash them well with a potato masher or in a mortar; then press through a colander. Add one teaspoon of salt, an onion, a clove of garlic and half, a teaspoon of oregano (sweet marjoram) may be added at pleasure. The sauce should be of the consistency of cream. To make this more fiery, leave some of the veins in the peppers.

At one time during the dinner we had "Arroz con Tomatoes." Far beyond the powers of an Anglo-Saxon imagination was this dish of rice. It made one think of Spanish brigands and camp fires.

Arroz Con Tomatoes.

One coffee cup of rice.
One tablespoon of bacon grease.
One onion.
Four green peppers.
One teaspoon salt.
One-half teaspoon black pepper.
Four large tomatoes.

Soak the rice until it swells; put bacon grease in a frying pan; chop the tomatoes, onions and peppers, and put all with the rice in a pan. Fry until nearly brown; then add one pint hot water and cook about thirty minutes.

This last recipe suggests a relish we had, called "Salza de Tomatoes":

Salza de Tomatoes.

One onion.
Six large tomatoes.
One teaspoon of salt.
One teaspoon vinegar.
One dozen green peppers.

Toast the peppers on top of the stove until the skin loosens; remove the seed and skin. Scald the tomatoes and peel them. Chop all together; add the salt and serve cold.

The chicken was the "piece de resistance," and could not have been better if

cooked by the finest French chef. It was young and tender and had evidently been dropped in hot olive oil. With the chicken was served the omnipresent dish in every home from adobe to palace, "Chiles Rellenos." They are green peppers stuffed with cheese, rolled in a batter and fried.

The maid who was helping in the serving then told us this was all, "unless the Senora feels like making 'Enchilladas.'" She did not dare to ask the Senora, but she had overheard her say, "I will make Enchilladas for them if I feel like it." She did, and as Abraham Lincoln once said, "For people who like this sort of thing, this is the sort of a thing they like."

To make these, the recipe is a mere skeleton which must be supplemented with patience and skill.

Enchilladas.

One quart corn meal.
One teacup lard.
One dozen chiles.
One onion.
One-half pound dry cheese.
Three dozen olives.
One and one-half teaspoons salt.
One-half teaspoon oregano.
Two tablespoons of vinegar.
Three tablespoons olive oil.
One-half teaspoon black pepper.

Scald the corn meal well with enough boiling water to make a dough sufficiently stiff to slice. When cold cut in pieces one inch thick, four inches long and two inches wide. Put the lard in a sauce pan and when boiling drop the slices in, frying them a light brown. Remove the seeds and veins from the chiles and prepare as for sauce. Make it thick and while hot, dip the slices in and turn them over until they are thoroughly soaked. Chop the onion and olives, grate the cheese and mix with the other ingredients and any sauce left. Put the layer of slices in a deep dish, cover with sauce and repeat until all is used. Put all in the oven long enough to heat through.

At the very last "cafe negro" and the Senora herself, quite unruffled with her efforts. She is as spicy as her dinners. The Senora grew savagely eloquent about the people who come to dine at her house and do not realize that it is not a restaurant, but that it is "my house, and I accord people a privilege when I allow them to come!"

As we left the garden, she turned on with spectacular effect the electric lights ingeniously arranged in the big sycamore. The last thing we heard was "Adios! Pasen Vds. muy buenas noches, decaendoles toda felicidad!"



ANGELS' GATEWAY, GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, FROM GRAND VIEW POINT.
Photo by Putnam.

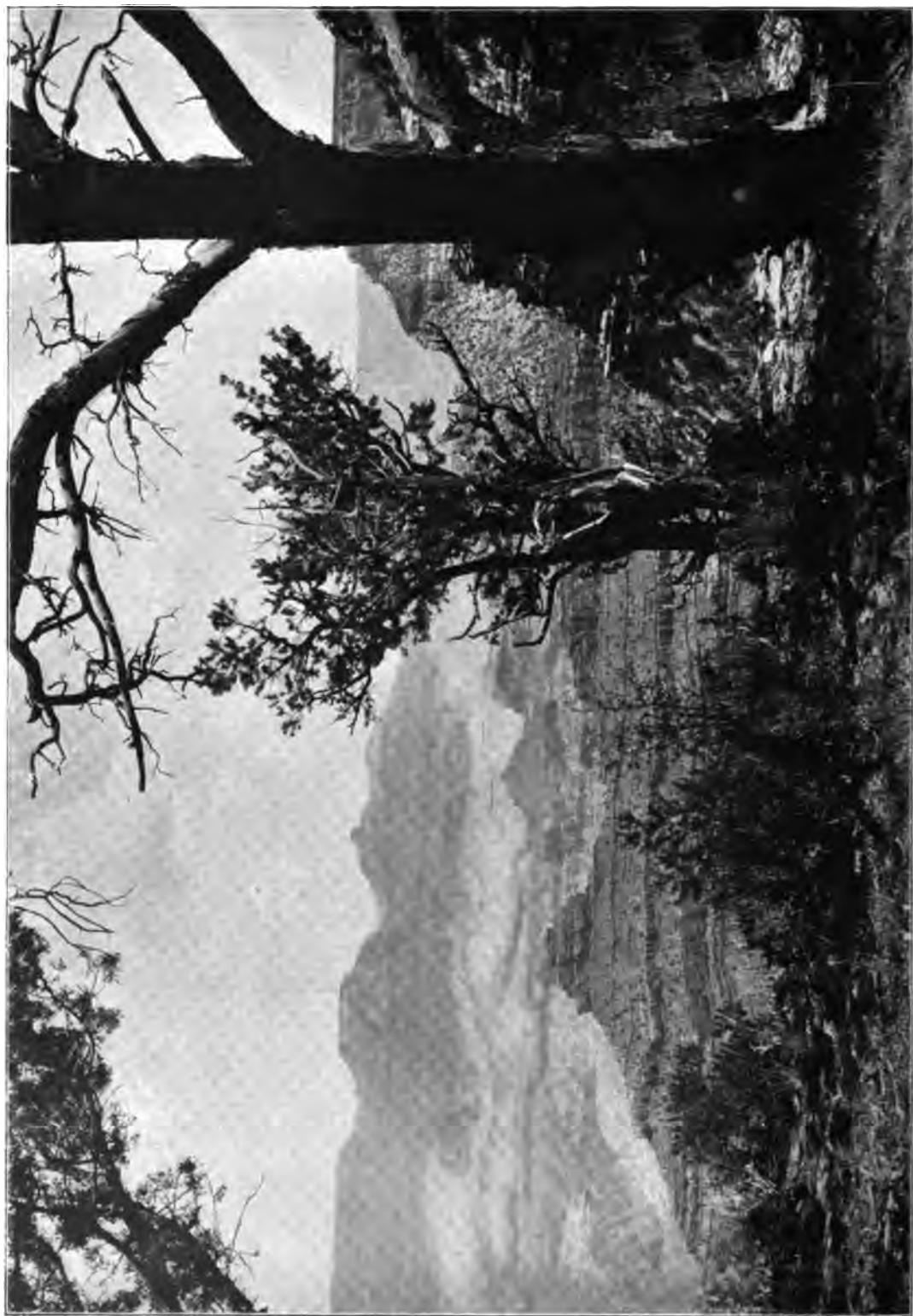
Valentine, Los Angeles.



GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO, NEAR BRIGHT ANGEL POINT. DISTANCE FROM RIM TO RIM THIRTEEN MILES.
Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.

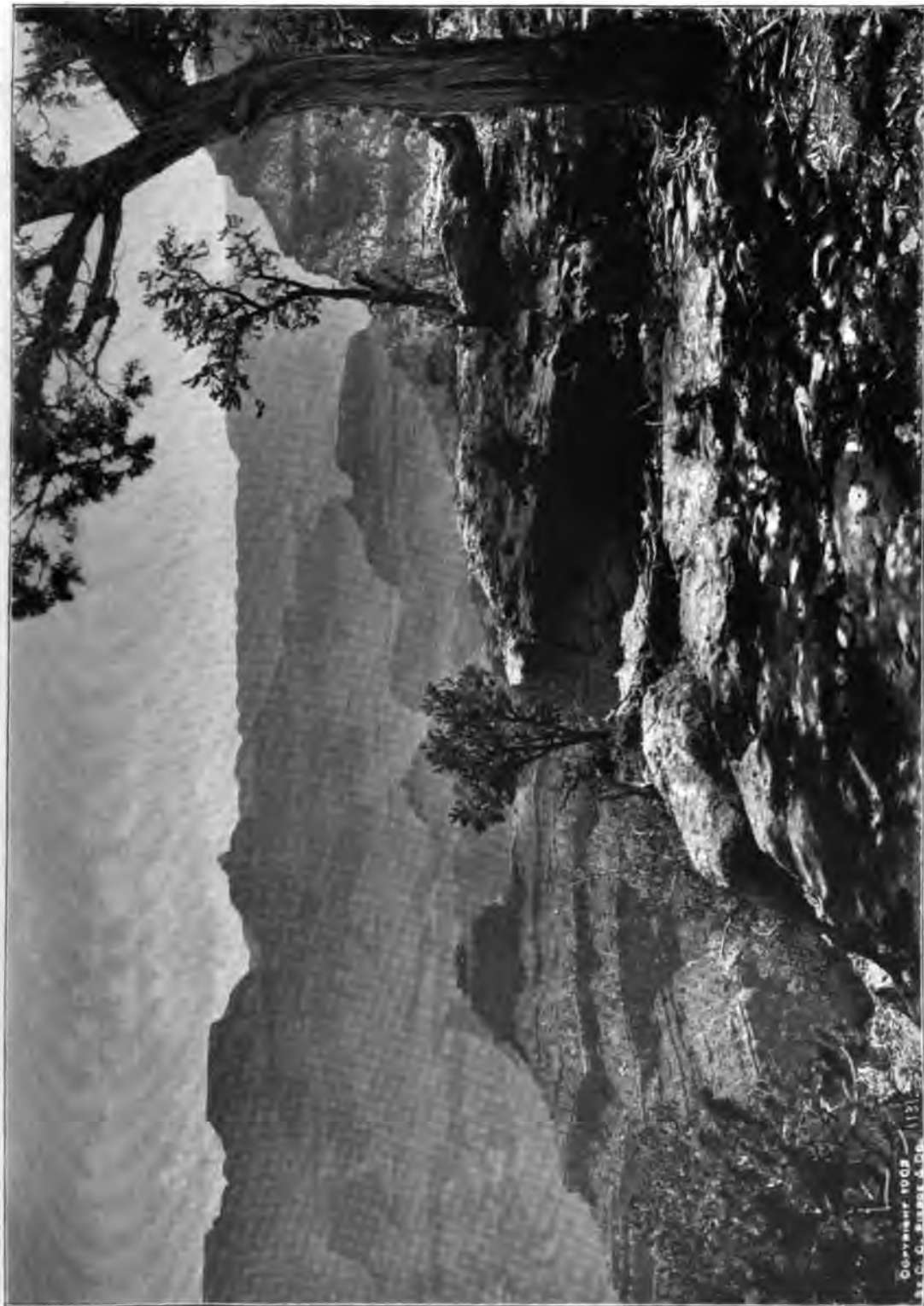


POINT SUBLIME GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO. DEPTH OF ABYSS 5,000 FEET.



LOOKING ACROSS GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO FROM PINE TREES AT O'NEILL'S POINT.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.



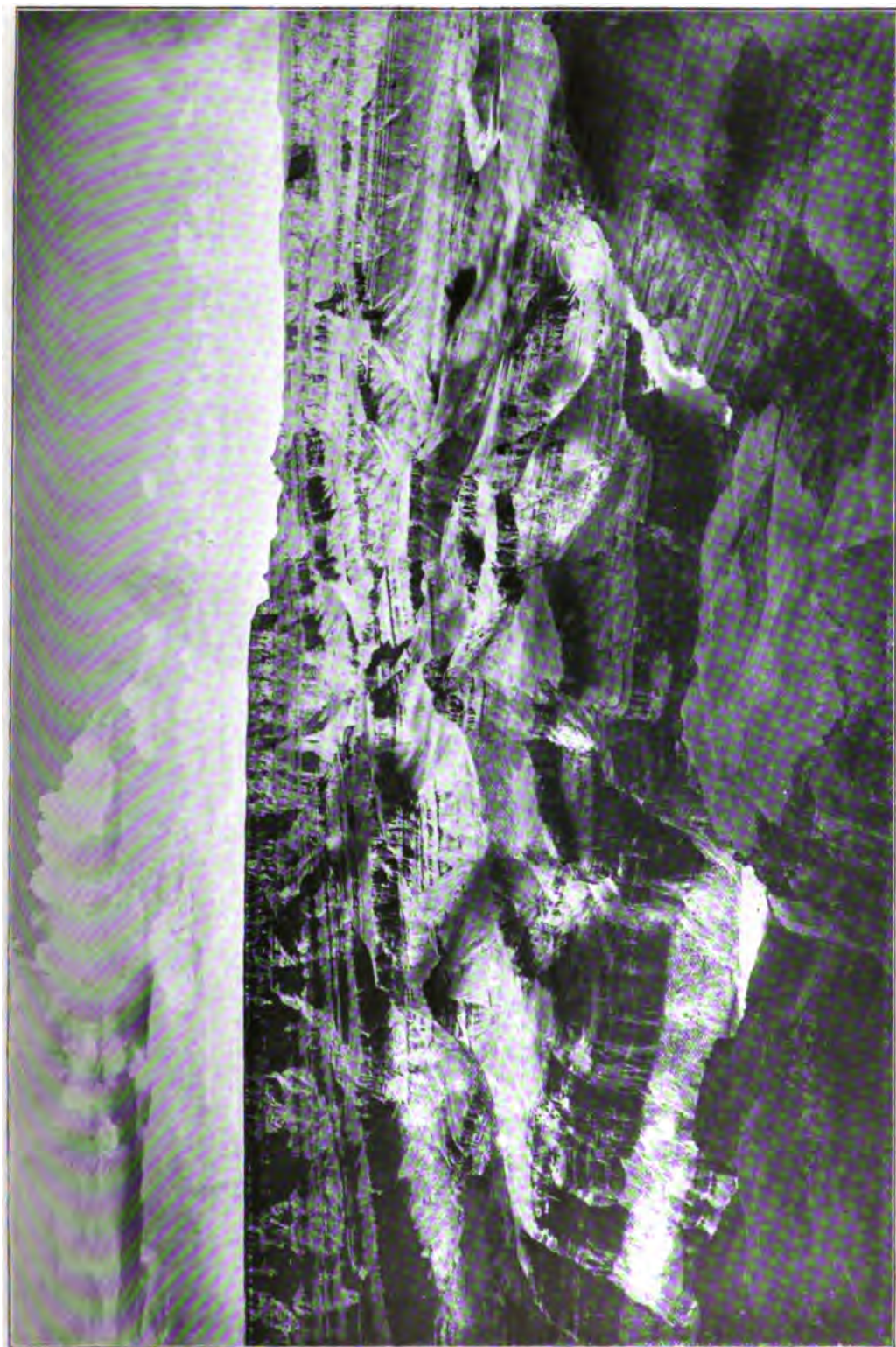
GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO FROM GRAND VIEW POINT.
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CLIFF DWELLINGS ON TRAIL INTO GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.



GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO FROM BISSELL'S POINT. Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.



LOOKING UP GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO FROM BRIGHT ANGEL POINT.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.

SHORT STORIES

The choice of pointed, picturesque and clever stories made by THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for this department has met with approval from its readers beyond expectation. Manuscripts of short stories are solicited. :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

HAYNES--WAR CORRESPONDENT

By J. Gordon Smith

I HAD seen the picture the first time one broiling day when we lay, Haynes and I, cushioned in a pile of canvas bags, tents, beds, baths, folding chairs and tables—the collapsible kit of companion war correspondents. Haynes had fished a frayed kodak picture, fading and indistinct, from a pocketbook filled with passports and credentials and varied misinformation concerning Manchuria. We looked at it together while noisy Chinese drivers loaded their lumbering carts in the plain outside the senescent, battlemented city wall, whose lofty towered gate gave welcome shade. We were in the wake of Oku, and home was far away. The girl was at home waiting for the success of a young war correspondent—Haynes was sure of that. He had her word for it.

The picture was that of a young girl in the early twenties, proud, obviously selfish—but this was my view, not that of Haynes. He said she was—well, you know what a young man usually says under the circumstances.

"You, you Philistine, of course you don't know what love is," he said, resentfully, as he placed the faded print away carefully. I admitted ignorance.

"You know what a rush it is when you are leaving; how the old man has you on the carpet piling instructions, numerous and contradictory, upon you; how the cashier keeps hammering into you to keep your expenses down—as if this was a tuppenny-ha' penny campaign; and the old press rumbles downstairs, the 'linos' rattle and click, the typewriter's dead taps echo midst a general din of shouting as the shirt-sleeved throng get the edition down, shaking hands en passant. Well, I found time in the hurry of it all, and—Oh, damn it man, you know how it is. She's keen on me making good, and I'm going to do it."

He looked like a man who would. Forceful, determined, with a square cut jaw and a face like steel, as strenuous as he was sentimental, as both sides of his nature revealed themselves, Haynes was intent on hugging Opportunity ere she passed. He told me a hundred times that there was a chance for the man who could break through that wall of secretiveness which encompassed us, and he was going to break through; he would tell a Verestchagin story to the world when that great decisive battle was fought between Nippon and Muscovy in sweltering Manchuria.

We were camp mates, Haynes and I. Our comradeship began in those days of waiting at the Imperial in Tokio. We had slept side by side on a rubber sheet in boggy-padded fields, cuddled against wayside shrines and towered burning monuments builded by Mahomedans who knew no Mecca. Revolvers in hand, we had driven village head-men from their yamens and requisitioned their k'angs in the name of Need. Our carts were kept together, our servants were joint servitors—robbing us both alike—and our tents were pitched alongside, one for us, the other for the servants. We had pulled each other from flooding rivers, nursed each other in the fever-stricken days of the rest at Haicheng when the battle front

was being formed. And, when a brown lieutenant came one night to tell us that we should ride out 'neath the northern tower in the early morn into a battle, the greatest of our age, we were sworn comrades.

As our candle flickered on the edge of the k'ang of a Manchu house where we sprawled full length, we wrote busily long into the night. You see, you never can tell what may happen in a battle. The compound was noisy with song. At dinner, in the mess tent, that evening, veterans had told grewsome and disconcerting tales of the night before this or that battle, of how so-and-so had seemed that night, and what his mangled body looked like when they found it on a corpse-strewn field a few days later.

"Ah, we shall see—we shall see," said Prevignaud, who reinforced his talk with his usual gestures. You always laughed when he spoke, though he told of a tragedy.

Haynes went early to our room in the old yamen, and when I found him he had already written a score of pages to Her. I told him he would wish he hadn't posted it a few days later and outlived the sentimentalism born of Circumstance and Imagination. But he called me a Philistine, a soulless dog, and several other pet names—and went on writing.

In the compound the deep voice of Ferris was vibrating with the chorus of a German drinking song. And as the hours went by he and those who sat on boxes and looted chairs about him sang vigorously. How strongly song revivifies Memory; how it limns moving pictures on the brain. First the lyrics of some half-remembered opera, then the jerky coon-song a copy-devil once whistled, but ever it was the same goal, "Annie Laurie"—you know how each man's imagination substitutes another name. And they sang "Home, Sweet Home."

The pigs of the yamen's erstwhile resident snorted about the open mess tent, the ponies of fourteen war correspondents neighed in a moonlit compound, and in one corner a paper-screened window glowed with the light of Haynes' candle. He was writing to Her.

He had the photo before him in the full glare of the candle and tears were in his eyes. Outside the boys were singing:

"And I'll sing one song
To my old Kentucky Home—
To my old Kentucky Home,
Fa-ar a-way; far away."

They were singing it again an hour later when I rolled over on the bricks of the k'ang and slept, leaving Haynes keeping tryst with Memory, writing still.

* * *

"Time has come, master."

It was Ibariki. He had water for our morning ablutions and the ponies were feeding. In an hour we had packed haversacks and bulged our pockets, and then we rode out into the gray of early morning to lose ourselves in a great plain of kowliang, from twelve to fifteen feet high. Two days later we came to a hill from which a number of field guns were seen flaming and flashes like giant fire-flies changed to floating whisps of smoke clouding a glaring, cloudless sky.

We had caught up with the war. A wild, mad, ten days of battle raged over the great sun-scorched plain, low hills were strewn with dead, shells scattered like hail over many heights. Trenches were filled with mangled dead, both white and brown. Haynes and I saw many things which were blurred on the mind like hideous nightmares.

Haynes was laughing a wild delirious laugh as we lay close to the sand in the dry river bed, hearing the bullets sink with a phut into the mounds. "Fred, my boy," he said, "this is war; not a penny three-farthing South Africa, but war, real war. This is the war of modern times, and we're seeing it."

Yes, we were seeing it. Far away a red-cross flag fluttered over a dressing station near the firing line; the white and red was plain in the yellow plain. I could get some sketches there, for it was pictures I came to get—as Haynes had said, I was to paint with pigments, he with words.

Near us men in khaki were swarming under the shelter of an abandoned Lama temple; every burial mound of its courtyard hid a little group. Shells were breaking overhead. How they screeched, ere, like a thunder clap, they split and scattered death. Rifle bullets whizzed by, displacing the air and thudding with dull phut against the earth.

"Banzai! Nippon Rikogun-sha, Banzai! Banzai!"

With wild yells the Nagoya division had left the shelter of the temple and the adjacent stone walls; a brown wave swarmed toward the hill before us. Yelling, shrieking, a mad horde hurled itself over the glistening wires.

To the right an exploding mine spouted debris and mangled men into the air. But others went on.

"Haynes this is"—why, Haynes was missing!!

Heavens! there he was, rushing up the green hill in that brown, mad throng. How he got over the barbed wire, past the mine fields, over the many deep pits whose cruel stakes had impaled so many fighting men, I don't know. But there he was, revolver in hand, rushing wildly to the crest where, already, bayonets were clashing and skulls were being cloven with keen-edged Samurai swords.

In the broken Lama temple I ate my biscuits, took a deep draught from my canteen, and slept—slept and dreamed of war and mangled bodies and of a pale-faced girl of Haynes photograph who would weep when I told her of how he had died on Scrub Hill.

When I awoke it was daylight and the rifles were stilled; the guns, seeming afar now, sounded dully. On the five crests of the Shoushan red-balled white flags fluttered airily and bivouacs were made amongst acres of broken wires. Brown soldiers had built fires in captured trenches to boil rice in their charred canteens.

At the hill crest two trenches, parapetted with sand bags, were piled thick with white and brown forms, twisted and torn, in a heterogenous heap of carrion. And on a boulder near by was Haynes, gnawing a piece of black bread, loot from a dead Russian's kit.

"I say, Fred," he said, as though we had never parted, "it's horrible, isn't it? Do you know, if we, whom people send to tell 'em about these things, could only paint with horrors, we'd do more than Nick did for universal peace."

"What's happened, anyhow?" I asked.

"We've won these hills, that's all," replied Haynes between bites. "After all that artillery preparation, thousands of shells, millions of dollars, and five whole line assaults which costs thousands of lives and gained nothing."

"And where were you?" I queried.

"In it," said Haynes quickly. "It was a charge that was not to be stopped. They went on like a wave though the machine guns cut into 'em frightfully and the rifles everlastingly did let 'em have it."

"And what's doing now?" I asked, explaining that I had awakened not long before, a fact which amused Haynes greatly. "How any one can be ass enough to sleep when there's war to be seen gets me," he said.

"What's doing? Why, we're drawing a circle about Liao-yang. They've fixed things from the book and old Kuropatkin's cast to play McMahon or De Wimpffen—Liao-yang is Sedan. Stage is set; curtain's up. We, that is Oku and his four divisions, are to press home an attack through this four miles of plain to the city, swinging round with our left across the railway on their right. Nodzu's fighting on the right and Kuroki with his three divisions which came over the Imperial road from Motien-ling are cutting into the Russian rear at the Yentai mines. Seems to me they call every place Yentai when they've got no other name for it. Nodzu's got some pontoons on the Taitse-ho, and he's connecting us and Kuroki."

"That's Kuroki's guns rolling beyond the river, then?" I surmised.

"Yes, it's an artillery affair for a while, but there'll be some work for rifle and bayonet before we get through. They've got eleven redoubts, forts, they tell me, all connected by miles of trenches in echelon semi-circling the two cities, the station and the walled city."

"And who told you all this?" I asked, sarcastically.

"Tanaka," he said, with a wink, "and my own observations; you'd see it too, if you had half an eye. Tanaka's with the Nagoyas. Why didn't you come on with us. I've had a bully time with them. But I guess it's arrest and gendarmes to see us on the back trail when we get to headquarters. You and I go home as far as I can learn as soon as Oyama gets time to deal with us. You see, we've seen more than the programme called for. Tanaka told me this, too."

"You don't seem much put out about it, anyhow," said I.

"You old duffer, Fred," he replied, "why should I. This is the battle, with a capital T, and I've seen some of it; I've heard all about it. Tanaka seems different from these other sphinxes; his Cambridge education, I guess. Me for a free wire where censors cease from troubling and dispatches have no limits."

On the hill-top we were joined by some military attaches, observers from many nations. The battle had rolled on and they were honorably permitted to come forward. Some fellow correspondents joined us and told of the dire penalties that threatened all who had fled from the mentors who were commissioned to guard us.

That night with a rumble as of an earthquake the great plain flashed fire and bayonets glistened in the moonlight as regiment hurled itself against regiment in many trenches.

Phut-phut-phut—phutter-phutter-phut.

Rifles rolled, cracked in staccato flutters and boomed dully. Bearers rushed amongst broken waves; they were needed when the ebb came back. With wild screams the brown men fought with the Samurai-fury as of old—and in places the trenches were carried and slaughtering machine guns hurled from the parapets.

It was a wild night; a long drawn out duel circled about two cities, one of the west, a city as of Russia, the other of the east, an ancient city of China—a far-stretched fight with lines forty miles long. With every hour the encircling lines crept closer.

What we did that night is hazy in my memory, for I was faint, dazed somewhat by a touch of sun. But I remember many charges, bloody rushes with combatants who seemed like fiends, many lines of bearers, hundreds of dead scattered in the grain and sprawled in rutted roads, shrieks and fire flashes, a serrated line of darting flames in the gloom. Then there were wild "banzais," and we—Haynes and I—rushed forward with the Asada division at the tail of a runaway Russian regiment. The Russian drivers were lashing their beasts and dragging on ropes, toiling to save some guns, but a few yards away. Ere they cut the traces they left a trail of writhing bodies. Tripping over the outstretched corpses we dashed under an arched gateway into a Chinese city, running madly about muddy streets in which looters were tearing away shutters from Chinese stores, knocking loose the barricades from Yamen doors. Rifle cracks and screams told of the death of stragglers. There were shrieks galore in Liao-yang that night.

"Quick, get in here," shouted Haynes. "It's a temple. We're safer here than in the streets to-night. These brown devils are out of hand. Tanaka told me they would be; he knew. They've put guards on the four gates, and they're rounding up all the Russians in the place. We're white, and may be Russians in the darkness; therefore we lay low."

We did. Haynes barricaded the door, and we slept on the devastated altar, fitfully, until the merciless sun began to shine again.

Oyama and his staff rode in that day and took over Kuropatkin's house on the city square. We waited in the native city—time was not yet arranged for coming of honorable correspondents—and we worked. Haynes spread his untidy, scrawly writing over sheet after sheet of dirt-smeared copy paper. I was busy with pencil sketches—the men at home could fill in the detail with wash—some of the drawings would go for double page.

Haynes looked up from his work. "They've had nothing yet," he said, as he chugged hard at his pipe, "nothing but official reports and skeletons—what can a man get into fifty words censored by a man who cuts what he doesn't understand?"

"Fred," he went on, "give 'em Verestchagin. Let all that Turner effect you saw from the city wall and from the Lama temple, the silvery river and dull tints

HAYNES—WAR CORRESPONDENT.

of setting sun, religiously alone. I'm going to give it to 'em with its mud and blood unvarnished, just as it is, sans pomp, sans circumstances. The world's going to get this story first, a beat that will be remembered, and I'm going to get a name, now, for me and Her. I'm not going to be anybody's jackal, no sir. I've shown you her photo, haven't I?"

I assured him that he had—a hundred times.

"I'll take your sketches, if you like," he continued. "I'll send 'em by first mail. You don't compete with me, you know."

And so it was arranged. We would both be sent back, I felt sure. Haynes intended to race for a free wire—and I believed in him somehow.

When sufficient time had elapsed we walked into a camp where a dozen war correspondents argued as to the merits of different generals, discussed various movements, notably a retreat. Ibariki hailed us as though from the grave. He had our carts, our ponies, food and dry clothes. A good meal, a bath and a change of clothes did wonders with both of us; we felt like new men. And what did we care when Captain Okada came to pass sentence on us? Not much, my masters.

It was a week later before I saw Haynes. He sat at a table on the spacious veranda of the Astor house looking into the park across Victoria road where the band of one of the Tientsin garrisons played "The Geisha."

"And Polly winked his eye
And Polly gave a sigh—"

Haynes, was humming the tune. His riding suit was frayed, his face thin, more gaunt than usual.

"Hulloa," he said, "I beat 'em. Rode day and night to Niuchwang. Took twenty-three hours. Caught train there, over an hour to spare. Landed Shanhaikwan good time catch morning edition. I've landed a great beat, and the paper's pleased. This came to-day.

It was a cablegram from the paper represented by Haynes. It read:

Haynes,

Shanhaikwan.

Scooped everybody first story America excellent old man grants bonus. MARTIN.

"And the ride?" I asked

"Oh, it was a hard one, but I came out all right. There were eight rivers, but we managed them, Beelzebub and I. At Haicheng I told that chow who spoke pidgin that I was going to the Lama temple on the hill to sleep. I guess that induced those fellows to rest. They're not over fond of discomfort, you know that. A man don't have to be, you know, when he's made his name. Near Niuchwang a Chinese, Hunghutze, I think, took a shot at me; guess he wanted to rob me. His shot was wild; so were mine. I plugged at him three times from the pony—poor old pony. Had to shoot him at Niuchwang. He staggered in lame, badly rowelled. It broke me up to have to shoot the beast. Got a sampan across the Liao to the station; it's on the Chinese side, and landed O. K. at Shanhaikwan. Say, I feel rotten; let's have a drink."

We did, then others, and Haynes tottered off to bed. He was worn out.

In the corridor I met some tourists. And, wonder of wonders, among them was the woman Haynes raved about, the girl of the photograph. She was selfish, even more than the picture showed. What could he see in her. It was she, there was no doubt about it. I had seen the photo too often to make a mistake.

Hotel clerks will always furnish information if properly approached, and soon I knew that I had made a mistake. The lady was the wife of a wealthy American brewer. She was a New York woman, and on her honeymoon.

In the billiard room some one gave me a bar-front introduction to the brewer. He looked at my dirty riding suit and noted its rugged condition. "War correspondent?" he asked. There was an unpleasant sneer in the question—the patronizing sneer of the vulgar rich.

I pleaded guilty; how else could I with all the clothes I had in a cart at Niuchwang.

"I say, was there a chap name o' Haynes with you fellows," asked the brewer. He was a vulgar-looking fellow; his heavy-checked suit and abundance of jewelry bespoke bad taste. "My wife knows a newspaper man name o' Haynes. Went to Manchuria, and my wife used to hear from him. She'd have married him, too, but I made a flash with my coin. The coin get's them every time. I've got it to burn. There's money in beer."

"I don't doubt it," I said, and took my leave. Somehow the brewer made me feel like fighting.

When I crept into Haynes' room he was sleeping peacefully. I left him and turned in.

That night I dreamed of a pale-faced woman drowning in a brewery vat with bags of coin weighted about her neck.

THE GIRL FROM OREGON

By Henry Waldorf Francis

"I PAID twenty thousand dollars for it, and thought the ranch a fine bargain at that," declared Joe Harding, in the parlor of Mrs. Briggs' little hotel, which was the pride of the village of Paradise, in North Dakota. "And here it is, a worthless piece of property upon my hands, because everybody in this town of ours—myself included—has given it a bad reputation, and is afraid to go near the infernal place!"

"What is the mattle with it?"

The pretty school teacher from Oregon, who had arrived the day before and had already smitten the hearts of every single male boarder at Briggs, became the focus of all eyes.

"Haunted!" answered a chorus of voices in unison.

Bessie Gorton laughed aloud—a long, merry, sweet laugh of incredulity and amusement—at such a childish belief.

"Absurd!" she said. "Ghosts and haunted houses are stories for children! You do not really mean that you believe such stuff, do you?"

"You can poke fun at us, an' laff all yer please," almost shouted Jim Leaf, the cowboy; "it don't change ther fax none. Ther's no one ever dared say anythin' agin' ther courage of Jimmy Leaf, but I wouldn't go anear ther place agin' for a milyun!"

Miss Gorton laughed once more.

"So you've been there? Well, what happened? I have not heard a real ghost story since I went to kindergarten and a boy in the primary school walked home with me—and I am sure this must be thrilling!"

"It was this way," answered Joe Harding. "Just after I bought the place, I sent an old darkey out there with a load of stuff. There was an old stove down in the kitchen, and he made a fire so as to treat himself to a cup of coffee. No sooner had the fire got well under way than an unearthly shriek startled him, followed by the most awful noises, which continued until he was frightened out of his wits. Sounded like screams of a woman, and the rattling of a million tin cans, and as if the house was tumbling in a heap! He lost no time making a bee line for home, and swore he saw ghosts!"

"Negroes are superstitious, you know," observed Miss Gorton, with a smile that made Harding wish he could bask in it forever.

"That's so," put in the cowboy. "An' we laffed at him jest as you laff at us. Then Joe an' I an' a few of the boys went out thar ter ketch ther ghosts who we tho't we'd find out ter be er lot of cattle thieves—an' we didn't, stay long! We hearn all that old Hezekiah did, an' a lot more! Most turned our hair white! I ain't afeerd of anythin' livin', but when it cums ter tacklin' spooks, I'm slidin' out!"

Miss Gorton's face assumed a half-serious, half-mocking expression. The

speaker was evidently so serious, and his faith so plainly shared in by all the company except herself, that to give way to mirth seemed likely to furnish grounds for believing she would intentionally offend.

"I do not doubt at all," she said, "that you heard strange sounds and saw strange sights; but were you—" She was going to ask, "sober?" but caught herself. "I mean, that I think they came from natural causes, and your imaginations carried you away. For my part, I have never seen a ghost, and I will not believe in them upon hearsay. I am really surprised that Mr. Harding—originally from Boston—should accept such a theory without scientific investigation!"

Her words nettled Joe Harding. "There are people in Boston who believe in spirits!" he said, hotly.

"Oh, I know there are!" she replied, with a smile. "It's a head center of Spiritualism! But whose ghosts are these on your ranch supposed to be?"

Mrs. Briggs herself vouchsafed the answer. "There was a family once massacred on the place by Comanches when Dakota was a wilderness," she said, "and just a few years before Paradise became a town there was a mysterious murder near where the house stands. A rich cattle buyer who had come out to buy the place was killed and his money stolen. The cowboys caught the wretches who murdered him, and hanged them from a limb of a big tree still standing alongside the house."

"The foundations for a ghost story are very good, indeed!" said Miss Gorton with mock seriousness, which they took to be real. "However, I am still unconvinced, and surely Mr. Harding—"

The intimation was too much for the man. He sprang to his feet.

"I'll give a half-interest in the ranch to any one, man or woman," he cried, "who will solve the mystery!"

He looked at her pointedly and triumphantly. Very quietly she answered him:

"I'll take your offer, Mr. Harding!"

"You are not serious, Miss Gorton?" He stared at her; so did the rest of them.

"I never was more serious in my life," she answered in a convincing tone. "I invite all you boys to accompany me, and see what I do with these spooks of yours! You can stand as far away from the house as you like and look on! When it comes to handling a ghost, you'll see a girl from Oregon who is not afraid of them!"

"When do you want to go?"

"I've always been taught to do things 'Now'," she said, beaming upon them. "Hitch up the burros, and as many of you come along as care to."

But there were only two who "cared to"—Joe Harding, who would have unhesitatingly descended into the lower regions if necessary to be in her company, and Jim Leaf, who would have "rather not," but was ashamed to refuse her dare. All the others suddenly discovered that they had important matters to attend to which would not brook delay.

Mounted on three of the toughest and fleetest little burros that ever trotted the plains, and with rifles slung over their shoulders, the girl and the two men started off, the girl laughing merrily, but the two men with many evil forebodings.

A ride of two hours over a beautiful stretch of country brought them to the door of the crumbling old house on the ranch. It was dusk when they dismounted, and the girl boldly entered and passed through the front room into the spacious kitchen, followed gingerly by the two men. The place had the chilly atmosphere which attaches to all long uninhabited dwellings, and the girl shivered slightly. The men, seeing her tremble, attributed it to fear, but they were entirely mistaken.

"Make a little fire," she ordered, "and we'll sit here a few minutes before pursuing our investigations. My hand is too cold to shoot straight!"

They obeyed her, and in less than five minutes a crackling fire was spreading its warmth about them. Suddenly, a terrible shriek as of a woman in mortal pain and agony, startled them. The men sprang to their feet and stood stock still, but the girl, seizing her rifle, ran without a moment's hesitation to the stairs leading to the room above, and rapidly ascended. A deafening rattle as of chains accompanied by repeated screams, rang through the house. The men cocked their rifles and waited,

expecting to see the girl fall limp and lifeless down the stairway. Instead, they heard the crack of her gun, saw her bend low as a heavy body passed swiftly over her head, and heard her cry:

"Quick! Quick! Shoot!"

The heavy body struck against the wall of the house with a force which made it tremble, and down the stairway there rolled a monster panther! The maddened animal, foaming at the mouth, sprang at Harding's throat. Both men fired simultaneously, but in their excitement their aim was bad, and the beast was only wounded. For a moment it stopped, hesitated, and then, recovering from the shock, with another awful shriek it leaped for Harding's breast. He jumped out of its path like a flash of lightning, and as he did so, a ball from the girl's rifle crashed through its skull, and it fell writhing in mortal agony.

"There is another one, in the room above, I killed!" said the girl, coming down the stairs and joining them, her cheeks flushed and her bosom heaving. "They were your ghosts!"

When he had recovered from his surprise and the excitement, Joe Harding asked:

"But where did you get such an idea, Miss Gorton?"

"Oh," she said, with a merry laugh, "Mrs. Briggs was telling me about your haunted ranch last night, and by questioning I learned from her that a pair of pet panthers had once belonged to a family who lived here. It came to my mind that the scream of a panther is very much like that of a woman suddenly and badly frightened, and when the old darkey repeated to me the story of his adventure, I found that he had seen on the floor above a lot of old tinware and a number of sheet-iron drums. Then I was satisfied that the panthers came back to the house and had a habit of lying by the pipe, and the heat had scorched them when the old man made the fire to cook his coffee. It was clear to me that the frightful noise and the terrible sounds he and you heard were caused by their running over the tin and drums while trying to escape into the thick-spreading branches of the large tree just outside the window place—the tree, I imagine, they hanged the murderers of the cattle buyer on!"

"When a woman IS brave," observed Jim Leaf, grasping her hand with a squeeze that made her squirm, "thar's no man is er rushlight next to her! Gal, you've won half of this ranch for fair!"

Then, as he took a swift look from the girl's face to that of Joe Harding, he saw something which caused him to add to himself with a chuckle they distinctly heard:

"I'm gamblin' you've won ther whole on it! An' if Jimmy Leaf ever hitches up it will be with er gal from Orygon."

THE STORY OF THREE BUMPS

By Ben F. Morris

IT was a windy morning in December and Darwin bent his head before the gale as he hurried along to his office. A fine snow filled the air, and although it was late, the sidewalks were almost deserted. Bending his head still more as he turned the windy corner of a fashionable store, he met with a head-on collision, and his derby was sent flying in the snow. Quickly raising his head, he received what first seemed to be an armful of furs and a brown hat, but a smothered laugh told him that there was a girl beneath.

"I—I beg your pardon, did I hurt you?" He stuttered when he had helped her to her feet and had partially recovered from his surprise.

"Not in the least. I must have slipped when we bumped," she answered laughing, and for the first time Darwin was able to see her face. The first thing he noticed was the embarrassed laugh, then her brown hair and eyes, and cheeks

pink with the cold, and finally her straight nose with its few scattering freckles which, as he afterward declared to himself, served only to make her more interesting. She was not tall, but had a trim little figure, and she looked almost dignified in her brown suit and big mink furs with their bunch of violets in front.

Darwin picked up her muff and helped her into the carriage which was waiting at the curb. She smiled as the carriage started and Darwin, feeling for his hat, found that in his confusion he had forgotten to rescue it from the snow. As he stooped to pick it up, he noticed her purse, which had evidently slipped from her muff. The carriage, however, had already disappeared in the storm, so he slipped the purse in his coat pocket and went on his way.

Arriving at the office he immediately forgot all about the incident, and it was not until noon, when he again put on his overcoat, that he looked at the purse. It was of soft brown leather, which he now remembered had matched her gloves, and on the front was the monogram "F. M." Thinking that he might find the address of the owner on the inside, he opened it and found a five-dollar bill, three pennies, a receipt for fudge and a card on which was written in pencil, "Payton Block, Corner Fifth and Commercial Streets."

"This very building," he exclaimed; "but she can't live here in a twelve-story office building." So he put the purse in a drawer of his desk and went on to his lunch.

For several weeks things went on as usual in the office, and the girl in the brown furs was almost forgotten. Darwin had finished college but two years before, and, after his graduation, he was lucky enough to receive a position in the office of Mr. Morton, one of the greatest corporation lawyers in the city, who was not only the legal advisor of many wealthy corporations, but was also the head lawyer for the C. I. & S. Railroad. Darwin, by doing his work well, and because of some valuable information he had brought out in one of the big law suits, now held a position which any young man might envy.

One spring afternoon Darwin was on his way to the residence section of the city on business. He boarded a car going up one of the fashionable avenues, and at once interested himself in his paper. Still reading he stepped from the car when he reached his corner, and, hearing a warning "toot," jumped aside just in time to see a big red automobile come crashing into the car at the very spot where he had just been standing. The machine had not been running very fast, but it was stopped so suddenly that its occupants were thrown out. Darwin received one of the rear-seat passengers in the chest just as he was recovering his balance, and both went rolling in a heap on the asphalt. When he had pulled a lot of tan veil and brown hair out of his mouth and got on his feet, Darwin bent over the girl just as she opened her eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself, "if it isn't my girl of the brown furs."

She sat up, straightened out her skirts, looked over to where the other victims of the accident were painfully getting to their feet, and then burst out laughing.

"We seem to have got in each other's way again," she said, looking up at him.

"I am glad that you had something softer than asphalt to get in your way this time," he replied, laughing as he helped her to her feet and brushed the dust from her long tan auto coat.

By this time the man who was running the machine had hailed a cab and was helping the other lady into it. Darwin followed the girl over to the cab and handed her her hat, which had fallen off.

"Good-bye, Mr. Bumper," she said archly as the cab started.

"Good-bye," he answered, and again felt blindly for his hat, but as before, found that it was still lying on the pavement. As he picked it up he found, not another purse, but a hat pin lying near it, and as he examined it he noticed that the silver head was a Wellesley design.

"What a fool," he said to himself; "why didn't I think to ask where to return her purse."

Several days later Mr. Morton announced that he would leave for a short trip to New York the next morning, and left all business matters to Darwin until

his return. This, of course, left Darwin with much to attend to, but nevertheless he found time now and then to open the drawer in his desk, when the other men in the office were not looking, and take a look at the purse and hat pin which now comprised his collection.

On his return two weeks later, Mr. Morton came straight from the train to the office and found that Darwin had disposed of several important business transactions, which he had worried over during his absence, even better than he could have done had he been there himself. Feeling quite grateful and not knowing how to show his gratitude, he asked Darwin to come on home to dinner, and, although surprised, of course the young lawyer accepted.

On their way home Mr. Morton spoke of his daughter who, he said, was not expecting to see him home so soon, and Darwin was again surprised, for although he and his employer were the best of friends, the old man never spoke of his private affairs, and Darwin, having heard that he had lost his wife soon after his marriage, supposed that he lived alone.

As the cab drew up before the big stone house, it was just growing dark and the evening air was quite cold. They left their coats in the hall, and then went into a smoking room, which was lighted only by a bright coal fire in the grate.

"Tell Florence that I am here, James," said Mr. Morton, and then, remembering that he had forgotten to pay the cab man, dropped his suit case, where he stood, in front of the portieres, and left the room. Darwin stood gazing into the fire and wondering what the girl would be like, when a voice from the next room, which sounded strangely familiar, cried, "Daddy!" and then some one came running through the portieres, stumbled over the suit case, and fell straight into his arms. Just then a servant turned on the lights from the hall, and Darwin found himself with his arms around a girl in a soft silky house dress. He knew, however, before he saw her face, that it was the girl whom he had already knocked down twice before.

"How do you do, Mr. Bumper?" she said, as she extracted herself from his arms, which, she thought, were rather enclined to hold her where she was, and then threw herself onto her father as he came in the door.

"Florence," said Mr. Morton, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Darwin, who, if he accepts my offer, is to be the junior member of the future firm of Morton & Darwin, Lawyers."

"Oh, we have met several times before, haven't me?" she said, laughing.

THE WAY HE TOOK

By Ella Smith Kraal

THE lonely Oregon road turned petulantly away from the settlement and lost itself in the mountains, but the man, whose broad shoulders bore all his personal property rolled in a travel-worn blanket, found it easily. With quickening steps he struck into a right hand trail. The thought of his nearing journey's end made his shoulders straighten, and the coffee-pot and frying pan in the pack clinked cheerful promises of dinner cooked in the fireplace of his own cabin.

His feet touched the earth with the confident tread of ownership. The trees, the logs, the moss and lickers, the very trail he followed seemed to him worthy of his notice and appreciation, but a small foot-print in the sand caused him to start surprisedly.

"I'm blest if I don't believe somebody's been wearing down this trail for me! Some kid's been building a playhouse 'round my spring. Look at the pebbles, and ferns and wild flowers trained about it. Water's cold and sweet as ever though. That spring's worth a thousand dollars. I'm sorry now that I ever left this claim. I'm done with prospecting, any how. A home of my own's what I really hanker for. Hope the shack isn't full of rats.

"Great Horn Spoons! but it's occupied! Taken! Jumped! They've been making improvements, too, a lean-to, a fence, and a window with a white curtain. There's a woman in it, then. Well, I might have known the fool's luck would desert me some time, but if the man's about I'll put up a stiff game of bluff, sure. I hate to knock at my own door."

"Come in!"

He dropped the pack and entered with an ungentle push. The stern look and crisp words were ready but never used. Beside the fire propped with cushions and pillows, sat a woman with white hair and the mother-look in her gentle face.

"I beg your pardon, Madam, but I've walked from Cottage Grove this morning, and am tired and very hungry. Could I get a meal here?"

"Not before my daughter comes home from her school, for I can't walk, you see; but my lunch is here at my elbow. You are welcome to share it."

He looked at the daintiness beneath the napkin she lifted, and smiled with his eyes.

"You are too generous, madame. With my appetite it would be robbery to accept your invitation. I'll rest a few minutes, if I may, and go on to Anderson's. You haven't been here long, I conclude?"

"No; we left Ohio just three months ago. Lucy—my daughter—was so lucky as to find this quarter-section which some one had taken up and then abandoned.

"Mr. Anderson was most kind to us, furnishing Lucy with the facts necessary to contest the claim of the person who first took this land. Indeed all the people about here have assisted us in one way or another, to make the cabin habitable and to get settled in it, and now Lucy is teaching the school and getting on so nicely that we feel quite hopeful.

"Yes, I must own that I do often get lonely here, for I have been unable to walk for five years and have grown to depend on Lucy for everything, and now she is away eight hours every day, and yet I am glad and proud she has this chance to take care of herself and me.

"Yes, she is my only child—now. My son died on his way to the Philippines, three years ago. He was one of the first to volunteer when the call came. War is hard on women; men give up their lives, but women give up far more than their lives.

"Yes, thank you, the fire does need mending. I've been quite a spendthrift with the wood Lucy left for me this morning. You are very kind. Good afternoon."

He closed the door gently. The pack was heavy, but his spirit was heavier still with disappointment and something like resentment toward Anderson, who seemed to have been a traitor. Close to the ranch gate he was overtaken by a whirr of wheels, and Anderson himself.

"Why, hello, Gardner!" he called. "I'd given up ever seeing you any more. When d'ye come? Where from? Well, climb in here. You look about used up.

"What's that? Your friend? Why, I hain't nothing else.

"Oh, the Widow Thorpe and her daughter. Well, look here, now, Dick. You know you lost your right to that land by non-residence. You couldn't ha' 'proved up' on it 'ithout perjurin' yourself, to save you, an' if I hadn't helped that girl, Jim Robbins would have jumped your claim. Would you you have liked that any better? The rest of us wouldn't. We didn't want him for a neighbor, and if ever a girl deserved help it's that gritty little school ma'am of ours.

"Why, Dick, you have that timber land on the West yet—your're all right. Yes, perhaps the homestead was more desirable as a home but why didn't you come back in time? Oh, you won't feel so blue after dinner."

Lucile Thorpe, on her way to school next morning, wondered at the ringing of an axe in the woods near by, but her pupils were full of information.

"Oh, Miss Thorpe, a'int you 'fraid? Dick Gardner's come back, an' they say he's awful mad 'cause you've jumped his claim. He's a great big feller; wouldn't your mother be skeered if he should come while you're away!"

She knew this was only childish prattle, yet it did not make her the more composed. Law and ethics chased each other through her consciousness in spite of classes or discipline. She arrived at home quite breathless.

"O Lucy, we're to have a near neighbor," said the bright-eyed invalid, as the girl

entered. "The young man who was here yesterday owns the land adjoining us, and is building a house. He asked leave to get water from our spring for the present. He seems very nice."

"Pshaw!" she said in answer to her daughter's explanation and fears. "He isn't hostile, nor malicious. He doesn't even seem to resent our being here. I'm not worried."

Many trees soon turned into a house whose roof glinted in the sunshine, and whose windows looked sociably toward the Thorpe home.

Lucile grew accustomed to finding her mother in possession of such neighborly offerings as fish and game and to see her knitting socks or sewing buttons on masculine raiment.

"I like to do something for him, he is so kind and so gentlemanly," she explained.

And then, at last, it happened that Lucile's dark or dull days were those on which she didn't meet Dick Gardner in the trail, and once a smile slipped after the "Good morning" she gave him, and lit such an illumination in his eyes as she couldn't forget all day.

One day he didn't step out of the trail when they met, but caught her hands to his lips and to his breast and whispered:

"Lucile, my brave, my beautiful darling! Give me leave to love you."

* * *

"I guess Dick can 'prove up' all right now," said Anderson, when he received an invitation to the wedding.

THE MISSING MISSILE

By Frank M. Bicknell

SHORTLY before nine o'clock on a wet December evening Dr. Vialle's bell rang, and when the maid opened the door a fierce gust of wind seemed actually to drive inward the water-soaked man who had been standing outside.

"Is the doctor in? No matter—I'll wait," he said, all in one half-panting breath, meanwhile shutting the door precipitately; then, giving her no chance to object or hinder him, he brushed quickly by and walked on into the reception room which adjoined the hall.

Though naturally rather troubled by his lack of ceremony, the girl, surmising that he must be a personal friend of the doctor, decided, after a momentary hesitation, to leave him to his own devices, and returned to her quarters in the basement. She was called upstairs again not many minutes afterward, this time by a belated peddler whom she dismissed summarily; but she was not disturbed after that till her master came in at twenty minutes past the hour, when she went up to meet him.

"Any calls, Nora?" he asked.

"Jist wan, sor; he do be waitin' in yonder," she replied pointing toward the closed door of the reception-room.

He entered the apartment indicated, looked about it, then peered through to his consulting room adjacent.

"There's nobody here," he announced; "he must have got tired and gone away."

"No, sor, I don't think so," Nora protested, gazing around the two apartments in uneasy perplexity. "He only come twinty minutes ago, an' I been sittin' in the dinin'-room below the whole while wid the gas turned down, lookin' out into the street at the rain, except wance whin the bell rang—no, sor, he ain't wint out that way, sure."

"Then how could he have—hulloa! what the dickens is this?" exclaimed the doctor, in surprise. "Did you leave this window open?"

"Sorry a bit, sor, I did not," asserted the girl stoutly; "'twas shut an' locked

fast, as it always do be whin yourself's abroad—through me bein' that nervous of burglars.

The lower sash of one of the windows in the consulting-room which overlooked a shed in the rear of the house had been left raised nearly half-way. Upon examining the sill closely, Dr. Vialle discovered the faint mark of a boot-sole impressed on the white paint.

"He didn't stand on the order of his going," muttered the puzzled physician, looking hastily about, "but he doesn't seem to have taken away anything except himself. What sort of looking person was he, Nora?"

"He was a nice enough looking gintleman, sor, though 'twas only a minute I seen him; but he seemed all stirred up like an' 'most clean out of breath, an'—an' he acted mighty quare, sor, altogether. He didn't have no overcoat on, an' the clothes of him was wet through an' soppin' wid the rain."

"Did he appear to be ill?"

"Sorry a wan of him; he looked full o' health intirely, barrin' him bein' in the divvle's own hurry about somethin'—he didn't say what."

"Can you describe his appearance a little more particularly?"

"Well, sor," said the girl, considering, "he was a young feller, not above twenty-five, an' good lookin' if he did have red hair—"

"Ah! so his hair was red," interposed the doctor, with a slight start; "did he have whiskers?"

"He did, sor, as red as his hair—redder too if anything."

"Neatly trimmed whiskers, were they, the beard cut to a point?"

"Sure, sor, 'tis the very image of him," Nora returned, nodding eagerly.

"Clark Lydston, I'll wager!" he soliloquized, with a disturbed frown, naming the son of his old college chum. "Now what in the world could he have wanted in such a hurry as to come here without his overcoat, and then take French leave by the back alley before seeing me?"

The doctor wondered mightily—and went to bed still wondering.

Next morning, while at breakfast, Dr. Vialle received a second even more startling, though less elusive caller. It was a strikingly pretty young lady in a state of much agitation—being no other than the stepdaughter of Professor Denby with whom Clark Lydston was intimately associated at the Technological Institute.

"Miss Gardner!" he exclaimed, hastening to place her in a chair, for she seemed to be on the verge of complete prostration, "what has happened?"

"Haven't you heard? Haven't you read the morning papers?" she counter-queried. "Oh, doctor, it's—it's the most perfectly awful thing!"

He seized the copy of the *Gazette* that had been lying unnoticed upon the hall table, and as he took it up the headlines over a column on the first page seemed to leap forth to meet his gaze.

"Great Heavens!" he ejaculated, losing his usual ruddy color. This is what he saw:

MURDERED IN HIS LABORATORY SHOT BY ASSISTANT.

CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR DENBY KILLED.

CLARK LYDSTON DOES THE DEED—KNOCKS DOWN JANITOR AND ESCAPES.

The long and rather sensational story thus outlined was based on the testimony of James Mudge, janitor at the Institute, and in substance may be given as follows:

Soon after eight o'clock in the evening Mudge heard a shot from the chemical laboratory in the basement of the Technological Institute. He tried to open the door leading from the corridor, but, finding it locked, ran along into the adjoining lecture-hall, where he encountered Clark Lydston coming from the laboratory in a state of extreme agitation. Mudge attempted to stop Lydston, who brutally felled him to the floor, then made his exit from the building. As soon as Mudge could recover himself he pushed on into the laboratory, where he beheld Professor Denby lying near one of the sinks dead, with a bullet hole in his temple.

On account of the Christmas holidays, the Institute was nominally closed,

and, so far as known at the time of the murder, there were in the building, beside the janitor, only the murderer and his victim. For some weeks past, Denby, with Lydston's aid, had been conducting a special line of research. He had been at work all that day, and after a half-hour for dinner had returned in the evening. Not many minutes before the sound of the fatal shot reached Mudge's ears he had heard high words passing between the two men, and though unable to distinguish enough to report the conversation, he felt sure they were having a violent quarrel.

Professor Denby had occupied the chair of chemistry since the foundation of the Institute, Lydston had been assistant professor rather more than a year. Latterly the relations between the two were said not to be especially cordial, partly owing to the fact that Denby disapproved of the marked attentions his young colleague was paying to the former's beautiful stepdaughter, Miss Helen Gardner.

"My dear child," said Dr. Vialle, dropping the sheet, "this must have given you a terrible shock."

"It came on me like a thunderbolt," returned the girl shuddering. "I spent the night out of town, and didn't learn of it till I read it in the train this morning. It made me—why, I nearly fainted. Poor old dad! But, doctor, how can they accuse Clark—Mr. Lydston?" she demanded, her tone changing to one of deepest indignation. "It's monstrous! He never could have done such a thing in this world!"

"I'm sure he could not," Dr. Vialle assured her, with an emphasis plainly backed by full belief.

"Of course not," reiterated the young chemist's lovely defender, a faint tinge of color rising in her cheeks; "why, we're engaged to be married, and though dad didn't wholly approve, he would have come 'round in time, I'm sure. But why has Clark disappeared so mysteriously?" she asked paling again. "You don't think, do you, doctor, that he, too, can have been—been murdered?"

"Most certainly not," was the physician's prompt reply. He deemed it hardly best to tell her that Lydston's call the evening before practically disproved any such a gruesome theory, but he did his best otherwise to reassure her. "There is something we don't understand," he said; "there's been a lamentable mistake somewhere, but 'twill all turn out right in the end, I'm confident of that. Now, my dear, you mustn't fret yourself ill over this, for that would be worse than useless. Leave it to me, I'll do everything needful, and I'll make a thorough investigation, so don't you worry about Clark Lydston, not one minute."

A half-hour later, having left the poor girl in the care of some kindly friends, Dr. Vialle paid a call on the city's chief of police.

"This is bad business, McKechnie," he said, when he was seated for a private interview with that functionary, "but it seems to me preposterous to accuse young Lydston. His father was one of the noblest men who ever lived, and the boy, from what I know of him, is—well, he is wholly incapable of such an enormity."

"I admit, he has always borne an excellent reputation, doctor," returned the chief gravely, "but that doesn't seem to have cut any figure in this case. The evidence against him is pretty conclusive—about as much so as it could be without the testimony of an actual eyewitness. You must consider that the thing wasn't done in cold blood, and that Lydston has a red-headed temper which might well carry him far, once 'twas thoroughly roused."

"Oh, as to that, Denby's hair was red, too, before it became gray, but—"

"Which makes it all the more reasonable—two hot-heads knocked together would be sure to strike fire. The Professor had a sharp tongue and could say some mighty cutting things on occasion; he probably irritated the young man beyond endurance, and this is the result. Mudge, the janitor, tells a straight story, and I see no reason for doubting it. If Lydston is innocent why did he assault Mudge and clear out?"

"Well, that might be explained," said Vialle, though it would have puzzled him sorely to do so at the moment, "it might be explained if we could get hold of Lydston."

"We shall—never fear," returned McKechnie dryly; "my men are hot on his trail."

The doctor did not think it necessary to volunteer any information that might lead to the capture of his old friend's son, and so made no mention of his strange call the previous evening. Instead he said:

"I never have liked that fellow Mudge. I know his past record, and though it's not positively bad on the other hand, it isn't greatly to his credit. I'll not go so far as to say I wouldn't believe him under oath, but—"

"I doubt if you can shift the blame to his shoulders," interrupted the chief, shaking his head with a slight smile. "The motive would be entirely lacking, whereas it is notorious that there has been bad blood for a long while between Denby and Lydston on account of that handsome stepdaughter of the Professor's."

"True, but a man doesn't kill the father of the girl he wishes to marry, however much he may dislike him. Where is the body—still at the Institute?"

"Yes, lying where it was found—and will remain there till after the inquest to-day."

"Will you give me a permit to view it?"

"Certainly."

Armed with formal permission, Vialle hastened to the Technological Institute and with some difficulty forced his passage through the dense crowd that had gathered as near as possible to the center of interest. The laboratory where the tragedy had taken place was a large room occupying a considerable part of the basement, and provided for class uses, with many sets of apparatus, sinks, benches, gas heaters, hoods to carry off noxious fumes, crucibles, test tubes, electric batteries and wiring, glass jars, bottles and phials, and a countless variety of chemicals in solid and liquid form.

As stated in the news account, Professor Denby's body lay on the floor where it had fallen, but on inspecting the wound, Dr. Vialle noted an inaccuracy; the death-dealing missile had not made a hole, but rather had plowed a furrow across the temple without having entered the skull at all.

"Where's the thing that did this, Jackson?" he inquired of the policeman on guard.

"The bullet? They ain't found it, doctor," the man answered, "nor the pistol neither, though that ain't so strange, considering that the murderer might very likely have taken it away with him."

"Rather odd where the bullet went!" commented Vialle, in surprise.

"'Tis queer," admitted Jackson; "the chief and me, we've both hunted high and low for it, or for some mark of it, but 'twa'n't no use—not a sign of it could we find. It's made a mysterious disappearance for sure. There's lot of litter, broken glass and such, in under there, but we rummaged that over thorough—that is as thorough as we could without queering things for the coroner. At any rate I'll swear there ain't no bullet there, nor any bullet mark anywheres 'round."

As the doctor was finally walking away he encountered, in the corridor outside the laboratory door, Mudge, the janitor. He was a slouchy sort of fellow with a surly look. An attempt on Vialle's part to interview this important witness resulted in failure.

"I've told all I know about it," he growled, "and you can read it in the papers. I ain't nothing more to say—not another syllable."

Dr. Vialle wished he had the power to put the man under cross-examination, but that, of course, was denied him. However, even though he had nothing quite tangible to base it on, he left the Institute with his former distrust of Mudge perceptibly deepened.

That afternoon the doctor received from Chief McKechnie a telephone message that caused him to make another call at the central police station as soon as possible afterward.

"We've got him," said McKechnie, in a tone of modest triumph, "caught him in a barber's shop down in the Italian quarter, where he'd gone to have his whiskers taken off. What do you think of that?"

"I think," was the reply, in measured tones, "I think you're making a big mistake. It's my firm conviction you've locked up an innocent man."

"Humph!" retorted the other, "I fear your conviction won't prevent his—at the hands of an unbiased jury. At the inquest, the coroner's finding was dead against him. He'll be committed for trial, all right."

"Perhaps," admitted the doctor, "but, all the same, I'd stake my reputation on his innocence. I'll tell you what I'll do—with your permission, McKechnie. Let me have what he will suppose to be a private interview with the lad, while you play eavesdropper out of sight somewhere. That's the French style of handling such cases, you know. He'll tell me the truth, and you'll get a straight story then."

"I've no objection to your plan, doctor," said McKechnie, after a moment, "though I can't promise he'll be set free on the strength of his own plea of 'not guilty.'"

Instead of being thrust into a cell consideration for his social standing and hitherto unblemished reputation had procured for Lydston a fairly comfortable room, where Dr. Vialle met him, apparently alone.

Ordinarily a comely young fellow, the prisoner was now a good deal changed, being pallid, gaunt, and hollow-eyed. This and the loss of his beard had caused an alteration of feature which quite shocked his visitor.

"My dear boy," the latter exclaimed, seizing his hand warmly when he advanced from the barred window at which he had been moodily sitting, "I can't tell you how grieved I am to see your father's son in such a plight; but why, why did you commit the blunder of running away?"

"It was a blunder, wasn't it doctor?—an irreparable one, I fear," said the young man, clinging to the elder one's hand as if there lay his sole faint hope of safety, "but for the moment I lost my wits. I was utterly panic-stricken, so that I followed my first impulse without giving a thought to the consequences. I came as straight to you as I could, but you were away, and while I was waiting your door bell rang. Fearing it might be the police, I got out of your back window, on to the shed, and down by way of the grapevine trellis. Since then I've lived in a continual nightmare, till I was almost glad when they finally captured me and brought me here."

"Well, it was a mistake to run away, but a mistake we must try to rectify," said the doctor, assuming his most cheerful matter-of-fact air. "Do you know who really shot poor Denby? Was it that rascally janitor? I should judge him to be capable of any—"

"It wasn't Mudge, I'm practically sure of that," interrupted the prisoner. "It couldn't have been, for he was outside the door at the time, and the door was locked. I'll tell you the whole story, doctor, because I'm sure you'll believe me, but I doubt if any one else would, it is too incredible."

"Miss Gardner would; it couldn't be too amazing for her belief—coming from your lips," said Dr. Vialle, with a slight smile.

"No, no, of course, I didn't include her," Lydston exclaimed, his face softening a little. "If I were suspected of being ten times a villain, the dear girl would still have faith in me. I wish I had stayed to face the music, and I would have done so if any one but that vindictive fellow, Mudge, had been there. He doesn't like me even a little bit. We haven't got on well from the first; we've had two or three flare-ups, till he positively hates me now. You might infer as much from the way he told his story. He declares I assaulted him brutally. That's a pure invention, or at least a gross exaggeration of—"

"Suppose you sit down and give me the real facts," suggested Dr. Vialle, seeing that the young man was becoming rather painfully excited.

"You'll probably be surprised," Lydston said, taking a chair and trying to speak more calmly, "when I tell you I was not an eyewitness to the alleged murder. Neither I nor any one else, so far as I know, saw Professor Denby die. I can therefore only guess at what happened. The janitor asserts that he heard the Professor and me having words, which is true, but they were not about Helen whose

name wasn't once mentioned. Professor Denby didn't relish the idea of my marrying his stepdaughter, because he found her money convenient in carrying on his never-ending experiments, for which he used all his own and as much as he could wheedle from her beside. Of late the hobby, he has been devoting every spare moment to, is the hoped-for discovery of a new combination of hydrogen and oxygen. The formula, if he ever could have got it combined, was to be $H\frac{1}{2} O 2-3$. He maintained that a sufficiently powerful electric current would do the business."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the doctor, with a disapproving frown.

"Crazy idea, wasn't it? I sought to dissuade him from trying it, but he resented my interference hotly, and at last ordered me from the room. That is to say, he sent me to the phone to tell Professor Cook he couldn't keep an appointment previously made with him for that evening. While I was busy doing that, I heard a sharp noise like an explosion. Guessing that my fears had not been idle ones, I ran back to the laboratory, where I saw the Professor on the floor motionless.

"The door leading to the corridor was locked and the key gone, so I hurried around through the lecture-hall, intending to seek help. At the farther door I collided violently with Mudge, coming in the opposite direction. Instinctively I put out my hands; they struck him in the chest, and he fell. That was the brutal assault of which he makes so much. The malignant look he gave me as he toppled over awakened me to the danger of my position. My enemy before, and a hundred times more so now, he would put the very worst complexion on the state of affairs in giving his testimony, and there would be no one—except myself—to contradict him. Then and there I lost my nerve and took the wrong course. Instead of going for aid, I gave my whole attention to providing for my own safety—with the present dismal outcome."

"Perhaps not so entirely dismal, my boy," said Dr. Vialle, in a resolutely hopeful tone; "there may be a shorter way out of this maze than you dream of. Did you talk with Cook over the wire?"

"Yes, during several minutes—until, hearing the explosion, I dropped the transmitter and ran back to the laboratory."

"Do you happen to recall the time when your conversation was taking place?"

"Ye-e-s," replied Lydston, after a momentary effort of memory, "it couldn't have been far from five minutes past eight."

"That's good," said the doctor, in a tone of satisfaction. "I'll go to see Cook now, and between us we'll get you out of this tangle before night—or I'm mightily mistaken."

When Dr. Vialle, leaving his young friend somewhat easier in mind, was once more alone with McKechnie, he inquired triumphantly:

"Well, what did I say? Haven't you had cause to reverse your former opinion, eh?"

Though he more than suspected the chief's belief in Lydston's guilt had been shaken, he got only the non-committal response: "I shall be interested to see you again after you've talked with Professor Cook."

The last named gentleman lived in an adjoining town, and when Dr. Vialle took the precaution to telephone asking if he was at home, he got in reply the information that the Professor had gone to the Institute. There, a half-hour later, Vialle had the good fortune to find him.

Cook, an impulsive little man somewhat hasty in his judgments, was not slow in expressing his conclusions as to the death of his confrere, and they were distinctly hostile to Lydston, whom he seemed to take for granted was guilty of murder.

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Vialle, in prompt rebuttal, "you're taking a stand that may be and probably is quite without foundation." Then he related Lydston's story. "Now" he concluded, perceiving that he had made at least some impression, "if you're a fair man, as I'm sure you are, just answer a few questions and do your best to help me straighten out this complication. You talked with Lydston over the telephone last evening, did you not?"

"Yes," admitted Cook; "I recognized his voice, and could swear to it, if that would do any good."

"I think it would do a great deal if you chance to recall the time at which you were talking with him."

"I do, for when he told me Denby couldn't meet me, I looked at my watch to see if it was too late for me to make a call I had put off on account of the other appointment. The time couldn't have been many seconds from five minutes past eight."

"Which corresponds with the time he gives, as well as that reported by the janitor. Another thing—just before the conversation was broken off didn't you hear a noise—the noise from the laboratory? The doors were open and you should have done so."

"Yes, I did, I certainly did," replied Cook, whose manner had now entirely changed. "The moment before Lydston stopped talking there came to my ears through the transmitter a sound that might very well have been an explosion or a—"

"That positively was an explosion," put in the doctor, "the explosion that killed Denby. What better proof of Lydston's innocence can you wish than the fact that at the instant Denby met his death Lydston was standing at a telephone in another room, many rods distant, talking to you?"

"I shouldn't wonder if I had been precipitate," said Cook. "Strange as Lydston's story sounds, it must be true after all. But do you suppose we can convince the police that that wound in Denby's head wasn't made by a bullet? It looks so amazingly like—"

"I think we may be able to—or at least I'm going to try," returned Vialle. "Now that the inquest is over and we are free to stir up things here, I'm going to hunt for something which I've an idea ought to be lying about within reach."

Refusing to answer any questions, the doctor began searching diligently among the debris which lay thick around the scene of the tragedy. Whatever it was, he hunted a long time, but find it he did at last, for Cook heard him utter a satisfied ejaculation, and saw him seize eagerly upon a small object with which he hurried to a near-by microscope for a closer inspection.

"There's your missing bullet—or its equivalent," he announced triumphantly, "and there you see is proof it caused poor Denby's death. Now we'll go and pull Lydston from the clutches of the police. That's the deadly missile; it's made of glass and it was fired at Denby's head from that infernal jar when he exploded his diabolical mixture of oxygen and hydrogen by trying to make them combine under the influence of an electric spark. The rest of the jar was evidently blown to atoms."

Cook, bending over the microscope, beheld a globular-headed glass stopper to which had adhered a single grayish-red human hair.

A HATER OF MATRIMONY

By F. Roney Weir

"I CAN'T bear the thought of courting and weddings!" declared Mrs. Laurie, pushing her green sunbonnet back from her flushed face, "and if you knew the reason you wouldn't blame me. I was awful glad, Mrs. Strapp, when I heard that you and your husband didn't have any daughters."

She thrust a great bunch of sweet peas toward her neighbor. "Here, I have brought you a bouquet."

It was not like Mrs. Laurie to be demonstrative, but when she heard that the Strapps, who had purchased the old Bently farm, had no children, in a burst of neighborly feeling, she gathered her sweet peas and hurried across the pasture to make their acquaintance.

And now it seemed so good to be sitting here talking to a woman from whom she had nothing to fear. see—Mayme must be—yes, she's eighteen next Christmas. It ain't for me to say,

but she's a girl to be noticed in a crowd anywhere for her good looks. And what's better yet, she's a splendid cook. She's turruble stylish, I can tell you. She knows what's what in dress. She always spells her name M-a-y-m-e."

Mrs. Laurie, wandering in her own beloved garden an hour later, seemed to

The silence of the garden, the seclusion, the sense of womanly companionship, moved her to further confidences. It must have been these. It surely could not have been the appearance of her new neighbor. Mrs. Strapp had a long, bony neck and malicious eyes. Her mouth, drawing down at the corners for many years, had established two leathery wrinkles, which bound it to a disagreeable, up-tilted nose. Her ears bore the disfiguring marks of a past vanity, having been torn and drawn out of shape by heavy ornaments. Her whole expression was hard and unresponsive as she sat surveying her visitor through her glasses.

The flowers, which had felt the heat of Mrs. Laurie's palm and had drooped a little, now revived under the cold, claw-like clutch of Mrs. Strapp, while Mrs. Laurie, foolishly blind to her neighbor's unsympathetic attitude, proceeded to dangle the skeleton of her closet before those icy glasses.

"Mr. Laurie had four sons by his first wife, and before he married me he divided his farm into four parts and deeded a quarter of it to each one of the boys. I didn't know this, or—well, he was a good deal older than I was, and I had never had a home of my own, and I thought the farm belonged to him—but I have been punished; the farm didn't belong to him, not an inch of it, and he died. I asked him once when he was sick, what was to become of me if I should be left a widow. He suggested that when Orlando, the oldest boy, married and needed the house, that William, the next boy, should build a new house on his own forty and board his two younger brothers, and that I keep house for him until his turn came. You see he had a thought to make his sons comfortable. 'Well,' says I, 'when William marries, what then?' 'Why then,' says he, 'Charley can build him a house on his forty, and you can keep house for him and George; and when Charley gets married George can build, and give you a home.' 'And after George marries?' I asked him. 'George is only eighteen,' says he, 'and by the time he marries you'll be about ready to drop off anyway.' And that's all the the satisfaction I got out of him."

Mrs. Strapp snorted, and drew the leathery wrinkles taut. But Mrs. Laurie would not be warned, and proceeded with her confidences.

"But Mr. Laurie has been dead ten years and none of the boys are married yet. And maybe they never will marry."

"Don't you fret!" ejaculated Mrs. Strapp with emphasis. "You say they've each got a forty of good farm land all their own; and forty acres of land in this country, all grubbed and under cultivation like your'n, is a little fortune. Don't you fret! Them boys'll marry, every one of 'em."

"But there ar'n't any women folks very near us, and they're pretty busy working the land. We've got a good many acres of strawberries, and the bottom land is all in celery, and there are the chickens, and it keeps us all pretty much at home. I was awful glad, though, when I heard that you didn't have any girls in the family. Men folks are not so apt to think of marrying unless some marriageable girls are right around under their noses. Aanyhow not such busy boys as the Laurie boys are, and Orlando is thirty-eight."

"He'd be about right for Araminta," mused Mrs. Strapp.

Poor Mrs. Laurie saw for the first all the malice behind the icy glasses; the hardness of the leathery wrinkles, and the contrariness in the downward-curving mouth. But it was too late to fortify now; the enemy was within the citadel and knew the weakness of the fortifications.

The sunlight suddenly left the garden. A cloud drifted across the sky and a spatter of rain fell on the walk in front of the garden bench where the two women had been sitting.

"Won't you come in?" invited Mrs. Strapp, but with no cordiality in her tone.

"No, thank you," responded Mrs. Laurie, and then inquired faintly, "Who is Araminta?"

"She is my youngest sister, and she is a widow. She has one child—let me

see those fatal letters written across the face of every blossom. And there were many there, the lovely reward of ten long years of labor.

There was the giant Cloth-of-gold rose, in bloom yet, although it was the last of July; and the Maman Cochet, drooping in loveliness, pink, white, red and yellow. The Jacqueminots, thanks to generous pulling and much watering, were blooming yet; not to mention the commoner flowers, marigolds, candytuft, hollyhocks. That morning Mrs. Laurie had thrilled with content and satisfaction in noticing the first faint color peeping from the green gladioli spikes, but now she feared the full flower might bloom for Mayme. And then, remembering her generous anticipation of carrying great sheafs of bloom across the pasture to her new neighbor, she shut her toil-hardened fingers in impotent anger and muttered, "Let her grow her own flowers. She'll get none of mine. She nor Mayme."

A week later Mrs. Strapp returned Mrs. Laurie's call. She came with jerky, uneven steps and rapped sharply upon the front door with her bony knuckles.

To Mrs. Laurie it was not a pleasant visit, but Mrs. Strapp seemed to enjoy it. She announced that she expected Mrs. Gingham, her sister, and her daughter Mayme, by the last of the week. They intended spending the summer with her. They were "just crazy to git into the country." They both liked the country. She did not know but that she would be obliged to ask them to make their home with her. They had none of their own, and her family was so small—just Mr. Strapp, and herself, and Mr. Strapp's bachelor brother, Jack. Mrs. Laurie gathered from her conversation that there might be an affair between Araminta and Mr. Strapp's brother Jack. But even if such should be the case, there would be Mayme.

Mrs. Laurie did not mention the expected arrivals to her stepsons, but they heard of it nevertheless, and she was regaled daily with hearing the younger brothers joking Orlando about "The Widder Gingham."

When her guests arrived Mrs. Strapp waived all formality, and without waiting for Mrs. Laurie to call, brought them over about supper time when the family was quite sure to be all within doors.

From that hour Orlando was bewitched. He took to shaving every other day, and made a trip to Seattle to purchase a ready-made suit of clothes.

"I guess your son William'll have to build his house pretty soon," said Mrs. Strapp, with a smirk and a nudge in Mrs. Laurie's ribs, and when she was gone Mrs. Laurie went out and wept over the asparagus bed. It had taken so many years to get it to its present state of perfection, and now another woman would cut the delicious purple sprouts in the spring.

"I wonder if she will know enough to take care of it when she gets it," sighed Mrs. Laurie. "I wonder if a woman who knows so much about chiffons, and chatelaines, and choux, and French heels, and face powder, will realize that an asparagus bed must have a good top dressing of well-rotted stable litter, with a little sprinkling of salt, in the fall? And the June pinks! I intended to transplant a row of them along the north fence. They need thinning out if they are to do well next summer. Flowers and vegetables must have loving care in order to flourish; and they won't get it—not from that tribe. Strapp and his brother Jack look after the vegetables, but all the beautiful flowers which old Mrs. Bently loved and tended so faithfully are beginning to show neglect already. A woman who sets out to keep up with the styles nowadays hasn't time for anything else except, perhaps, a short prayer before she goes to bed."

As Orlando's wooing of the Widow Gingham progressed, his stepmother's one comfort was visiting the probable site of William's new house, and planning the garden which she meant to establish about it. She even set out a few shrubs far enough to one side to be out of danger of the teams bringing lumber and lime for the building.

She did not visit the Strapp residence often, but whenever she did, she surreptitiously possessed herself of a slip, or a little root, from the luxurious old Bently garden, to transplant to the barren knoll where she was to begin all over again.

When Orlando really became engaged, William built his house, an ugly up-

right, with not one redeeming feature. "But," said Mrs. Laurie, "a Virginia Creeper at the west door, and a Crimson Rambler to run over the fence, and a row of forget-me-nots down the front walk, will make a different looking place of it."

After Araminta and Orlando were married, Mr. Strapp, who had not been well for years, grew worse, and they hired a girl to do the housework. She was a fleshy, foolish thing, with a baby's complexion, and no brains to speak of; but she had not been long at the Strapp's before Mrs. Laurie realized with consternation that William seemed to be always laboring under the necessity of borrowing things at Strapp's. He went for the "bushel basket," the hoe, the go-cart. Instead of asking Orlando, who had all of these necessities at the old place, he went to Strapp's, and sat long on the back steps tittering with Amelia, the hired girl.

As soon as Mrs. Strapp could get out after her husband's funeral, she went across the pasture to pay Mrs. Laurie a visit. Mrs. Laurie received her with sympathy. The fact that most of her slips and little roots had survived the cold rains of winter, and bade fair to live was a balm to the heart of the exile.

"I am glad you are feeling well enough to be out," she told Mrs. Strapp.

"Yes, it's a good thing I am," jerked Mrs. Strapp. "I've got to be able to be out, whether I like it or not. My work's got to be done, an' I'm goin' to lose my girl."

"Amelia?" gasped Mrs. Laurie. She feared the blow, and fairly staggered under it when it fell.

"Why, yes. I s'posed you knew that her and William Laurie was goin' to git married on Decoration Day."

The for-get-me-nots would be in bloom then, and the roses, well started, would be putting forth their tender, little red-brown sprouts—not for the one who planted them—but for Amelia, the hired girl.

"Well, grinned Mrs. Strapp, drawing her leathery wrinkles into hard lines, "you can busy yourself makin' garden an' settin' out an orchard round Charley's house now; an' I hope you will, so's to have it ready for the time when Mayme and Charley step off," and with a cackle she jerked away home.

"I shall never plant a garden for Mayme Gingham!" Mrs. Laurie called after her, and she kept her word.

After the first of June, Charley proceeded leisurely to build his house under the supervision of Mrs. Strapp, her sister and her niece, and although Mrs. Laurie could feel but little enthusiasm for a home which she knew would be hers so short a time, she was nevertheless very glad to get away from under Amelia's roof. Out across the intervening miles, away to the south, Mrs. Laurie could see the smiling, sunlit top of Mount Rainier, and there her eyes would rest as she went about her work in Charlie's ugly new house, and thus she lived above and beyond her barren unlovely surroundings. Charley was too busy playing the lover to spend much time in beautifying his home, and Mrs. Laurie adhered to her resolution.

For weeks the mortar and broken lath lay about the ground. The mounds of hardpan, dug from the cellar, disfigured the yard. As the season advanced the wild blackberry vines, solall bushes, the wild ferns, out of compassion, covered as much space as nature would permit.

The best forty of the farm had fallen to the lot of George, the youngest boy. It was situated on the county road, and at one point a beautiful little grove of alders marked the probable site of the cottage.

And here Mrs. Laurie let her mind wander daily. George was more like her own son than the others, although none of her stepsons had shown any great tenderness towards the lonely little woman. The time had been when she had made sly bids for it, but that was long ago. She had come to know that the Lauries held her in their thoughts merely as a necessary adjunct to the family kitchen.

She took to making tidies and sofa cushions for George's house and her own, stowing them away guiltily whenever Charley came in sight. She gathered flower seeds, and began once more to take an interest in the flower column of the farm paper.

One day, longing to get away from the bald shining of the sun on the clay

about the door, she went down the road to the alder grove on George's farm, climbed the fence, and stood among the ferns and grasses, planning out a border which should glorify the western boundary of the garden. The back should be lilacs, with golden glows, snowballs and hollyhocks in front. Below these peonies, phlox and marigolds. In the very front row of all the spring bulbs, the crocuses and jonquils. How beautiful they were at the old Bently farm where the Strapps lived now. Of course it would take years to arrive at such a beauty-hedge as old Mrs. Bently had succeeded in making, but if George should happen never to marry—

Her reverie was cut short by Mrs. Strapp's unmusical cackle, and she looked up to see the leathery wrinkles and scrawny neck looming above the fence. Her brother-in-law, Jack Strapp, was with her, and they were on their way to Araminta's.

The man bowed awkwardly to Mrs. Laurie. He was a bashful, retiring person, of whom one caught but fleeting glimpses as he made for cover.

"I s'pose you are pickin' out a place to build George's house?" remarked Mrs. Strapp, with the downward curve of the mouth which Mrs. Laurie had learned to dread. "You'd better wait and let his wife do that."

Mrs. Laurie's heart was aflame. It was the terrier hectoring the homeless, domesticated tabby.

"Oh, George won't marry. You haven't any more female relatives to settle in the world," she retorted. "Perhaps I may be able to keep George for awhile."

Mrs. Strapp cackled derisively. "Oh, Mayme's friend, Lila Lucile Smith, is comin' on a visit next month, and I tell Mayme she'd make a splendid wife for George."

Mrs. Laurie felt the blood crinkling away from her face, but the last particle of pride was drowned in misery, and with a little despairing gesture, which, without her knowledge was pathetically dramatic, she moaned, "Oh, don't bring her here! Don't bring her! What will become of me when George marries? I love a home—a garden! Where can I live if George marries?"

"You'll have to board round like the school teacher does," giggled Mrs. Strapp.

Mrs. Laurie could tell by the bobbing of her head and the shrugging of her shoulders that she was ridiculing the whole matter for Jack Strapp's benefit as they went out of sight over the hill.

Mrs. Laurie threw herself recklessly among the ferns and sobbed out her troubles to the winds. It was lonely there, and bright, and nature, at least, was sympathetic. A toad came hopping quite close to her, and a little wren, who had a home of her own making near by, scolded like a shrew at the situation.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" moaned the woman. "Old! Growing old, and no home and no money!"

But she was not old. She was still comely, although no one ever having taken the trouble to tell her she was sweet in her young womanhood, she did not dream that she was still so in the early autumn of her life.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Laurie," said a man's voice from the other side of the fence, and she sprang to her feet to face Jack Strapp, who had returned alone.

The man was easily her own age, but he vaulted the fence like a boy and advanced determinedly in her direction. It was as though he had keyed himself to a mighty effort.

"I—I want to know, Mrs. Laurie, if you'd like to get married again."

"Oh, no, no," gasped Mrs. Laurie, thinking he was carrying on his sister-in-law's joke.

"Why not? I know this is terrible sudden, but I heard that woman nagging you, and it made me pretty mad. Would—could you marry me, Mrs. Laurie? I could give you a very pleasant home if that would be any object—"

"Oh, no, no—thank you, Mr. Strapp. I married once for a home, and see what I have been brought to by doing it."

"Well, I shouldn't object to being married for love," grinned Strapp. "I shouldn't object to it a bit. But, of course, I ain't a handsome man—but, honest, I could give you a pretty decent sort of a place to live in, and a big garden—and—"

I thought, maybe, you might enjoy seein' Mrs. Strapp hunt her nest for a change."

"What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Laurie.

"You didn't know, I guess, that the Bently place belongs to me. Yes, poor old Brother Oliver never could accumulate any property. He and his wife have lived with me quite a number of years now; Araminta, too, till she was married. But Oliver has gone now, and I've been so put out with the way that woman has treated you that I'd like to give her a jar, if I could arrange it with you."

There was a silence for a few minutes while the wren came close and advised Mrs. Laurie to accept the offer.

"It would be a pretty good joke on Mrs. O. Strapp," urged Jack. "She would have to take her own medicine then—board round, like the school teacher."

"One never could expect to be happy, or even comfortable, if one married for revenge," murmured Mrs. Laurie.

"I shouldn't mind bein' married for love," grinned Jack again, and Mrs. Laurie blushed like a girl.

"If it only could be for love—" she sighed; "but oldish men don't marry oldish women for love."

"Why not?" he demanded, and came and took her in his arms. "I never have been loved—"

"Neither have I," owned Mrs. Laurie.

"Well, better late than never. We'll try it, my dear, if you say so. You will marry me, not for a home, nor a garden, nor to git even with Mrs. O. Strapp, but because I am lonesome as the deuce, and you are the same, and if we are kind to each other and have a little patience, we may come to love each other, eh? Well, we'll let it stand that way, then; and all the same, the garden is a winner, the house is big and comfortable, you shall have a hired girl, and it will put Mrs. Oliver Strapp in the devil of a fix. She never could git along with Araminta. You think it over, now, that's a good girl. I'm comin' up to see you to-morrow after Charley goes to work, and you can tell me then. I don't want to hurry you. Say, I've always thought you was just as pretty as a peach, and I felt so mighty sorry for you when I see Mary Ann pickin' your boys off one by one, knowin' the circumstances as I did. But let 'em marry; you'll be all right now—if you can see it that way. Even if you can't stand me, and have to git a divorce, the law will give you enough of my property to keep a roof of your own over your head."

In due time Miss Lila Lucile Smith arrived, foreordained to captivate the last Laurie. Mrs. Strapp viewed the wooing with fiendish delight; Mrs. Laurie with smiling indifference. She made sofa pillows and tidies indiscriminately for all the boys, and gave suggestions for their gardens, even after she had learned, through Araminta, that the boys were quarreling among themselves about who was best able to give her a home after George was married, each one declaring that it was not his place to take care of his stepmother.

Meanwhile the wooing of Jack Strapp, all the sweeter because of its secrecy, progressed with ever increasing fervor.

"I almost wish," Mrs. Laurie told him one day, "that you didn't have any home at all; then we could be sure that we were marrying for love," and he answered, "I guess we are sure enough of that, all right."

To mete out poetical justice to Mrs. Strapp, Jack announced his intention of marrying Mrs. Laurie to her on the very spot where she had threatened that lady with Lila Lucile Smith.

"Marry!" screamed Mrs. Strapp, "Jack Strapp! I thought you always said you wa'n't a marryin' man!"

"I hadn't found the right woman," said Strapp.

The shallow wrinkles were rigid, and the down-curving mouth gasping for air. "What—what am I goin' to do if you marry?"

Jack was vindictive enough to wish Mrs. Laurie to reply. He waited a moment for her to do so, but Mrs. Laurie felt only pity for the homeless woman before her, and would have given her a soft answer, but Jack forestalled her.

"I s'pose, Mary Ann," he said, "you'll have to do as the school teacher does—board round."

MRS. FARLEIGH THE SECOND

By Florence Martin Eastland

"I REALIZE now, Curtice, that I should have told you before our marriage."

Mr. Farleigh smiled indulgently and calmly secured a pearl button in the bosom of his shirt. He leisurely selected an evening tie from his cravat case before he answered:

"My dear Beatrice, I suspect you have some horrible confession to make, but I am not alarmed. I should be if my experiences had not made me sensation-proof. Mary disturbed me greatly when we were first married by beginning as you have. How I laughed when she admitted that she once played penny-ante and won four dollars. A widower is less susceptible to trifles than an unmarried man."

An indignant little sparkle appeared for one fleeting moment in the expressive eyes of Mrs. Farleigh.

"I must remind you that you do not happen to be classed under either head."

"A point I had quite overlooked, my dear. Rather a joke on me, that you should need to remind me of that, before our honeymoon is over."

"Notwithstanding your opinion to the contrary, my disclosure is important. I, too, have been married before."

Mr. Farleigh's military brushes crashed on the dresser. Though greatly troubled, Beatrice could scarcely repress a smile at her husband's appearance. He stood with relaxed jaw and bulging eyes, overshadowed on one side by a ragged fringe of unbrushed hair, while the other bore evidence of the most precise arrangement.

"You have been what?" he demanded.

"Yes; married. That ought not startle you so. You were married twice."

"But I did not know you were."

"Never mind, dear; no one did. I want to tell you about it."

Order was one of Mr. Farleigh's strong points. He carefully finished brushing his hair, and placed in their respective positions the disarranged articles on the dresser before he sat down to listen to his wife; thus, in a measure, regaining his composure.

"It happened five years ago," she began.

"The—marriage?"

"Of course; what else?" returned Beatrice, slightly annoyed.

"Pardon me; but it seems rather odd to hear of a marriage *happening*. That would be the proper reference to an accident."

"Precisely. I might have said accident instead of marriage, since it came about so unexpectedly. Do you remember my cousin, Ross Howard?"

"Very well, indeed. He went to Alaska five years ago. I readily recall the fact, because Mary and I were just starting on our wedding journey to San Francisco when he took the Alaska boat from the same dock."

"That was the twenty-fifth of May."

"True," he assented with a retrospective smile; "my wedding day."

"Mine also." A gleam of satisfaction shone in her blue eyes.

"The deuce it was—I mean, a most extraordinary coincidence."

"Particularly since we both had the same wedding day a second time."

He looked up rather doubtfully, and gravely said, "I interrupted you, I think. Pardon me and continue."

"We had been in Seattle but a few months. My parents were opposed to Ross as a suitor because of the relationship. We were always fond of each other, even as children. The day he started for Alaska we were dining together, at a cafe, when he proposed that we be married. Our names being the same, little deception would be necessary to conceal the fact till Ross returned in the fall. Within an hour the ceremony was performed and he was on his way North."

"I do not remember having seen you at the boat."

"Had I been there, your attention, under the circumstances, would have been directed elsewhere. I received one letter after he reached Dawson. That was all till his partner wrote that Ross died on an interior trip shortly after. I kept the marriage a secret, as there was no possible reason for doing otherwise."

Mr. Farleigh rose, drew a relieved breath, and smiled leniently.

"I was a bit astonished at first, my dear, I must acknowledge."

"In spite of being sensation-proof?"

"In spite of being sensation-proof," he repeated, gravely. "I was about to add that I am a trifle disappointed in you. No harm, however, can now come of your rashness. That is a fault, by the way, I was never called upon to condone in Mary. She possessed excellent judgment."

"So did Ross," with an absent smile at nothing in particular.

"One would be inclined to decide otherwise."

"Because he chose me? Why, you did, too."

"I see I must amend my statement. He displayed both judgment and taste, for he selected as a wife the sweetest woman in the world."

"I wonder," she whispered to her fair reflection in the mirror, "if he forgot that Mary was then alive?"

She pinned a rose to the bosom of her gown and turned to go down to dinner with her husband. Admiration and approval were plainly expressed on his face, as he said:

"The rose was the crowning touch to your costume. Mary always wore a *La France* with a black gown. She was very fond of roses."

"So was Ross," Beatrice observed, demurely.

The man's brows contracted in annoyance, but as quickly smoothed themselves. He glanced sharply at his wife, whose attention was given to gathering up her train. "I am ready, dear," she sweetly remarked.

They descended the broad stairway of the hotel and were about to enter the dining-room, when they were met by a bronzed young man hurrying from the opposite direction. Beatrice stopped short and stared. His amazed eyes rested on her for an instant, and he caught her gaily in his arms.

"Why, Bee! you precious old girl; where did you drop from?"

"I—I am living here."

"Well, isn't this great luck? I am just in from Alaska, and was going out to hunt you up directly after dinner."

"But, Ross, we heard you were dead."

"Don't you believe it. I went into the interior to make a stake, and I did it, though it took me a good while."

Mr. Farleigh stepped forward with an air of determination. Beatrice leaned dizzily against the wall and tried to think. Faintly she heard him say, "Do I need an introduction?"

"Not on your life. The memory of the outings we have had together has survived Alaskan hardships. How are you, old man?"

Howard grasped the other's hand so heartily that he failed to notice any lack of responsive cordiality. In his breezy, compelling way he continued:

"Just going in to dinner? So am I. We will dine together, and glad I am to have company."

He led the way briskly. Beatrice hesitated for a moment, which gave her husband time to whisper, "Go. We can't explain here. For heaven's sake, let's avoid a scene. There are the Elliots just behind us."

Thus importuned, the wife moved slowly on. They secured seats at a small table near by. Ross slipped a generous offering into the waiter's hand with the air of a man accustomed to being served. His gaiety increased with the anticipation of coming content for the inner man. He beamed on his companions, who were making an effort to respond to his good humor. In the midst of a narrative of the North, the soup was served.

"Mulligatawney, by Jove. It was always my favorite, and I haven't tasted it

in five years. I distinctly remember the last I ate," he remarked, addressing Beatrice. "It was at our little dinner the day I sailed."

She glanced nervously at Mr. Farleigh, who, though slightly flushed, was seemingly absorbed in the recognition of an acquaintance at a distant table.

"That seems a decade ago," Ross continued. "When a man is away from all he holds dear, it takes a whole lot of excitement and prosperity to overcome homesickness. I realized all I was missing in life, but I don't regret going. I obtained the wherewithal to overcome certain specified parental objections. Money talks, you know."

"So I have heard," returned Mr. Farleigh, laconically.

"Speaking of money reminds me that I have a considerable amount in nuggets. For your wedding present, Bee. I have brought enough fine nuggets for a long chain, though I know you are not sufficiently barbaric to wear it."

"A wedding present—for me?" she faltered. As an afterthought she hastened to say, "It was very kind of you."

Ross laughed. "Oh, well, if you aren't ready for the wedding, the present will keep; but not for long, eh, Farleigh?"

The latter made an ineffectual attempt to smile, but returned no answer. Ross, facing the door, suddenly started up with a joyous "Hello! if there isn't my old Tanana partner, Frank Ellis. May I ask him to join us?"

The situation was becoming intolerable to the Farleighs, and they were glad to welcome a change. Ross darted away, returning as quickly with a man after his own model. At the thought of the coming introduction, a sudden consternation seized the woman. She dared not correct Ross if he called her Miss Howard, yet what complications might not arise if she ignored the matter? She sighed in relief when he simply said:

"Beatrice, my friend, Mr. Ellis. Frank, you have heard me speak so often of my cousin that you must feel already acquainted."

"I do," returned Ellis easily. "Many a night your praises of her have sung me to sleep."

"How soothing!" she exclaimed, with a little grimace.

"Perhaps I have exaggerated. To be quite correct, I should say your eulogies of her—and another."

"Here be complications galore," remarked Mr. Farleigh, with an assumption of vivacity.

"To the uninitiated only, Curtice," returned Ross; "and, pardon me, you have not yet met my friend."

The dinner proceeded smoothly. Ross remained the central figure, the genial entertainer. Mr. Farleigh appeared silent, yet watchful. Beatrice, a bright spot on each cheek, was cognizant of a keen appreciation of the occasion, and a reckless desire to tempt Fate further by prolonging the play. She resolutely banished any concern as to the climax. While lingering over the dessert she pictured scenes with Mr. Farleigh, and wondered what his attitude would be.

With the coffee came an ill wind that blew the conversation around to matrimony. Ross asked about a former friend.

"He is still here," was the reply, "but far more prosperous than formerly."

"Married?"

"Yes; several years ago."

"That accounts for his prosperity," smiled Ellis. "I know I should be prosperous if I had a wife; but I can't get a wife until I am prosperous. The chances are, I shall remain single."

"How do we know you are single?" demanded Ross. "I have known of secret marriages."

Beatrice started, and gazed at him curiously. Mr. Farleigh looked wildly around as if in search of a refuge.

"He always loved mystery," explained Ellis, laughing. "He knows very well I am not married, and I think he is not. Still, he expects a challenge in return,

and I would not dream of disappointing him, although I feel like a census-taker. Single or married?"

"Married," returned Ross, smilingly.

"Honest?" queried Ellis, incredulously. "Tell us about it."

"It happened just before I went to Alaska."

"The—marriage?" asked Mr. Farleigh, a little uncertainly, dimly conscious of quoting his own words.

The blank countenances of Mr. Farleigh and his wife mechanically faced each other. Ross continued: "What use was there in writing of failures? She has not heard from me in five years, yet I would stake my pile on her constancy."

"Don't," cautioned Mr. Farleigh; "you might lose."

"Want to bet? I'll give you long odds; but I'll tell you right now, I will win."

The expression of dismay that crossed Mr. Farleigh's face was followed by one of indignant resolution, as if, angered by the peculiarities of his position, he was determined to extricate himself. He looked at his watch, and rose from the table. "Will you excuse me? I have an appointment I fear I shall miss if I remain longer."

"Hang the appointment! Let it go. How about the bet?"

"I will not consider it," was the sharp answer. "Possibly I am old-fashioned, but it strikes me as indelicate, even dishonorable, to make a woman's constancy the subject of a wager."

Ross smiled indifferently. "As you please, only don't sermonize."

"I have your permission to leave?" Mr. Farleigh asked of Beatrice.

"But only for a little while, dear," she faltered.

"'Dear'! ha! I knew it," cried Ross, pouncing upon the unconsciously uttered word. "Frank, they have been putting up a job on me. As soon as I saw them, I knew they were married, and I have been trying to trap them, but without success. Now I have them."

Ellis and Ross laughed heartily, and a mischievous smile dimpled the corners of Mrs. Farleigh's mouth, while Mr. Farleigh gazed perplexedly at each in turn.

"I hope when I meet Mrs. Howard in St. Paul next Saturday that people won't be able to spot us so easily," added Ross.

"On the contrary, Ross, excite the interest of an appreciative public by making your honeymoon apparent," Mr. Farleigh advised, in a tone of joyous relief. "I have yet to see a successful deception."

Beatrice made a personal application of his last remark, and groaned inwardly. Her spirits sank with every upward step to their apartments, till, with a sob she threw herself on the couch, and covered her face with her hands. If Mr. Farleigh, despising deception, felt any sternness toward his wife, he must have experienced a sudden reaction. Without pausing to balance an unhappy little woman against a clear case of deception, the man forgot Mr. Farleigh with his inflexible opinions of right and wrong, and was emotional and natural. He knelt by the couch and laid his head against hers.

"Dearest, don't cry; don't. I love you."

She hastily sat up and tried to look at him through her tears. A big drop splashed on his hand.

"You love me? Then you must have forgiven me?"

"There, there, dear. Of course I have. But would you mind telling me why you said you were married to Ross?"

"Because—well, you were everlastingly referring to Mary, and I wanted you to feel for a little while just as I had. I intended to confess when you became tired of it."

"Beatrice!"

"Oh, I know how horrid it was. Yet I felt justified. Our honeymoon was a repetition of the first wife's, even to locality. Her ghostly presence constantly intervened. In those two weeks I learned all her preferences and opinions. I bore it till some one told me she distinctly remembered me as a bride five years before. I just felt I had to do something then."

"You poor little girl!" he exclaimed, penitently.

IN DEFIANCE OF FATE

By E. P. Josenhans

“**T**HERE’S a letter for you, Margaret.”

“Come in, Helen. I’ve just finished unpacking, and am ready for a good visit.”

“Read your letter first,” Helen replied, sinking into a comfortable seat.

Margaret examined the letter.

“Who in the world can have written me from Seattle, Washington?” she exclaimed.

A sudden remembrance caused her to tear off the end of the envelope hastily, and glance at the signature. With heightened color she read the letter, which evidently contained interesting matter. Helen watched the play of emotion upon her friend’s face, curiously.

“That penmanship looks familiar,” she said, as Margaret folded the closely written sheets. “If it were possible, I should say John Radcliffe wrote the letter.”

“Do you know John Radcliffe, Helen? How strange! The letter is from him.”

“Of course I do—we were children together. Where did you know him?”

“At Ann Arbor. He was in Charlie’s class at the University.”

“And you’ve been corresponding all these years, and never told me?”

“No, indeed! I had almost forgotten his existence. It has been at least ten years since I last heard from him.”

“And now he’s writing you again? It looks suspicious, Margaret. You’d better explain.”

“I will,” responded Margaret, impulsively. “I’m so surprised—this letter renews the offer of marriage which I declined ten years ago, and expresses a hope that age and reflection may have softened my stony heart.”

“You refused John Radcliffe! Margaret Bristol! how could you do it? Why, child, you’re just cut out to be the wife of a man like John.”

“Well, the matter didn’t strike me in just that light at the time, and now it’s much too late to think of such a thing,” Margaret said, decidedly.

“You surely will not refuse him again! You can’t know him as I do, Margaret; his character, his standing—”

“See here, Helen! Would you promise to marry a man whom you never loved, whom you had not seen or thought of for ten years? You know you wouldn’t.”

“All the same, you’ll make the mistake of your life if you let John Radcliffe go. It’s a man’s character that counts, not a woman’s silly fancies.”

“In other words, a trifle such as lack of love on my part should not deter me from taking advantage of a promising opening for wealth and position,” replied Margaret, with curling lips.

“Nonsense! If he’s cared for you all these years, he has love enough for both! Don’t answer in haste, Margaret. You can’t help loving John, if you only give yourself a chance.”

“I’ll give the matter serious consideration, my dear.”

Later, when she was alone, Margaret’s flippant manner vanished. She drew an easy chair before her fire, and gave herself up unreservedly to memories of the man whose message of constancy and enduring love, coming long after she had supposed herself forgotten, deeply touched her heart. She recalled the qualities in him which in the old days had won from his associates respect, admiration, affection. Why had she been so blind to the needs of her own nature? Many a time,

in the years which had followed his departure, she had half repented her hasty dismissal of him. Perhaps she might have learned to care for him. Her maturer judgment now apprised her of the true worth of the love so lightly cast aside, now once more proffered. How should she answer him? Her heart counseled her to accept this unexpected blessing thankfully, humbly.

But Margaret was by nature proud, not humble; and, mingled with her surprise and gladness, was a touch of resentment that, for the second time, John Radcliffe had chosen to plead his cause from a distance, instead of coming to her, and—perhaps—overcoming her reluctance by direct appeal. This feeling, though unacknowledged, influenced her. To consent to his proposal, she told herself, would be an act unheard-of, dangerous. Ten years had doubtless wrought many changes in them both; new relations could not safely be based upon mere memories; disappointment and unhappiness must surely follow.

“No—I dare not promise. I must not think of it!” she concluded.

The subject continued to engross her thoughts, however, and her present life as mistress of her brother Charlie’s New York home suddenly took on unpleasant features. The future stretched before her, bare and uninviting.

Suddenly she rose, and, removing the tray of her trunk, took from the bottom a parcel wrapped in tissue paper, and tied with faded blue ribbon. It was a relic of her college days, and contained two articles—a photograph and a small diary.

She took the photograph and studied it earnestly. The face she gazed upon was strong in outline, serious in expression, with dark eyes looking out from beneath a broad, intellectual brow, above which lay a heavy mass of hair. The mouth and chin indicated firmness, and tenacity of purpose. The face was one to inspire confidence and respect.

Laying aside the picture at length, Margaret opened the diary, which was engraved “A. D. 1893,” and, turning to date of June 24, read:

Today refused offer of marriage from John Radcliffe (my first)! No, John, you’re much too good for my taste. I could never live up to your ideals. He asked me to destroy his letter so I did; but first I copied it, every word. Surely, a girl may keep her love-letters!

Smiling a little at her youthful folly, Margaret turned to pages at the back of the same diminutive volume, and read the ardent words of her first lover, carefully preserved through all these years, although she had cruelly flouted their author. Her eyes were wet as she finished, but she brushed the tears away impatiently.

“This will never do,” she reflected. “I must answer his letter tonight, and get the matter off my mind.”

Before beginning her task, however, she listened a moment in the hall to be sure the way was clear, then stole down the back stairway to the children’s school-room, and purloined an atlas she had observed lying on the teacher’s desk. Retreating silently, she hunted up the map of Washington, and proceeded to fix definitely in mind the location of Seattle, and to trace the various railway lines leading to it. What a distance! If she should ever think of taking the journey—Pshaw! this was mere folly! She would write the letter at once.

But the words in which she proposed to dispose forever of John Radcliffe and his untimely proposal refused to flow smoothly from her pen. Note after note she discarded, until the floor was strewn with creamy sheets, each freighted with a message of woe to the absent suitor. At last, in despair selecting the least objectionable from among the many, she enclosed, sealed and addressed it.

Then, by way of variety, she wrote an acceptance—a sweet, womanly message, such as would, she knew, bring a glow of joy to John Radcliffe’s face, if only she could bring herself to send it. Somehow, although she still told herself she dared not send such a message, she did not destroy it, but enclosed it as she had done the other, and postponed her final decision until morning.

As the first faint streaks of dawn entered her chamber, Margaret rose, and, telling Helen at breakfast that she wished to take Charlie into her confidence upon so important a subject, she rushed away to catch an early train for New York, promising to return to her friend’s home in Morristown by an afternoon train.

She left the house amid a whirl of kisses from the children, mingled with questions and parting injunctions. It was not until seated in the train that she discovered that one of the letters had been left behind. Which one? Just as she was about to break the seal of the one in her hand to see, she was struck by a sudden idea. Why not interpret this annoying circumstance as a plain indication of Fate, intended for her guidance? What a relief it would be to shift from herself all responsibility of decision, consult nobody, yet feel assured that the result of her action would be absolutely right! For Margaret, like many another otherwise sane woman, cherished blind faith in the righteous decrees of Destiny.

The longer she pondered this solution of her difficulty, the more its simplicity captivated her fancy. By the time she arrived in New York her mind was made up, and without hesitation she slipped the fateful missive into a post-box, and went her way, troubled only by the thought of the hours which must elapse before she could learn from the letter left at Morristown whether she had doomed herself to pursue to the bitter end her present vocation of "maiden sister," or to break gently to Charlie tidings of her new distinction as "bride-elect."

Breaking away from Helen and the children as soon as possible after her return, she ran upstairs, impatient to learn her fate.

The letter was gone—and diligent search, coupled with severe questioning of the children and servants, failed to reveal it. To say that Margaret was distressed inadequately describes her state of mind. She could not confide her trouble to Helen, who, sympathetic and kind, as she certainly was, had the reputation among her friends of being utterly tactless, and lacking in reserve.

Nothing remained but to make light of her loss, and endure as best she might, the tortures of suspense, until such time as the answer to her message should come to enlighten her. Fortunately she had given her New York address, and, as a reply could hardly be expected before such time as her visit would naturally end, she would make the most of the distractions Helen's hospitality provided.

* * *

When her visit was over and she was busied in restoring her belongings in their accustomed places in her own cosy rooms, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, how good home feels!" she thought. "Now, this very night, I'll tell Charlie all about it. He'll laugh at me, but he loves me, and it will be easier to wait if I can speak about it."

But she did not tell Charlie. One of his first remarks at dinner fairly took her breath away.

"Who do you suppose is in town, Margaret?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine. Who?"

"John Radcliffe!"

Margaret's heart stood still—then beat madly. Of course he had come in reply to her message—everything was right—she need not have doubted—Charlie's voice continued, and she forced herself to listen.

"I tried to bring him home with me to surprise you, but he hung back—said he might call before he left town—acted queer, somehow. Wasn't there something between you two before he went West? I always thought so, but I never knew."

"Nothing serious," Margaret replied. Then, fearing lest he discover her agitation:

"I'm sorry he did not come. Is he changed?" she asked.

"Yes, of course; the work he's done tells on a man. I didn't recognize him at first; he had to tell me who he was. He's worth knowing, Margaret; has accomplished big things, and is evidently one of the leading engineers of the West; but he's the same quiet old fellow; hates all conventionality and fuss, and is shy of women. If he comes here at all, it will be when he is sure of not running against other guests."

"Then he'll have to take his chance of finding me," said Margaret, affecting an indifference she was far from feeling.

"Oh, I'll just collar him some day and bring him along in spite of himself. You must certainly see him before he leaves."

Margaret shuddered. Suppose Charlie should "collar him"—how could she meet him, not knowing—and his hanging back and acting "queer" could admit of but one interpretation. She need have little fear of his coming.

The next morning, to escape the torment of her thoughts, Margaret made out a long shopping list, put a generous sum into her purse, and sallied forth to "make a day of it." But at noon she found herself almost at the end of her list, with the afternoon on her hands. She entered a little restaurant much frequented by shoppers, and ordered luncheon, resolving to prolong the disposal of it as long as possible. On the opposite side of the table sat a portly, heavily bearded man, who shoved his dishes into more restricted limits, and withdrew behind his morning paper, in which he was apparently absorbed. Margaret had hardly seated herself, and was waiting for her order to be filled, when a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Why, Margaret Bristol! How glad I am to find you here! I wanted to run up to see you, but I must hurry home. I needed some things for my dress-maker, and came for them rather than to write. I'll sit right here, and we can have a good visit." And Helen Anderson seated herself in the chair beside her.

They enjoyed their luncheon together, and continued to chat amicably until Helen inquired, after a fashion which rendered her at times odious to her warmest friends:

"How about the absent knight, my dear? Am I to congratulate you?"

"Oh, Helen, hush!" said Margaret, distressed. Rising, she hurried toward the entrance, too much annoyed to combat Helen's determination to pay the bill for both.

They parted just outside the door, Helen taking a ferry-bound car, and Margaret walking briskly up the avenue towards a department store where she intended to complete her purchases. The distance was considerable, and she was glad to rest awhile before claiming a clerk's attention. During this interval she discovered that her purse was missing, and immediately connected its loss with an act of the stranger at the restaurant. When she and Helen rose to leave the table, he had risen also, and had stepped forward as if to address them, but, after a moment's hesitation, had seated himself again. No doubt he had seen her drop her purse, and had an impulse to return it. By this time he was satisfied to have failed in his effort, she judged uncharitably, remembering the contents of the purse. The chance of recovering her property was slender, but, before calling up Charlie or the servants for car-fare, she would retrace her steps to the restaurant.

As she neared the place she was surprised to see approaching her the man she suspected of theft. He walked rapidly toward her, extending the purse, and greeting her joyfully.

"I have been hoping you would return, Miss Bristol," he said.

Margaret's pride took quick offense at his familiarity.

"Thanks," she said, taking the purse. "It would have been simpler to hand it to the manager," and abruptly walked away.

"Miss Bristol—Margaret—wait!" he urged; but, alarmed by his manner, vexed by his impertinence, she beckoned a passing car, and was lost to sight in the crowd inside. The stranger, with a determined expression, boarded the same car, and, easily avoiding Margaret's notice when she alighted, far up town, followed her home. After allowing an hour or more to pass, he rang, and was admitted.

Margaret, meanwhile, was seeking to compose her nerves by means of an afternoon nap. She was roused by her maid, who presented an ordinary business card. Margaret took it languidly, but sprang up hastily as she read:

JOHN RADCLIFFE,
Bailey Building, Seattle, Washington.

"Charlie must have sent him," she thought.

"Has Charlie come in yet, Maggie? Then show this gentleman into the library and ask him to wait. If Charlie comes before I'm dressed, let me know at once."

She dallied as long as possible, praying for Charlie to come. When, for very

shame, she could no longer postpone the interview, she descended to the library, and was met at the door by—the audacious stranger of the restaurant. She started back, bewildered.

"Why—what does this mean?" she demanded.

"Don't you know me, Margaret? Haven't you one word of welcome for me?"

"There must be some mistake. I do not know you—and I cannot understand—" she stammered.

"Perhaps you may recognize this," he said, taking from an inside pocket her own letter, addressed to John Radcliffe.

She could no longer doubt, but faltered, as she extended her hand in greeting.

"It is strange that Helen Anderson, who has known you so much longer, should have failed to recognize you."

"Not strange, after all these years—and Helen's recognition did not concern me," he replied, pointedly. "Being perplexed, I wanted to see you first alone, so ventured to come when I knew you were at home."

"Perplexed? But you had received my letter!" she hazarded, desperately.

"I had received your letters."

"Letters! I sent only one!"

"I received two."

"I only sent one!" she reiterated.

"This trifling is unworthy of you, Margaret." He took both letters and held them before her. "Which of these did you intend as a reply to mine?"

Not knowing which was which, she dared not designate either, for, during the weeks of suspense just passed, she had learned to know the desire of her own heart, and it remained steadfast, in spite of her present unfortunate position.

"I—don't—know!" she faltered.

"Don't know?"

Thus cornered, she confessed the device she had employed.

He was hurt, and showed it.

"You couldn't have cared, or you never would have done such a thing. I did care, but did not know what to think; so I called in the aid of Fate, too."

"How?" she demanded, eagerly.

"By the time-honored custom of flipping a penny. Heads, meant that I take your acceptance as the true message of your heart, come at once and get the bride I've waited for so long; tails, that—"

"But you came!" she interrupted.

"It was heads—and I came."

"Now, Margaret," he resumed, "which of these letters did you send me—which came by accident?"

"John, don't you see—I can't tell you! I daren't—"

"Then we're just where we started—"

"Unless we leave it to Fate once more," she suggested.

"How do you mean?"

"Destroy one of the letters—abide by the other."

He studied her averted face anxiously, reluctant to accept her suggestion seriously. She dared not meet his eyes, and he, reading determination in her silence, hastily tossed one of the letters into the glowing heart of the open fire. Together they watched it burn; then, drawing the other from its envelope, together they read—her rejection.

For an instant they stood, mutely gazing.

"I will not have it so!" he declared, passionately, extending his arms toward her.

She evaded him, dropping to her knees to rescue the envelope of the letter they had just read.

"It was a false message, John," she cried. "It went from Morristown. *Mine* was from New York."

"You're mine, Fate or no Fate!" he cried, clasping her at last in his arms. "She's a fickle jade at best."

"Who's a fickle jade?" asked Charlie, entering unannounced.

THE ART EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR

**An Interview with Frank Vincent Du Mond, Director
of Fine Arts at the Lewis and Clark Exposition**

UNUSUAL praise has been accorded Frank Vincent Du Mond in the selecting and hanging of the art exhibit at Lewis and Clark Exposition.

An artist of more than national repute himself, he has used his best judgment in gathering the exhibit, presenting a collection of works of art of a comprehensiveness that will probably not be equaled on the Pacific Coast before the next large exposition is held west of the Rocky Mountains. In the present article, Mr. Du Mond tells in his own words of the paintings which grace the walls of the long, low, vault-like art building on the Fair grounds. Mr. Du Mond says:

"The condensation of this exhibit has been a reactionary departure from the policies of past expositions, with the result that the display is in no way bewildering or beyond the possibility of human recollection. The proportion of works by masters is far higher than that of previous smaller events, and the standard of

excellence is, therefore, of necessity superior. Beside the quality of the exhibit, the educational possibilities are of great value. Works were selected which would best represent the numerous schools and movements, together with the transitions and other influences upon each other. Chronologically the exhibit begins with the early English, French and Dutch schools down through the present day. So far as has been possible, groups of from two to six works represent the different artists exhibiting, with a view to introducing them thoroughly in their various moods and phases. Painters of the impressionists school have, perhaps, never appeared stronger or to better advantage. Almost without exception they are all represented by well-chosen groups.

"Gallery A has been given over to Manet's three examples, which represent his development admirably. The celebrated 'Ecce Homo' and the portrait of Faure as Hamlet stand for the early and later part of his career. The former has the



Crowds throng into the low art building at the Fair all day long.

power and robust qualities gained from the ideas of the old masters and the school of 1830, while the portrait of Faure, though highly spirited and dramatic, is in the thin and less sublime vein of the modern French school. The third example by Manet is a very fine landscape full of sustained tone, that has the solidity and figure of his early period. Claude Monet appears also to very great advantage in his group of five canvases, showing the changes of ideas which have marked out the path of his development and career. 'La Route de Chailly' is a famous example of his earlier manner while still influenced by the ideas of the school of 1830. 'The Sea,' 'The Late Afternoon' and 'The Poplars' are all well-known series of efforts which have dominated his later expressions, 'The Poplars' in particular being a very vital rendering of illuminated, living nature. The groups by Pissarro, Twachman, Sisley, Mary Cassat, D'Espagnat, Canals, Moret, Maufray, Hassam, Theodore Robinson and Weir form striking elements of Gallery A. The work of the last three named is rich in variation of mood and is indicative of great interest in the many phases of nature. In this same gallery are three splendid works of Puvis De Chavannes, namely, 'The Chant du Berger,' 'Le Faucheur' and 'Maternity.' This last, though smaller than the others, is most impressive and beautiful. All three canvases pronounce unmistakably the fact that this great decorator differed from at least all his contemporaries in that the decorations, while masterpieces as decorations, show him also to be a great epoch poet. There are here besides most interesting examples by Boudin, Frank W. Benson, Robert Reid, Philip L. Hall and Hugh Breckenridge.

"Passing into Gallery B, the mood occasioned by the intimate enjoyment of the impressionists' pictures immediately gives way to the influence of the older masters. This gallery is rich in a fine collection of Barbizon pictures, amongst which is the celebrated 'Man With the Hoe' by Millet. This picture has not been seen publicly for many years and was loaned to this exhibit by Mrs. W. H. Crocker, of San Francisco. Few pictures have ever been so widely known and so popular as this one, and yet all that has been said or written about it fail abso-

lutely to touch the heart of its impressiveness or to set forth its solemnity. Even with masters the production of so masterly a work is most rare. This picture is the epitome of peasant labor, more real than any one individual peasant condition in nature. It is not realistic to the extent of illustrating the material. It seems to be the temperamental result of a dominating point of view and a deep absorption in the emotional significance of the motive. That great insatiable desire to say the vital truth in its greatest and most general sense was the influence which guided the poet-painter infallibly from the realistic to the real, selecting unerringly from the vast bewildering mazes of beautiful, distracting, seductive nature those few vital steps to its very heart and the fountain head of its desire. The tired peasant leaning upon his heavy tool, and with lips apart gazing into the light rises far above a particular character or model, and symbolizes peasant toil.

"On the opposite wall of Gallery B is a 'Madonna and Child' by Rubens. The picture is a revelation, a beautiful, warm, glowing color, and is a magnificent composition. Another 'Madonna and Child' of great beauty and sentiment is by Jan Lievens. The types are essentially Dutch and the painting very rich in tone and color. There are numbers of other very fine Dutch paintings in this gallery. Amongst the landscapes in Gallery B is an exquisite 'Bay of Naples' by J. M. W. Turner. It is in his best manner, and possesses all of his wonderful qualities of atmospheric space and delicacy of color. The sky suggests the illimitable and domes majestically over a landscape and sea of infinite depth. There are besides fine canvases by Crome and Constable, two beautiful examples each of Corot, Diaz and Michel, while Courbet is represented by a group of five and Monticelli by a group of three. There are also fine examples of Dupre, Rousseau, Inness, Keith, Dearth, Arthur Dawson, Gedney Bunce, Arthur Matthews, Chase and Rook. Some of the figure pictures in this gallery are by Romney, Monticelli, Nettling, Whistler, Pourbus, later and younger, Watteau, Diaz, Courbet, Bonvin, Delacroix, John Lewis Brown and D. R. Gauley. As examples of portraiture, there is a handsome family portrait by Thomas de Keyser and four



Gallery F, looking into Gallery G.

very vital works by Robert Henri. There are also a number of paintings of animals, amongst which is one by Paul Potter, an exquisite small painting of horses. There are also three very fine samples by Troyon, a wonderful canvas by Cuyp, together with one each by Howe, Wiggins and Walter Griffin. Some very choice pictures of still life are by Wilem Kalf, Valon and Bonvin.

"Much of the end of the wall in Gallery C is occupied by a group by George de Forest Brush, the center of which is a large circular picture of a family group beautifully composed with great refinement and reserve, while the drawing, texture, color and values are suggestive of the greatest fidelity to nature, yet they seem to have been so directed by a strong sense of the beautiful and the poetic that the sense of the whole work is pronouncedly ideal, and not at all material. Flanking this picture to the right is the celebrated portrait of 'Lady Hamilton' by Romney. It is a handsome example of early English portraiture, and has all the delightful charm of the painting of the period when the art was in its zenith. Cabinet photographs, sweetly tinted Christ-

mas cards and calendars, together with the habits of study making and methods of painting, born of the requirements of the modern so-called art school, have so undermined even common sense that there seems to be a demand for and a production of the stupidly imitative and for the sweet and sentimental photographic maps of features. Assuredly the wonderful discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds are for the most part entirely forgotten.

"On the extreme left of the same wall is another splendid example of early English portrait painting by Sir William Beechy. Still others by contemporaneous painters are those by Robert Vonnoh, William M. Chase, Irving Wiles, Thomas Anshutz, Hugo Ballin, and a very beautiful example by Wyatt Eaton entitled 'Reverie.' Among the many good landscapes are those by George Innes, A. H. Wyant, Albert L. Groll, F. V. Du Mond. Charles Warren Eaton, Frank De Haven and W. D. Paddock. There are also a number of interesting figure compositions shown by George de Forest Brush, C. C. Curran, Henry S. Hubbell, Kenyon Cox, F. V. Du Mond, William Glackens and W. D. Paddock. In the entrance, which

is a part of Gallery C, are to be noted a very large canvas by Gustave Courbet entitled 'Les Demoiselles du Village,' superb in color and tone, and a fine example by J. L. David, which presents a family group. There are also two interesting portraits by William M. Chase, and one each by Douglas Volk and J. Carroll Beckwith.

"Gallery D has a brilliant display of fine landscapes. They are made up of groups by our celebrated American masters. George Inness is represented by three superb pictures, namely the celebrated 'Storm on the Delaware,' 'Summer Medfield,' and a 'Silver Morning.' These pictures are all very large ones, and are the productions of different periods in the artist's career. In this gallery are also two strong examples by Wyant, one of which is the very large spontaneous rendering of white birches in a golden autumn wood, a canvas which is being shown publicly for the first time. The other example of this artist is of a very fine quality in its deep rich color tones. It is a splendid rendering of a bold landscape against a sunset sky. Ben Foster, Emil Carlsen, Edward A. Rook, Will Robinson and Walter Nettleton are seen in this gallery to very great advantage. Among the figure pictures are two beautiful canvases by Thomas W. Dewing, entitled 'The Garden' and 'Woman in Purple and Green,' both wrought in this artist's exquisite manner and sensitive feeling for the delicate. There is a characteristic group by E. Irving Couse, a lovely, spirited canvas figure composition by F. Louis Mora; Douglas Volk shows two representative portrait pictures; Edward Potthast a very luminous, interesting picture of 'The Boat Builder's Shop,' from which is seen brilliantly lighted Stillwater Bay. The most individual display is the group by Arthur B. Davies, whose compositions seem to be, through their dispositions of color line, tone and various technical elements, symbolical suggestions of his emotional interest in his various motives. Walter Shirlaw shows a Brittany pastoral in this gallery.

"The centers of the side walls of Gallery E contain two large and important canvases, one by Horatio Walker, and the other by Charles H. Davis. Mr. Walker's picture, entitled 'Plowing in Arcadia,'

has a most vigorous and forceful presentation of three powerful horses straining at the plow. All irrelevant details and accessories have been forgotten and eliminated, while the elements most expressive of the desired power seem to have been aptly woven into this fine expression. Mr. Davis' canvas is a wonderful achievement in respect to its sense of infinity of space. The great depth of perspective suggested through the wonderful gradation and modulation of tone and color, together with the unusual comprehension and drawing of cloud forms, is truly masterly. The great dome of sky over the landscape is rarely so well rendered. Chas. H. Woodbury also shows a large canvas, which is entitled 'North Atlantic.' It is charged with salt air, and impresses one with the ponderous heaving and swells of the fathomless dark ocean. Winslow Homer's 'Cape Trinity, Saguenay' is an elemental presentation of bold bluffs, rippling moonlit water, with somewhat colorless deep tone, a sharp contrast which seems to convey the idea of sternness and severity. D. W. Redfield is well represented by his 'Boothbay Harbor' and the 'Three Boats.' J. Francis Murphy and W. Gedney Bunce have each contributed large and important canvases in rich golden tones. There is a fine dramatic rendering of a thunder storm by Allen B. Talcott, and an interesting picture by Paul Dougherty, entitled 'The Towers of Energy,' which depicts New York City and the Hudson with a view to rendering a feeling of vital activity. Reynolds and Gifford Beal, Will Howe Foot, Lewis Cohen, H. R. Poore, Will Robinson, Emil Carlsen and Jules Turcas each have representative groups. A picture of very personal qualities and splendid atmospheric effect is by Charlotte Coman. Interesting figure compositions in this gallery are by John Lewis Brown, Frederick Frieseka, Howard Gardner Cushing and Charles W. Hawthorne. Alphone Jongers shows two portraits which are rich in color, and have the rare quality of solid volume.

"As central points in the wall of Gallery F are two large and handsome canvases, one by John Alexander, entitled 'Memories,' and the other by Hugo Ballin, catalogued as 'The Pastoral.' They are both symbolical and decorative. Alexander's is characteristically fine in line

and in mat color, while the pastoral of Ballin has much poetry of tone, color and design. It is quite a reposeful achievement. Mr. Sartain has a dignified group, from which one of his latest works, entitled 'Aqueduct, Algeria,' glows forth impressively. Charles Melville Dewey, Leonard Ochtman, George H. Bogert, Louis Paul Dessar, Henry B. Snell, Edward H. Potthast, F. Ballard Williams and Paul Cornoyer contribute important landscapes. Figure compositions of interest are by James Tissot, Ballard Williams, William Sergeant Kendall, F. Louis Mora, Janet Wheeler, Louise Cos, and Kenyon Cox shows a very small and beautiful painted nude figure. Alexander Harrison is represented by his 'Summer Sea,' and Colin Campbell Cooper by a spirited picture of the 'Ferries, New York.' In this gallery are also three fine portraits by Robert Brandegee, and a group of cattle pictures by Carleton Wiggins, in which the 'Holstein Cow' forms a brilliant center.

"The last of the series, gallery G, has a large number of important works. It is here that Rousseau is seen at his best, being represented by one of his liquid

glowing sunsets, against which is banked a glorious bouquet of oaks. Corot, too, is seen to great advantage in a fine-toned, solidly painted landscape. There is also one of the very fine choice small pictures by Millet, 'The Sheperdess,' which was brought to this country by William M. Hunt, one of America's first admirers and disciples of the Barbizon school. This picture seems to possess a religious sentiment, through its quiet impressiveness. Blakelock, George Fuller, Jules Dupre, Alfred Stevens and George Washington are all represented by beautiful examples. Amongst the figures and portraits, first of all is a wonderful head of Lembach. There is a charming portrait in white by Thomas W. Dewing, and a fine canvas by Blommers, representing children playing in the surf. Besides these are good portraits by George de Forest Brush, Jules Lefebvre, Herman D. Murphy, J. Alden Weir, D. Y. Cameron and Howard Gardner Cushing. Arthur F. Matthews, Leonard Ochtman, William Keith, J. Francis Murphy, Robertson Mygatt and Charles Vezin make an interesting display of landscapes.



Gallery B, which contains some of the most valuable pictures in the exhibit, including "The Man With the Hoe."



Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as she appears in Sardou's powerful drama, "The Sorceress."

MRS. FISKE AND LEAH KLESCHNA

By Frank Branch Riley

AN absorbingly interesting drama, boldly fashioned out of new and unfamiliar material; a brilliant array of characterizations by players of superior intelligence and skill; a production of rare pictorial beauty, embellished by countless accessories of real artistic value—such is

“Leah Kleschna,” and the presentation of it by Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company. In any season, however important, such a performance could not fail to awaken great interest, and it was not surprising that it should have a positively exhilarating effect on the Western playgoer, grown lethargic in a season singu-



Mrs. Fiske, the American Emotional Actress.

larly barren of artistic successes.

Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, the author of the breezy "Belle of New York," turned with serious purpose to the making of "Leah Kleschna." Mrs. Fiske, herself a playwright, assisted materially in its construction, and is practically a collaborator. The play is simple and forcible. It has the fleet action, the thrilling suspense, the sharp surprise of melodrama, and none of its outworn situations. Though abundantly supplied with incident, it is not alone a story play. Throughout the five closely-related acts the spectator is made to think and feel. The drama has a message at times so eloquently proclaimed as to electrify the dullest nature. As in "Resurrection," so here there is a psychological development of the chief character, and the regeneration of Tolstoy's heroine is not more vividly, more sympathetically revealed than is the moral awakening of the wretched Leah.

Story of the Play As a literary achievement Mr. McLellan's play hardly escapes mediocrity. There are indeed many lines that please the ear for their cleverness and grace, there are some phrases of rare beauty, and the atmosphere of at least one scene is vitalized by several passages of great dignity, virility, and power. But it is for its acting qualities that the play has commanded attention, and upon these its life depends.

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Kleschna, the strong, fascinating figure that dominates so many of the scenes, is a master thief, the devoted but misguided father of Leah, whom he has consistently trained for a life of crime. The girl, whose heart has already been quickened with the aspiration for better things, goes reluctantly, by direction of her father, to rob the house of Paul Sylvaïne, an altruistic young deputy of France. Surprised at her work by Sylvaïne himself, she discovers with great emotion that he is the man who one time by an act of heroism had saved her life. Here in a situation of great dramatic intensity. Sylvaïne,

Leah Sees a Great Light who feels only pity for his prisoner, saves her from arrest, stirs her with the realization of her wrong, and inspires her with the hope of reformation. Leah goes back to the streets and to the home of her



Clara Bloodgood in her new play by Clyde Fitch, "The Coronet of the Duchess."

father, where in a scene tremulous with pathos and sombre with tragedy, the girl forever passes out from the dominion of Kleschna's strong, misguided mind, wrenches her heart from his stern keeping, and goes out alone into the great light of a new world.

Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of Leah was an exhibition of the truest art. In full sympathy with the part, she played it seemingly with the soul of the girl within her, every look and action the result of real feeling, nothing counterfeit, and nothing done for the sake of acting. The daring and cunning, the acute perception of the professional thief, the dawning realization of her wretched fate, the conflicting emotions of love and revulsion for her father,

the purifying effect of the meeting with Sylvaine, the wild struggle to rise from the depths, and the quiet peace which comes with her success—all were depicted with such sincerity and rare fidelity as must leave no doubt of the supreme ability of this truly great actress.

It goes without saying that there is an absence of theatricalism in everything that Mrs. Fiske does. She is never caught "acting" in the mechanical sense of the word. She is as far above histrionic hocus-pocus as Sargent is above the making of comic supplements. Mannerisms she has, but not affectations. The familiar nervous, decisive gestures, constantly recurring, the abrupt, rapid-fire stacatto of her delivery, the sometimes throaty, covered quality of her voice are unconscious externals which often the more strongly reveal the remarkable temperament of this woman who is always in earnest.

In the much-talked-of fourth act, heavy with requirements, Mrs. Fiske reaches the

top of her performance. Anxiously, breathlessly, the spectator watches the contest between the ominously determined father and Leah. The scene is surcharged with repressed anger, defiance, and desperation which threatens to break all bounds. We behold the unlifted soul of the girl blaze forth, see her in open rebellion, and at last victorious, while Kleschna staggers under his first failure. Mrs. Fiske and the three admirable men who lift the scene to such proportions were inexpressibly thrilling and convincing.

The last glimpse of Leah haunts the memory of the playgoer. Standing on the threshold of freedom, broken-hearted in her triumph, she gazes back with streaming eyes at her renounced father, stifling her sobs to utter the last good-bye. "Poor old Dad, you never saw the true light, did you? Will it ever shine out to you? If it ever does, believe it and follow it; it's your only hope of peace in this world."



"Twelfth Night," as given by the Ben Greet company of English players. The stage-setting is that of the Elizabethan period.



Madonita.

MADONITA

By J. Smeaton Chase

MADONITA sat listening to her stricken mother babbling feverishly of her girlhood and the days at the San Xavier Mission. She was so weak from lack of food and drink that her little head grew light, but an inspiration came to her that perhaps she, though only a child, could save the whole Indian village from starving and the devastating fever and that help lay in the direction of that far-off mission where her mother was raised and she was baptized.

When morning came she slipped from the house, without even telling Sinyela, her father, and went away across the mesa. She was going to bring Padre Sisto to help her people. Like Joan of Arc, she heard only her voices; and thought not, knew not, that she was weak with want, weak with ignorance of the way, knowing not even how long her journey might be. She had not eaten since midday of the day before, and then but a handful of meal, but her Indian instinct came to her aid.

She walked quickly, and sometimes ran, for she knew that she could travel fast only before the sun reached its power. Once or twice she stopped to look back at

the village, and then again sped on, with the one thought throbbing in her mind, always, always. The little lizards that started up and ran like shadows before her seemed to try to hasten her steps. The sun pursued her, overtook her, and then seemed to beckon her forward. The trail stretched winding before her, and was lost in the wide and barren plain.

At noon she stopped to rest, under a huge rock that cast a fringe of shadow near the trail, and the sleepless night, and the drowsy heat, at once overcame her, and she fell asleep. In her sleep she dreamed that she was in the great church at the mission, and someone, whom she knew not, held her by the hand and led her up the long aisle towards the altar, where lights were shining like the stars, all just as her mother had told her. She turned to tell the one who led her, and lo! when she looked up at her, she saw that she carried on her arm a child, a boy, with eyes that were like deep, deep pools of water, calm and clear. She knew that it was the Blessed Virgin and El Mino, and that they had come to help her; and so she awoke.

The Virgin remained with her there through the long night and day following, guiding her seemingly across the mesa,



Mission San Xavier del Bac.

until on the second morning Madonita could hear the faint sound of a bell. She went towards it and in the evening could hear it plainer. She traveled late into the night, and in the morning thought she saw a long, long way before her, far across the yellow plain, a great house, with a high tower, higher than a tall tree; and she remembered that her mother had told her of the great tower of the mission, from which one might see all the country round about. And she prayed that it should be the great mission. Ever it became plainer, and came nearer, and she knew that the Blessed Virgin had helped her, and that she should save her people.

* * *

"Daughter! Madonita!" cried the padre; "is it thou? Where is thy mother? How camest thou here? and why?"

But not yet could she speak. She took his hand and put it, Indian-like, to her forehead. The padre, astonished, could see how pitifully worn was her frame, and putting his hand in his accustomed way on her head, he asked again, "Tell me what has happened, Madonita!"

That night Madonita lay in a white, cool bed, such as the Indian child had never before seen, but she knew naught of it, and in mind was still on her long journey. Fever was burning up the life in the little body; and the accumulated fatigue of the past days, and the want of many weeks, filled her limbs with torture, so that the body could take no rest, from the exceeding need of it. All at the mission heard her story, and the hands were

very gentle that ministered to her. The padre had left the mission with corn and other necessities for the people of the mesa, but Madonita heard not the heavy wagons as they rolled away from the granary, and knew not, in her fever, that she, little Madonita, had saved her people.

Within two weeks Padre Sisto returned, bringing good news of the mesa pueblo; though some were dead, he had been able to save the lives of many, and among them, Madonita's father and mother. Rains were near, and the pueblo lay no longer in the shadow of death.

Madonita, now free of the fever, but very weak, listened with little interest to the padre's words; with the fulfillment of her mission, a change came on the child.

Again the listlessness came upon her, and would not be shaken off, and the padre grieved sorely over his little favorite, knowing that she was to pay with her life for her heroism.

* * *

Among the many crosses that stand under the hill at the top of the mesa by the pueblo there is one higher than the others. Beneath it lies Madonita, and upon it Padre Sisto has had cut some words in Latin. And when, on the fiestas, as he says the services before his people, they hear his voice tremble, and see him look over towards the little campo santo under the hill, as he reads the words, "For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The pueblo crosses itself, and murmurs "It is Madonita."



"Among the crosses that stand under the hill at the top of the mesa, there is one higher than the rest."

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Tourmaline in California

Tourmaline has been discovered in San Diego County, California, in quantities making it well worth while mining. It is attaining high commercial value and the securing of it is becoming a profitable business in the districts in Southern California in which it is found.

Tourmaline is remarkable for the number and variety of the elements of which it is composed. No other gem stone has such a variety of colors. The tourmalines of San Diego County are noted for their color groupings as they are for their hardness and brilliancy. This peculiar brilliancy of the tourmalines found in San Diego County has rendered them su-

perior as gem material to tourmalines found in any other locality. It is now reported upon good authority that San Diego County within the next three years will be producing 95 per cent of the tourmaline of the world.

At Mesa Grande, San Diego County, crystals are found in a quartz and granite formation. The mines of this district are producing gems of great value, and Mr. C. O. McCarroll of Mesa Grande is supposed to have discovered the largest individual piece of tourmaline in the world.

Prince Henry of Prussia recently purchased for \$30,000, through an agent, a wonderful tourmaline which the original



Largest known piece of Tourmaline found in San Diego County, California. Reduced one half.

finder, Wesley Wright of Bethel, Maine, formerly found kicking about a country road. Prince Henry saw it on his American tour and mentally resolved to purchase it if it could be bought.

The large gem found by Mr. McCarroll weighs not less than 14,880 carats. Unfortunately the coloring is not so desirable as the one purchased by Prince Henry. It is remarkable, however, for its large size, and without a question of a doubt other large gems will be found on the same property.

A perfect tourmaline gem of a green color slightly tinged with blue and weighing sixty-eight and a quarter carats was procured by Tiffany & Co. for a large price. This gem may be classed as the largest green tourmaline in the world, which has been cut and polished and its value is difficult to estimate.

The first discovery of tourmaline was by some children in Holland, who were playing near a stream which, by forming an eddy, deposited the washings of a mineralized region.

Tourmaline was later reproduced into jewels and a number of fine gems were



A dog-on self-lined pumpkin.

found in this locality, but no great mine was discovered.

In 1898 Mr. Frank Wright of San Diego discovered tourmaline north of Mesa Grande in the following way:



A barrack on a Los Angeles pigeon farm.



A California live oak.

Professor Orcott, who discovered lythia in the same locality and also springs which were highly impregnated with lythia water, thought of securing this mineral for commercial purposes, and in this way a few tourmalines were found. Mr. Frank Wright secured some of these gems and sent them to Tiffany at New York to have them cut.

After examination by Tiffany a few good stones were cut and pronounced tourmalines of the highest quality. At the present time three large properties are being extensively worked at Mesa Grande, San Diego County, and these mines are furnishing the trade with the tourmaline which is on the market today. One of the properties comprises something like eighty acres, and is in the charge of Mr. J. Goodman Braye. Mr. Braye is known as the Tourmaline King, a title that he gave himself. Large quantities of gems have been mined on the property. Perhaps the largest tourmaline property in the world, and certainly the largest in San Diego County, is the one known as the Mesa Grande tourmaline mines. This property is in charge of Mr. McCarroll, and it is on this property that



The meditation gallery of a Southern California mission.

the large piece of tourmaline was found.

The land itself is a picturesque locality in San Diego County. A magnificent view of the Pacific can be had; it is wooded with umbrageous trees of live oak and white oak and a number of never failing springs, three of which contain lythia.



Jetty-to Spring, a water hole near Keam's Canyon, Arizona.

VENICE IN CALIFORNIA

A BEAUTIFUL dream city, Venice in America, is being built within fourteen miles of Los Angeles. Its founder, Abbott Kinney, hopes to aid in the elevation of mankind by making the surroundings of human life as free from sordidness as possible.

The work that has already been accomplished and still remains to be done to complete the building of the Dream City is here told by Frank Peltret, who is the managing editor of Mr. Kinney's paper, the Los Angeles Saturday Post, and in close touch with the ideals and aims of the founder:

"The Venice of America presents a quaint and singularly harmonious combination of the new-world progress and old-world architectural ideals," writes Mr. Peltret. "It derives its name from its canal and Rio system married to the great Pacific. The Rio system is so arranged that the water in the canals changes twice daily with the ocean tide. The pure salt water running through the canals acts as a germicide and guarantees the health of the city.

"The business section of Venice lies between the canal section and the ocean, a distance of some seven hundred feet. The name of the principal business street is Windward Avenue. At its foot, built out in the ocean, are the pleasure pier, a pavilion, the auditorium and a ship hotel. Many of the buildings on Windward Avenue are now completed, and when all are finished the street will have no equal in beauty and harmony of architecture in the United States. Like the famous Rue de Rivoli in Paris, it is arcaded its entire length.

"On the northwest corner of Windward Avenue is the Hotel Saint Marks, and next to it the Hunt Building, both exquisite specimens of architecture. On the southeast corner, a seven-story hotel is building. It extends a block to the south and will be fitted up as a first-class hostelry. Among other unique features,

its guests will be supplied with hot and cold salt water tub baths, and filtered ice water will be piped into every room. This hotel is being constructed by a syndicate headed by David Evans of Salt Lake.

"The Auditorium is built over the ocean some seven hundred feet from shore. It has a seating capacity of 3,700, and this may be greatly increased at will. This is done by lifting drop sashes, thus converting the Auditorium into an open air pavilion and annexing a promenade that is twenty-five feet wide. In this Auditorium the Venice Assembly, conducted under the presidency of Benjamin Fay Mills, has been holding sessions. Some of the most distinguished public speakers in the country have already addressed the Assembly. The acoustic qualities of this building are so perfect that, notwithstanding its size, an ordinary speaking voice will carry into every corner of it. It possesses one of the finest pipe organs on the Pacific Coast. This is to be fitted up with pipes for a bird chorus and a thunderstorm effect.

"These buildings are to be protected by a breakwater which is now building. This is the only breakwater ever constructed by a private citizen of the United States on either ocean. It will be several hundred feet long with a ninety-foot base and a fourteen-foot apex, and will cost approximately \$125,000. The breakwater will give to Venice an absolutely safe harbor, and furnish adequate protection for the costly buildings constructed over the ocean. It will take 72,000 tons of rock to finish it, and its broad top is to be turned into a promenade which at night will be beautifully illuminated with colored lights.

"Among the interesting features of Venice is a 'Frolic' pier. On this there is building a vaudeville theater, and it will also be a seat of novel attractions similar to those which are to be found in all large expositions.

"All of the canal section of Venice is reserved for residences. Each canal has its own distinct flower color scheme, and to provide the plants for this purpose, the Venice Nurseries have been established

under the superintendency of Robert Armstrong, one of the most skillful nurserymen in the West, who has now thousands of plants in hotbeds, soon to be put in place along the canals. Each house along the canal is to be provided with its private waterway into which to row the gondola.

"Venice has a society of property owners which provides, among other things, a telephone system for fire and police protection, and a day and night service to secure aid in any emergency. The officer on watch can reach any portion of the guarded district in a few moments, a red light notifying him that he is wanted.

"The society also provides for milk and food inspection and for the care of the premises of absentee owners. A miniature railway circles the canal section, serving as an amusement for the young and as a practical utility for adults.

"In Venice, liberty will reign supreme. Its public buildings will be ever open to every one who has a message for his fellow men. It matters not whether he be Jew or Gentile, Christian or Heathen, Buddhist or Mohammedan. It matters not whether he is filled with the wrongs of capital and the rights of labor, or the wrongs of labor and the rights of capital, whether he be socialist or individualist, monarchist or democrat; all shall have an equal hearing there."

"The plan of Venice," writes Mr. Kinney, "is to please and improve the body, the mind and the soul of man. The body is considered in the gymnasium, sanitary exercise cure, the bathhouse, sea bathing, ozone-charged air, boating, fishing, and in the pure foods and hygienic diets.

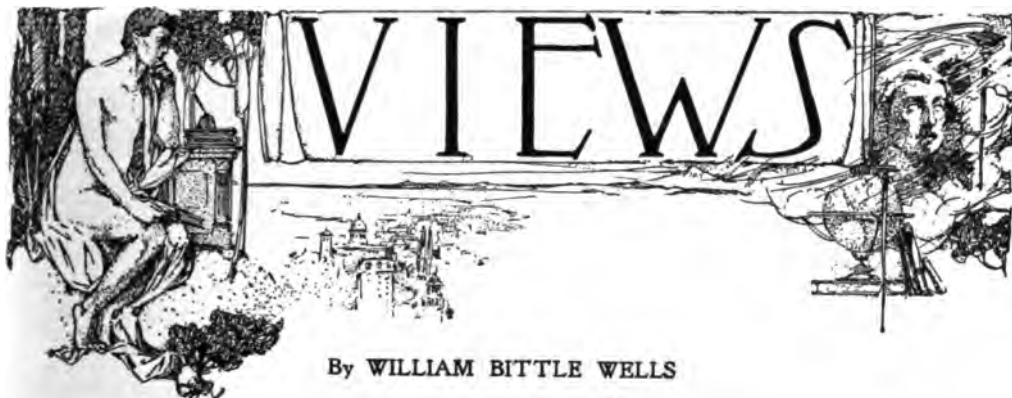
"The mind is considered in the superior educational courses and in the national congresses. The talent of the world will be drawn on in their enterprise to increase the intellectual horizon of our humanity and to improve our minds.

"The Venice of America aims to furnish beautiful and beneficial conditions for home life. A standard of harmony, progress, and fellowship will be continually sought for in the homes and inhabitants and enterprises of Venice. The Venice of America enterprise seeks to provide the most beautiful and the most complete home residence city in the whole world. An especial feature will be the reasonableness of the cost.



Mrs. George Sibley was one of the pioneer settlers of Venice. She has amassed a considerable fortune by the rapid increase in the value of real estate.

"The wonderful increase in values of real estate in Venice is almost beyond belief. Not many years ago the entire stretch of sand just below the site of Venice could have been purchased for a few thousand dollars. Recently a strip of this sand, known as the Silver Strand, and representing 3,800 feet frontage on a picturesque lagoon, was divided into building lots. In a sale extending over seven hours, nearly \$300,000 worth of these lots was sold. In Venice lots which last November were put on the market at \$500 and \$600, are now selling for \$4,000 and \$5,000. To one unfamiliar with conditions in and about Ocean Park, this rapid increase in values would seem to be the result of some wild boom. Such is not the case. The substantial character of the improvements being placed on the property refutes this supposition. It all means but one thing—people are beginning to place a true value on the matchless year-round climate of this region, and to appreciate the splendid spirit of advancement and improvement evidenced by the progressive citizens who have lent all their efforts to make it an ideal place in which to spend one's days."



By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS

The Mission of Japan

In 1902 Great Britain announced to the world through the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that Japan had become a "world power." Less than fifty years had passed since Commodore Perry compelled Japan, "in opposition to Japanese law," to give up her policy of isolation, admitting foreigners to Japan and negotiating treaties with foreign countries. Each of these actions has had a far reaching, perhaps an inestimable, influence upon the history of mankind as well as upon Japan itself. The fortunes of America and England have thus been strangely linked together with those of Japan. Yet, a fact of greater significance, if possible, is the record of Japan during the past fifty years. Herein lies one of the wonders and surprises of civilization. Such splendid leadership and progress as that which characterized Japan during this time has not been excelled in all history. When Great Britain broke her policy of isolation and entered into an alliance with Japan, the first alliance of white and yellow nations, the move was one of surprise, not so much because of the change in policy by England as the fact that Japan was selected as an ally. At that time the world had no real conception of the progress of Japan or the characteristics of her people. It is true that the war between China and Japan opened the eyes of the world to the remarkable efficiency of the Japanese army and navy, but the real awakening to the fixed purposes of Japan came to the students of warfare when the armies of the allies were fighting together in China at the time of the boxer troubles. The world was in a measure, therefore, prepared for the campaign which Japan was likely to carry out in her struggle with Russia, but even with her record before Peking as a criterion, the world was amazed at the consummate mastery of the situation which Japan has exhibited, both on land and on sea. The judgment of Great Britain in selecting Japan as an ally has, therefore, been vindicated.

What, then, is to be the ultimate mission and destiny of a nation which as a whole has shown such a remarkable grasp of the essentials and has made such stupendous progress in less than fifty years? The note of warning as to the "yellow peril" has been sounded again and again. Such a theory can be dismissed with slight consideration. That there is a certain commercial danger, however, is not to be denied. Japan is undoubtedly making great progress along commercial lines, but in the struggle for the supremacy of the Pacific she is hopelessly outclassed by America. But Japan's political interests are paramount in the Orient. Japan may well, therefore, promulgate an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine. Of all the nations on earth she is best fitted to cope with Asiatic conditions, both climatic and temperamental. That Japan would ever be so foolish as to become ambitious and attempt to secure the Philippines, as has been stated is not conceivable. American supremacy of the Pacific is, therefore, not threatened by the great Oriental empire which Japan must of necessity build up if she is to make the most of her "manifest destiny." On the other hand, the education of the vast hordes of China along western lines and the introduction of western foods will be brought about by the extension of the Japanese Empire. This means greater demand for American products, and greater possibilities for the Pacific Coast. As we see the matter, therefore, the great mission of Japan is to solve the Oriental problem of civilization and religion; of civilization, because the Japanese are best fitted of any peoples to meet the problem in a practical way and solve it for the best interests of humanity; of religion because the enlightenment of Japan and her tremendous progress means eventually the Christianization of the empire, which in turn shall mean that Christianity in Asia will receive an impetus that could be attained, perhaps, by no other means. It has been said that the mission of Japan is to appeal to the aesthetic side of men's natures, to become the beautiful, the restful spot on earth where man may have surcease from the strenuousness of life. This has even been suggested by some of the great statesmen of Japan, but it seems to us that Japan's mission is immeasurably greater, brighter, better. She has a mission to perform in the world of the Orient, just as America has had her mission to perform. That the Japanese are equal to the great task which is set before them is the verdict of all who have made even a superficial study of this remarkable nation.

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

What is called "envy" is generally the instinct for justice

Pirates

I believe no right-minded person who has read even a little of those very fragmentary reports which we name History, would object to being called "Pirate." Kidd, Morgan and Blackbeard were unlovely characters of freebooting propensities, thus the word usually implies some reproach, though the same freebooting acts done under cover of law raise men to eminence. On the other hand, Admiral John Paul Jones, whose mere bones have been brought to this country today in a sort of idolatry, better given to his name than to his bones, was called a "Pirate." Sir Francis Drake was called a "Pirate" by the Spanish, but to Queen Elizabeth he was her Incomparable Admiral.

Traitor too, is a hard term. Yet, George Washington was branded with it. As for rebel—why, the rebels of the world are such a host that I cannot even hint at them. Oliver Cromwell and Benjamin Franklin are mere examples. John Brown was hung by due process of law for a rebel and a rioter, a leader of a mob. Today, it is said, his soul is marching on.

* * *

The Press and Odessa Mutiny

Pirate, traitor, rebel, and such like words, depend on time and circumstances whether they be of praise or reproach. But I was surprised to see the very general tone of hatred which ran through our press in comments on the uprising in Odessa, and the mutiny of the Kniaz Potemkin. There is no objection to the use of the words "mutiny" or "rebellion"—they simply describe the fact of a revolt against organized authority. They mark an effort to overthrow tyranny and to arrive at justice. We of English blood ought to set up altars at Runnymede, Marston Moor and Bunker Hill to the worship of Rebellion and Mutiny; by them we have inherited all that makes life worth living and by them others in other lands and our children shall inherit more and more freedom.

* * *

Russian Patriots

When I think of Russia's despotism, her salt mines and Siberian wastes, her voiceless dungeons under the Neva, her peasantry treated like cattle, Omilchuck shot down in cold blood because he dared to voice a plea for food, artisans and shopkeepers of Odessa mowed down by machine guns, plighted word broken, and men who had surrendered on the faith marched out in squads of fifty and shot to death, insolent Grand Dukes and feudal aristocracy repeating the old tyrannies of France, I wonder at our intelligent journalistic headlines—"The Pirates Forced to Surrender; Fifty of the Ring Leaders Shot. More of the Rebels to Be Executed as an Example." "Machine Guns and Cossacks mowing down the mob of rebels in Odessa. Quiet will soon be restored."

The quiet of the graveyard!

Now, for myself, I would have called all these people patriots, long suffering martyrs. But that is what today's "Pirates" and "Rebels" will mean in after times, and the intelligent journalist will still discover them.

Only out of change comes progress. Only out of revolt comes freedom.





Peace Envoys Meet

Japan has made her demands on Russia as the price of peace and it looks as if the Czar or his people could never be induced to make such concessions as those demanded. M. Witte undoubtedly knew about what Japan would ask when he left Russia to act as peace envoy and probably never expected any result. He traveled half way round the world in one direction, while Baron Komura traveled the other way to meet on the Atlantic seaboard of America, be the guests of President Roosevelt and hold a conference in such a matter-of-fact, businesslike place as the general storerooms of the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

The bolus which Baron Komura had prepared for Russian consumption lacked none of the bitter ingredients that could be included. The chief items were the reimbursement of the expenses sustained by the Japanese in the prosecution of war and the cession of the Island of Sakhalin, but there were other distasteful things included. When M. Witte heard the list of these his heart must have failed him. They are: Cession of the Russian leases of Liaotung Peninsula, comprising Port Arthur and Dalny; evacuation of Manchuria, retrocession to China of privileges there and recognition of open door; cession of Chinese Eastern Railway beyond Harbin; recognition of Japanese protectorate over Corea; fishing rights in Siberia north of Vladivostok; relinquishment of interned Russian ships; limitation of Russian naval strength in the Far East.

Baron Komura is said to have been suave even beyond the most polished of his countrymen in handing this list to M. Witte. He left the way open for negotiation and carefully avoided the use of the word "indemnity," substituting "reimbursement." Japan seems inclined on the whole to humor Russia a bit. Its attitude is not magnanimous particularly, but seems to contain a grain of amusement. The prostrate Bear seems to please the little Jap and, being well contented with conditions in general, he smiles blankly and waits. At the same time behind the smile is an attitude of mind which says: "Swallow that pill, or I'll make you."

* * *

The Czar and The Kaiser

The Emperors of Germany and Russia met in the Baltic on mutual terms a week or so ago and talked over some things; at least, it is presumed that such was their purpose. Meeting as they did in these troublous times, there was but one conclusion for the world to make: They had a common interest of some kind to serve. The world immediately began guessing and has come to many conclusions. This much seems certain, that the Kaiser and Czar are inclined to stand together in Europe. The Czar is looking for a strong friend to lean upon while he gets his crown back straight on his head and convinces himself again that the divine right of kings is not a passing fallacy. The Kaiser meanwhile would like to "open" Russia to German scientific and technical manufacturers. He, too, has had a shock and his ideas on the subject of heaven-given right to rule must have been ironclad not to have been affected by the recent political jugglery in Norway and Sweden. The Kaiser is at least as much of an absolutist as the Czar and a good deal more capable of carrying out his views. At the same time he apparently considers Germany as it is today just about right and would like to see Russia the same; he wishes to set the example. The world thinks he acted the part of the spider with the Russian fly.

* * *

Bennington Disaster

A little leak in a boiler on the United States gunboat Bennington in the harbor of San Diego, California, on the morning of July 21 caused the death of over sixty members of the crew. The small leak, which, it was reported afterwards, was about to be attended to, burst the boiler, forcing it astern through its bulkhead, there coming in contact with a second boiler which was also forced through its bulkhead, both boilers exploding without noise. The ship filled

from stem to stern with scalding steam, soot and ashes. Many men were blown into the sea; others jumped overboard for aid, many of whom were drowned. The list of dead and injured altogether numbered one hundred and twenty-five. The Bennington was not badly injured and it will not be much of an expense to refit her. Her boilers and those one hundred and twenty-five dead and maimed men are the loss.

The Bennington disaster was only the latest of a grim list which has blackened the annals of the Navy Department in the last few years. On April 13, 1904, thirty-three men were killed and five injured by an explosion of powder on the battleship Missouri, off Pensacola. An explosion in the fireroom of the battleship Massachusetts at Philadelphia, December 15, 1904, killed three and scalded four. The explosion of a gun on the battleship Iowa, April 9, 1903, killed three and injured five. On September 12 of the same year a barrel of alcohol exploded on the cruiser Olympia at Norfolk, Virginia, killing two and wounding several more. And there was also the series of mishaps or attempts to wreck the battleship Connecticut just before she was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in September and October, 1904.

* * *

Great Strike Broken

The labor strike in Chicago which lasted through one hundred and five days was called off July 20. It was an ignominious defeat for the strikers, caused by the ability of the employers to fight longer with money than the men could fight without. The employers consider it a great victory, and though the actual loss to them was \$1,000,000 a day during the whole time of the strike, and they spent much more than that in planning against the strikers, they consider themselves more than compensated. They set themselves to wipe unionism out of Chicago and when they found that the most powerful bludgeon of the workmen, the teamsters' union, was being used against them, they determined to break the solid square formed by that organization and destroy the power of the union forces. The strike in Chicago was not for a few concessions to be given a handful of garment workers—the excuse for it—but a great industrial struggle between employer and employee. The employees received a staggering blow and have lost hard-earned prestige in the hotbed of unionism, but the struggle is as far from being settled now as ever. The employees feel that they are being treated badly and they will continue to resent it through all time. The Chicago strike was an event of great importance in the industrial world, and its outcome will for a time check the growth of unionism.

During the days of riot in Chicago, when an armed man traveled with every delivery wagon and Winchesters in the streets made it seem as if some unholy civil war were forward, with all the assaults and rowdiness, there were but nineteen people killed. The list of injured, however, runs up to 462. The teamsters, who struck out of sympathy with the garment makers, numbered 4138. To off-set this number the employers brought 6000 strike breakers to Chicago.

The result of the strike is complete capitulation on the part of the unions, victory for the upholders of the open shop and the giving up on the part of union men of the union button, the much-coveted badge of unionism.

The oily hand of "graft" was discovered in the strike, and though not proved, the charge that the strike began because Montgomery, Ward & Co. would not pay \$3000 in "graft" to certain labor leaders, was never satisfactorily disproved. Rumors of tricky work among the employers were also heard during the course of the strike, but if there was anything in them, they were forgotten in the hour of victory.

* * *

Senator Mitchell Convicted

Senator John H. Mitchell was convicted on first trial of implication in the Oregon land frauds. His sentence, imposed by Judge De Haven, was six months in jail and \$1000 fine. He immediately appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. By this conviction Senator Mitchell was found to be guilty of using his public office for private gain. The testimony upon which he was convicted shows the law firm of Mitchell & Tanner to have received several thousand dollars from Frederick Kribs for expediting timber claims before the General Land Office.

* * *

Congressman Williamson on Trial

The second land fraud trial to implicate men of prominence was the case of the Government against Congressman J. N. Williamson, Dr. Van Gesner and Marion R. Biggs, United States Land Commissioner, for conspiracy to suborn perjury. Two trials held resulted in no verdict and Judge De Haven left for California, having set the third trial for August 28, at which Judge W. H. Hunt of the District of Montana presides. The prosecution set up that Williamson and Gesner, who owned a sheep ranch in Crook County, about thirty miles from Prineville, had attempted to procure by unlawful means Government land in the surrounding sections. They were able to lease from the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road Company alternate sections which had been granted this company by the Government as a compensation for building a military road, but the sections belonging to the Government they attempted to obtain, the prosecution asserts, by inducing men to settle upon quarter sections and procure patents. The cost of proving up on these claims would be over \$400 apiece, and this money Williamson and Gesner are said to have advanced.

The defense admitted a desire to secure the lands surrounding their home ranch and connecting them with their scattered sections, claiming that the cattlemen had warned them off the range which they had leased, saying that their sheep would be killed if allowed to run. As a protective measure they claim they wished the land and the prosecution asserts they were able to obtain this through conspiracy with Commissioner Biggs.

Certain men settled upon these quarter sections, but never secured patents, and the claims have now been relinquished. So far the Government has not been so successful in this trial as in the former. The case is not of such prime importance as that of Senator Mitchell and affects Congressman Williamson as a private citizen rather than as a representative from Oregon to Congress.

* * *

Chinese Boycott

The Chinese boycott is beginning to look like a "bluff." It is not a political move, but commercial, as that portion of China affected by the Chinese exclusion law is one where commercialism rules. The great companies have the say. It is to their interest to have the American possessions in the East opened rather than those in this country, and Chinese pride is probably not as much hurt by the restriction on Chinese travelers as they make out. The Chinese are a shrewd business people. They wish to scatter coolie laborers everywhere, as it all in the end brings profit to the coffers of the big companies at home. President Roosevelt's orders to the immigration officers to use a little leniency in the enforcement of the exclusion law was a "sop" that did not warm the hearts of the cold-blooded merchants one bit. They went right ahead ordering boycotts.

So far, of course, the boycott is a farce. A few orders of stuff have been countermanded from Southern China, but Northern China and the Straits Settlements, where Chinese influence prevails, have not been seriously affected as yet.

* * *

Yellow Fever

Yellow fever, which yearly threatens the fetid summer air of New Orleans, has this year assumed the form of a violent epidemic and so far has ravaged the Italian quarter of the city until hundreds of victims have succumbed. The city of New Orleans at first was reluctant to admit that the disease had secured a hold upon it, but the news soon spread and all trains and boats out of New Orleans were quarantined from the surrounding country. So the citizens must all stay and fight it out. They supplied money liberally and concentrated the epidemic within a limited district, but were unable to cope with it in the end. They were forced to capitulate and ask the aid of the United States Government. They might have struggled along and eventually have stamped out the disease, but they realized that Surgeon General Wyman with his recent varied experiences and his trained assistants, could step in and do the necessary work better than they.

* * *

Admiral Jones Buried

The body of John Paul Jones, which was dug up in an old Parisian graveyard, has been brought to America and buried with great pomp. Whole fleets of battleships, cruisers and gunboats, such vessels as the great Admiral never dreamed of, bore down upon the Brooklyn as it steered for Hampton Roads, the scene of the combat between the Merrimac and Monitor, and escorted the remains of the Scotch-American to his own people to be buried at Annapolis. The impressiveness of the occasion was greatly enhanced through the historic surroundings, which, though having little to do with John Paul Jones himself, are famous in naval history. The event recalled the romantic career of John Paul Jones, who made the American navy, saw the country safely launched on its voyage and then lived the later days of his life at the court of Catherine of Russia.

* * *

Downfall of Depew

Chauncey Depew, lawyer, able business man, Senator, held up to the youth of the country as the kind of example to follow, has had dealings with the Equitable Life Insurance Company which have brought him into very bad odor with the country at large and especially with Yale University, of which he is a graduate and a member of the board of trustees. Yale men are clamoring against him and say he is a disgrace to his alma mater, meanwhile wishing to have his name stricken from the list of trustees. The news of Depew's downfall in the eyes of his countrymen was almost simultaneous with the conviction of Senator Mitchell for connection with the land frauds, a time when the Easterners were rather inclined to frown upon the West for its shady financial transactions.

Very few men in this country have been lauded for their broad business ability as Senator Depew. No one ever thought of connecting him in any way with the Equitable scandal. It is hardly too much to say that he was New York's leading citizen. Now he even has the hatred of men of his own college. It would not have been so impressive a downfall if Senator Depew had not been 73 years old and had not for years been in the habit of giving goody-goody talks about how to be successful in life with the mental attitude of "Behold me!"



LITERATURE

By THE READER



A Souvenir of Western Women

Edited by Mary Osborn Douthitt, will become dear to the hearts of the women who helped build the Pacific Northwest. The scope of the work is limited and in that is its special value to those who pioneered the Oregon country since the day of Whitman. This country is not so old, any of it, that the earliest settlers have not a few representatives left, and the children and grandchildren of these have not forgotten the brave women whom they are proud to claim as their mothers and grandmothers. The book is illustrated with colored photographs of Oregon scenery and pictures of women bearing well-known names in the Northwest. It harks back to an earlier date, 't is a real "souvenir," something to remember by, something the descendants of those grand pioneer women will prize, even to the time when some great-great-grandchild turns the fading pages and looks at the "funny, old picture" of great-great-grandma.

The book contains considerable data regarding the Lewis and Clark Exposition and a number of short stories and sketches by and about Oregon women.

* * *

The Breath of the Gods

"The Breath of the Gods" is a story of modern Japan, and it is one of unusual strength and power. The story opens in Washington, D. C., at the "coming out" party of the daughter of a United States Senator. The friend and confidante of her school days, Yuki Onda, of Tokio, is the heroine of the book. The story is one of compelling interest and gives an insight into the Japanese character which it would be difficult to get elsewhere. It is full of dramatic power, and dramatized, we believe, would secure instant recognition and success.

The writer, Sidney McCall, is the author of "Truth Dexter." We recommend "The Breath of the Gods" to those who wish to read an interesting, well constructed story. The publishers are Little, Brown & Co. of Boston.

* * *

The Master Mummer

This is the third story by E. Phillip Oppenheim, which will probably have a large number of readers. The story is well told along conventional lines, and is, of course, interesting. It is hardly up to the standard of "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," Mr. Oppenheim's previous book, and in which he reached an unusually high plane. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

* * *

In the Days of Shakespeare

Tudor Jenks, who dipped into the lore of ancient England and told us all there is to be known about Chaucer and did it entertainingly and without discussion, has done the same thing by Shakespeare. He has told in a readable way "In the Days of Shakespeare" just what there is to be told about the great playwright and has omitted to make conjectures to fill in the gaps in his knowledge. He takes the reader as far as he can go and then sets him off to sail as he pleases on the sea of possibilities. The book has the advantage of being small. Others have written of Shakespeare before, and on account of the difficulty of separating the writer from his work, have weighed themselves down with notes and appendices to no purpose. Even Tudor Jenks could not escape one appendix, but this serves to aid rather than to bewilder, as it gives a simple chronological table of Shakespeare's life. He says of his own work:

"This book aims to present the poet as he was known to his friends and neighbors, to tell the story of his life and times, and to record the happenings that influenced him. The plan of this book does not include a detailed critical discussion of disputed questions, nor a critical commentary upon the plays except as they help us to know the times and the man, or the circumstances that affect his treatment of the themes he chose." (A. S. Barnes & Company, New York, publishers.)



The consciousness or feeling of inferiority makes for inferiority or failure. Virgil said: "Possunt quia posse videntur." ("They can because they think they can.") Conversely, they can't because they think they can't. There is no power on earth greater than belief. It has accomplished everything worthy of being accomplished in this world, because belief means enthusiasm, it means energy, it means genius. If a man admits to himself a sense of inferiority, he is already defeated along the line of his thought. Some one has said that a man is a fool who admits his limitations, though we all have them. Feel that you are great, and you are great. Feel that you are a king, and you are a king. Be kings, be masters of the earth.

* * *

The world of thought is infinitely greater than the world of action of matter. It is thought that comes down to us through the ages. It is thought that makes a man what he is. "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is." Think right, think true, think great thoughts, the thoughts of great men, and you are great whatever the world may think or say. We live with ourselves, with no one else. We are companions of ourselves but none others. Be on good terms with yourself, and you will be on good terms with others. All actions, all accomplishments are the result of thought. Be a master of your thought, and you are a master of your fate.

* * *

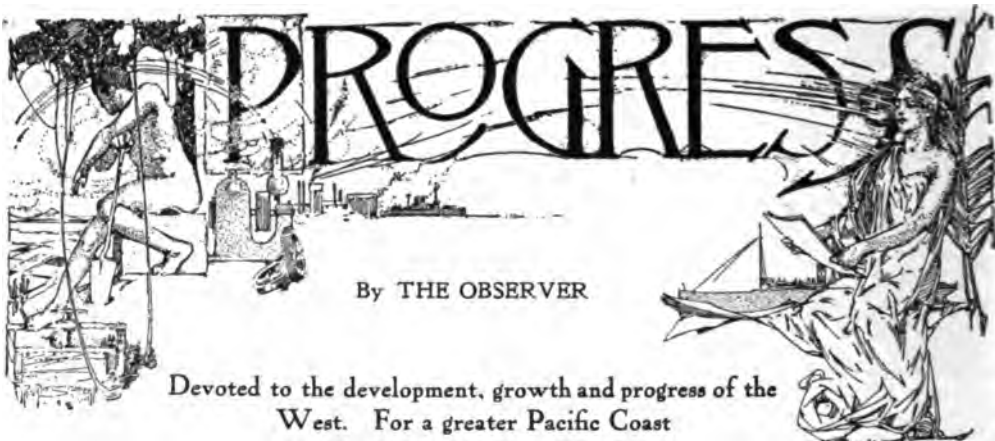
The pessimist is a coward. He is afraid to do because of results. He lacks courage, he lacks decision of character and, if he knew it, he lacks his own self respect. Every atom of nature is optimistic. We cannot conceive of pessimism existing in nature. The birds sing, the flowers laugh, and even the dead grass of a dry and parched prairie holds out an optimistic thought. The pessimist is a blot on the earth, a reproach to the light and a destroyer of action.

* * *

Yesterday I stood in a great forest. All about me there were immense fir trees, five to ten feet in diameter. Great ferns rose four feet high, and there was an impenetrable mass of underbrush. It was the "forest primeval" and not a sound broke the dense stillness. As I waited, however, there came to me innumerable voices from trees and bushes. There was a humming and buzzing of prosperity and of life. The whole forest seemed to be engaged in pouring forth a great anthem of gladness and brightness. There was optimism in the air. There was a message of good will and helpfulness to man. There was an incentive to effort, an appealing to go out into the world of action and accomplish great things. There is a lesson in nature, there is strength in her words.

William Bittle Wells





The Western Pacific

The Western Pacific railroad, the proposed Gould transcontinental line, will be constructed on a different economic scheme from any of the previously built roads. With plenty of money behind the enterprise, the original outlay will not be stinted, but the very best work will be done in the beginning and the grades first chosen and the roadway built will be good for all time. All the earlier transcontinental lines were forced to use expedients with the hope of rebuilding and straightening out curves in the future. They are now engaged in this task, and it is costing them millions of dollars. The Western Pacific will avoid this extra expense by making the best choice of grades and of material possible.

The portion of the Western Pacific which is now coming into prominence is that to be built over the Sierra Nevadas. It is to go through Beckwith Pass, one of the lowest portions of the Sierras. This was considered a possibility for railroad construction as long ago as the time the Central Pacific was pushed up through Emigrant Gap. There is a great deal of difficult and expensive construction over this route, particularly the Feather River gorge. But the engineers claim that it needs merely money to surmount these difficulties and that when the road is completed it will have the best route of any road out of California.

The old Central Pacific roadbed over the Truckee route was originally hampered with enormous grades and short and frequent turns, but in the days when that was built the Beckwith Pass route was not feasible. The cost could never have been borne, while today money seems to be the matter of least consideration in railroad construction.

To Open Up Coos County

Coos County, which has always been one of the most isolated portions of the Pacific Coast and yet has had a more wonderful and robust growth than any district half as badly hampered for lack of transportation facilities, is about to have a railroad. In the best of times travelers either have to go to Coos Bay by sea or over mountain roads. In the winter time the sea is often stormy for days and the roads are always atrocious. Even the mailman who travels light and chooses certain days when the snow will be of least hindrance to him, often is forced to give up altogether for a day or two. Coos Bay has been cut off from the world, but it contains within itself resources which are making money for those who have invested capital there. Now it is to be connected with the world.

The Southern Pacific has been assured by its engineers that there is a feasible route to travel west from Drain along Elk Creek and the valley of the Umpqua to Scottsburg. At that point the river will be bridged and the railway will extend south to the fertile country of Coos.

Oregon Railroad Projects

This is not the only railroad project in Oregon now fostering. Central Oregon, relying on Mr. Harriman's assertion, hopes to see the Columbia Southern extend down through the center of the state, and count on even more than Mr. Harriman promised. The Nehalem Valley and Tillamook County also expect a railroad. Persistent rumors would also have it that the Northern Pacific is planning a road down the north shore of the Columbia River to connect with Portland at Vancouver by bridging the Columbia.

Lewiston Triumphant

The decision of the O. R. & N. Company to build from Riparia to Lewiston is not only a great victory for Lewiston, but will serve to open up the whole Inland Empire and con

nect it more closely with the Columbia River in its entire length. At the present time the only connection the O. R. & N. Company has with Lewiston is by boat, hardly an adequate competition to the Northern Pacific.

Men living in the Inland Empire and to the south as far as Weiser and Ontario have been looking for the development of a large city somewhere along the Snake and none have been able to solve the problem of its location. Many now believe Lewiston to be the city of destiny in that broad, rich country. Originating as a trading post, it has always been a flourishing town, and of late years has become a city. It lies in a cul-de-sac with the steep river hills immediately behind it, leaving the only open country to the west. It is consequently protected from the cold north winds, and the winters are milder than at most points in the Inland Empire. It is always affected by the chinook winds to the west, and the rigor of the upland climate is softened by these. A natural center for a large farming, ranching and mining country, with a good climate and superior transportation facilities, Lewiston is awake to a big future.

A Trans-Isthmian Railway

A trans-isthmian railway is now contemplated which will afford a shorter route than that provided by the Panama railroad. It will come into direct competition with the older road and will prevent the present-day state of affairs under which shipping by the way of Central America is limited to certain lines of steamers. It is believed that three big vessels now being built in San Francisco ostensibly for the Honolulu run are really intended to connect with the proposed trans-isthmian route.

The Northwest Is Breaking the Crop Record

It is expected that the three Pacific Northwest states will produce this season between 45,000,000 and 50,000,000 bushels of cereals, the greatest crop in their history. With a reasonable assurance of the size of the crop being so large, the Oregonian speculates somewhat on what will become of all this immense quantity of raw food. Counting home consumption and near-by shipments as about a third, it reduces the amount which must go by water to the Orient and other foreign markets as 30,000,000, three times as much as is usually shipped. The question arises, what will become of this excess and where will the vessels come from to carry it. The Oregonian says:

"There will be about 20,000,000 bushels of actual wheat for which the Portland and Puget Sound exporters must supply tonnage between now and next season. Taking the average-sized grain carrier of the sailing fleet, it will require nearly 200 ships to move this surplus. Thus far the en route list, together with the list of vessels in port, amounts to but forty-four vessels—about one-fifth the number that will be needed to move the surplus. Even this small fleet is spread out over such an extended period that some of the vessels cannot possibly reach here before January, 1906. If there is anything like a normal movement of wheat to market within the next six months, it will be impossible to secure a sufficient number of sailing ships to move the wheat, and it will become necessary to charter steamers to carry it away.

"Steam tonnage cannot be secured except at much higher rates than are exacted for sail tonnage, and as the freight charges are all paid by the wheat-grower this will mean a corresponding decrease in the price of wheat. Sail tonnage at 27s 6d, the present rate asked by the shipowners' combine, is very low in comparison with the average for many years, but it is so much higher than last season's quotations that there is much hesitancy on the part of exporters in taking hold of it. In former seasons the exporter assumed the risk by chartering the ships when he thought they were cheap and taking chances on buying wheat for them. This year the wheatgrower must take the chances, and, unless there is an unexpected demand for shipment East, or farmers decide to hold their crops, ocean freights out of Portland and Puget Sound will be much higher than the rates now quoted."

Millions for Drinking Water

Los Angeles is about to pipe water two hundred and forty miles from the Owens River with which to supply the city. The expense of this undertaking will be not less than \$25,000,000, and on that account it may be further from a reality than seems now. But it is the only feasible means of obtaining sufficient pure water for the use of Los Angeles and the surrounding counties. This is the greatest project the world has yet known undertaken solely for the purpose of obtaining a city water supply. The difficulties in the way, however, are chiefly financial and with the present prestige and future possibilities of Southern California, buoyed up by the enthusiastic spirit of the inhabitants of that country, the task ought to be more easy of accomplishment than in most states. Twenty-five millions is an immense sum, but people will pay heavily for water for the ordinary uses of life.



HUMOR

Written for the Pacific
Monthly unless otherwise
designated

By
HUGH
HERDMAN



Smoke From Uncle Rastus' Pipe.

No, sah, ah don't tek no stock in de notion
dat cigureets 'fects de brain, 'case de man
dat smokes 'em ain't got no brain.

Dey is one kind er folks dat borrows dat
is allus pow'ful glad ter len' what he bor-
rows, an' dat is de folks dat borrows trouble.

Dis heah worl' ain't made jes' right, no
sah, hit ain't. De good thin's oughter be
'vided up now. 'Jes think ob watermelon,
sweet cohn an' spring chicken er-comin' all
at de same time ob de yeah!

De man dat stays ter home and min's his
bus'ness gets erlong de bes'. Ah's allus
stayed ter home and fetched de wood in fer
Mandy ter wash wid, an' mos' gen'ly ah's
had ernough ter eat.

De most 'markable thin' in dis world to me
is de way er le'le bit ob er twig kin koteh
er hold ob er big man's hat an' pull hit off.

Heaben is jes' as easv ter git to as de
odder place, only de debbil savs hit ain't.
'cause he knows folks is allus lookin' fer a
snap.

Er rin phiz is de mos' cheerfulest lookin'
countenance ter me in de summer time—den
comes de mint julen; but he mint julep ain't
got much looks, hit is mos'ly taste.

* * *

The Small Folks' Point of View.

Dora, who at the age of seven had had two
stepfathers, rather startled a friend of the
family by asking seriously:

"Which one of my papas do you think I
look like?"

Kitty, four and a half years old, having
been spanked for some act of disobedience,
turned upon her mother and, choking down
her sobs, said, with all the dignity at her
command:

"Well, now, I hope you're satified."

Little Marjorie had been enjoying herself
among a brood of tiny chicks. Several of
them she had grasped tightly and held with
their heads under water until they lay before

her at last, stark and stiff and kickless. Then,
her mother having appeared upon the scene,
Marjorie said earnestly:

"Dem little shickins dinked and dinked and
dinked, till they died!"

* * *

Those Girls.

Daisy Seaside—Yes, he proposed at last, but
I had to give him a great deal of encourage-
ment.

Fanny Beachwood—But you must be accus-
tomed to doing that by this time.

* * *

The Song of the Cab Horse.

I'm an old, delapidated New York hack;
I'm the slowest thing that moves along the
line;
With empty, hay-rack ribs and a rip-saw back,
I'm so tough I wouldn't do for steak upon
the Rhine.

With my patter, patter, patter, patter, pat,
I patrol Fifth avenue from Park to Arch.
Morning, noon and night I'm on the go;
Sleep or eat I never do, but always march.
'Mong the cabs of millionaires I ambulate,
'Mid the coupes, hansoms, automobiles.
I never feel my oats, I am always as sedate
As Egyptian mummies' changeless profiles.

With my jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jig,
I'm as steady as a Dutch ancestral clock.
Though shaggy as a bear, dirty as a pig,
I'm the confidant of swells on ev'ry block.

I can tell you where each and ev'ry one lives,
Whom they married, when divorced, and
exact cause, sir;
What amount of alimony the man gives;
I can read it while I run without a pause,
sir.

With my clacky, clacky, clacky, clacky, clack,
I cull all the news to while the time away.
It's easy for me, for it seems I have a knack
Of understanding what the little birds say.

Though I'm old and stiff and antiquated,
Have two curbs, a dozen splints and bad
sprung knee,
Within my massive head I've concentrated
Cyclopedic stores of "swell" morality.

With my shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle gait,
I'm no object of pity from the small.
I mingle with the rich, I hobnob with the
great,
And I know the family secrets of them all.

HUMOR.

Changed His Mind.

Near Charleston, South Carolina, some years ago, there lived an old negro who went by the name of Gumbo. Like most of his race in the South, he made a precarious living from day to day by doing odd jobs. But when the yellow fever ravaged that part of the country, he found his means of livelihood destroyed. Becoming discouraged, he made up his mind that the best thing for him to do was to die. He was unwilling to imperil his chances in the next world by taking his own life, so he resorted to prayer as a means of getting assistance.

He betook himself to what he thought was a secluded spot and prayed thus:

"Oh, Lordy, guess you all bettah tek ole Gumbo. He ain't good fo' nothin' no mo'e. He cain't get nothin' ter eat, an' he jes' reckons he bettah die ob de feber dan starbe ter death. You-all jes' bettah tek ole Gumbo, Lord."

It chanced, however, that his prayer was overheard by profane ears. A half-drunken sailor had followed him, heard his appeal, and watched him rise from his knees and go to his little cabin in the edge of the woods.

When darkness had settled down and old Gumbo had lighted a kerosene lamp, the sailor crept cautiously up to the door and knocked.

"Who dah?" asked Gumbo.

"The Lord," the sailor replied in sepulchral tones.

"What you want, Lord?" Gumbo asked in something like terror.

"I want Gumbo."

Puff! and all was dark within the cabin. Then from out the darkness came Gumbo's hoarse whisper, "Dey ain't no pusson in dis heah town by dat name, Lord. Leas'wise he don' lib heah."

* * *

Tidewater.

To people who live inland, and who have never made themselves familiar with the cause of tides, the phenomenon is puzzling. A native of Ohio a few years ago made a journey to Virginia, where the material for a practical joke suggested itself to him when he saw the tide rise in the river. On his return to Ohio he was discoursing to the natives on the many wonders he had beheld while abroad.

"But the most wonderful thing of all," he said, "was the tide I saw in the river down there. It's a very peculiar thing. ~~The water~~ is kind of muddy-like, and twice a day it rises four or five feet in the rivers and then falls again. I brought some of it home," showing them a flask half-filled with water, "and I'm goin' to get Doc Smith to analyze it for me to see what makes it act that way."

"Why didn't you bring the bottle full?" one of the listeners asked.

"Why, goldurn it, Hi, I couldn't. You see the blamed stuff would swell up and bust the bottle."

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The Cosmetic Queen.

There is a certain restaurant in Portland where many women and a few men, who have learned the wisdom of lunching lightly, go for their noonday meal. From 11:30 until 1:30, the rather limited quarters are crowded, mostly by persons who are in a hurry. The waitresses are very neat, courteous and obliging, and strive very hard to serve the patrons promptly and satisfactorily. And usually the patrons are considerate of the girls, but occasionally misfortune decrees otherwise.

An incident occurred the other day which showed the vanitas vanitatum of human nature. A young woman was seated at a small table with two other women, both rather elderly and, judging from their appearance, not accustomed to eating anywhere except at home. One of these had ordered some hard-boiled eggs. The waitress, a neat, wholesome, modest girl, was waiting on the three, and when she brought the eggs, she said she hoped they would be as ordered, but sometimes, because of the rush, it was difficult to get them to cook the eggs very long. She seemed more than eager to please.

The old lady broke one of the eggs, and, although it was hard enough to give an ostrich indigestion, she showed by her look of disappointment that it was not hard enough.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the veil-bedraped young woman, who was acting as hostess, "Just look at those eggs! Why, they haven't been cooked at all. Here, let me have them. I'll send them right back. They sha'n't impose on me that way. Here, girl, take these

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HUMOR.

eggs back. I ordered hard-boiled eggs; hard, you understand? And here they are, not cooked at all!"

"I am very sorry," replied the waitress. "I will take them right back. I'm sorry you have to wait so long." And she hurried toward the kitchen. No one could have appeared more thoroughly distressed than she over so unimportant a thing as those eggs.

"Really, you know," went on Her Majesty, "one never can rely on getting what one orders in these restaurants. It is most provoking, don't you know. I sometimes think I'll never eat in one again," although she went right on punishing a ham sandwich while her aged friend waited for the eggs. "If it weren't for the annoyances of housekeeping," she said, between bites, "I would have an establishment of my own. Of course, you out in the country do not have to put up with these vexations. But they are the price we have to pay for all the luxuries we get in the city."

Thus for five minutes she rattled on in her grandiose, patronizing way. Then the girl reappeared bringing the eggs. No sooner had she set them down on the table than Her Majesty seized one and held it an instant in her hand.

"Ah!" she gasped, and from her tone one would have thought she had lost her last friend or had stepped barefooted on a tack. "It's cold," she hissed. "Take it away. They haven't cooked them at all. They just let them sit there. Here, girlie, that's not right. I ordered hard-boiled eggs, and I mean to have them. Do you understand?"

"I am very sorry," replied the girl, much embarrassed. "I told them to boil them hard." "Impossible," they haven't done it. They've let them sit out there without cooking, so we would think they had been boiling all this time. Send me the proprietor."

The girl went away, her face flushed and her eyes brimming with tears, because she saw her position in danger through no fault of hers. In a moment the proprietor appeared. Her Majesty narrated her woes to him. She didn't blame the girl, but she certainly did flay the kitchen force. He finally took the eggs and disappeared, but as he passed the girl, who had during the colloquy been standing out of hearing watching the performance, he said something which caused her eyes to clear and her lips to part in a smile of pleasure.

Finally, when all three had finished, Her Majesty excused herself and hurried away. Curiosity got the better of other feelings. It was no easy task to follow her darting along through the crowd and into a large department store. Here trace of her was lost for a few moments, but suddenly she loomed up behind a counter, and, praised be Allah for his sense of irony! it was the cosmetic counter. The next day at noon the girl in the restaurant found out which store it is, and where the counter is. It is possible that she may invest some of her hard-earned money in face powder. It is also possible that she may have a hard time finding what she wants. It is likewise possible that she may inquire, after looking at every kind in stock, whether they have any hard-boiled egg powder.

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"Sure. I know all about it."

"Ever been out alone?"

"No; but I've taken lots of runs with the fellow that was teaching me how?"

"Got any money?"

"Yes; why?"

"Well, Jones, to tell the truth, I don't think you know a blamed thing about running a chug-wagon and for that reason I'll go with you. These fellows that do know all about it always get stuck or break down. Still, I'll feel safer if you have plenty of money along. I don't fancy spending the night in the cooler; neither do I want to walk home."

"All right. Come here and I'll explain the mechanism while I look her over to see that she's all right. That's the carbureter there. Here's the chain. You know what the chain's for, of course. There's the fly wheel, you know. And that's the shaft, see? Here's the steering gear. Here's the foot-brake, and here's the hand-brake. Here's the crank. And here's the horn."

"The horn—now you've struck something I recognize."

"You think I don't know anything about it, don't you?"

"I must admit that you have hit it right."

"Well, I'll show you I can run her, anyhow. Get in."

"Any fool can run one. But can you stop her?"

"You bet I can."

"Wow! Great Scott! What did you do?"

"Nothing. I can stop her."

"Kindly announce your evil intentions beforehand, will you? Well, are you going to stand here all day? What's the matter? Why don't you go on? I came out for a ride, not for a sweat bath in the broiling sun. Here, give me the ribbons if you're going to get out. I'll try to keep her from getting her tail over the rein and climbing a tree. What do you see under there? Is the chain all right? Maybe the fly wheel got too fly? No! Well, take a squint at the shaft. Perhaps the thing you steer with got scared and stampeded when you stopped so quick. Or, maybe the foot-brake stepped on the hand-brake. The horn must be winded. Oh, I know what's the matter. The carbolizer—"

"The carbureter, you fool."

"Oh, very well, if you want to get gay about it. I was only offering a few suggestions that might help you out. But, of course, if you know all about it, why, then, I have nothing more to say. Well, so long! I'm going to walk back. It's only three miles. Shall I telephone your wife why you'll not be home tonight? Go where? No, thanks, I think I'll be quite warm enough by the time I get back to town. So long!"

* * *

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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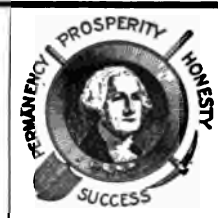
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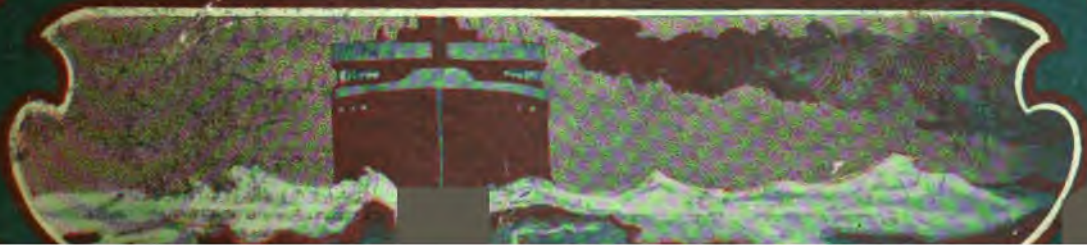
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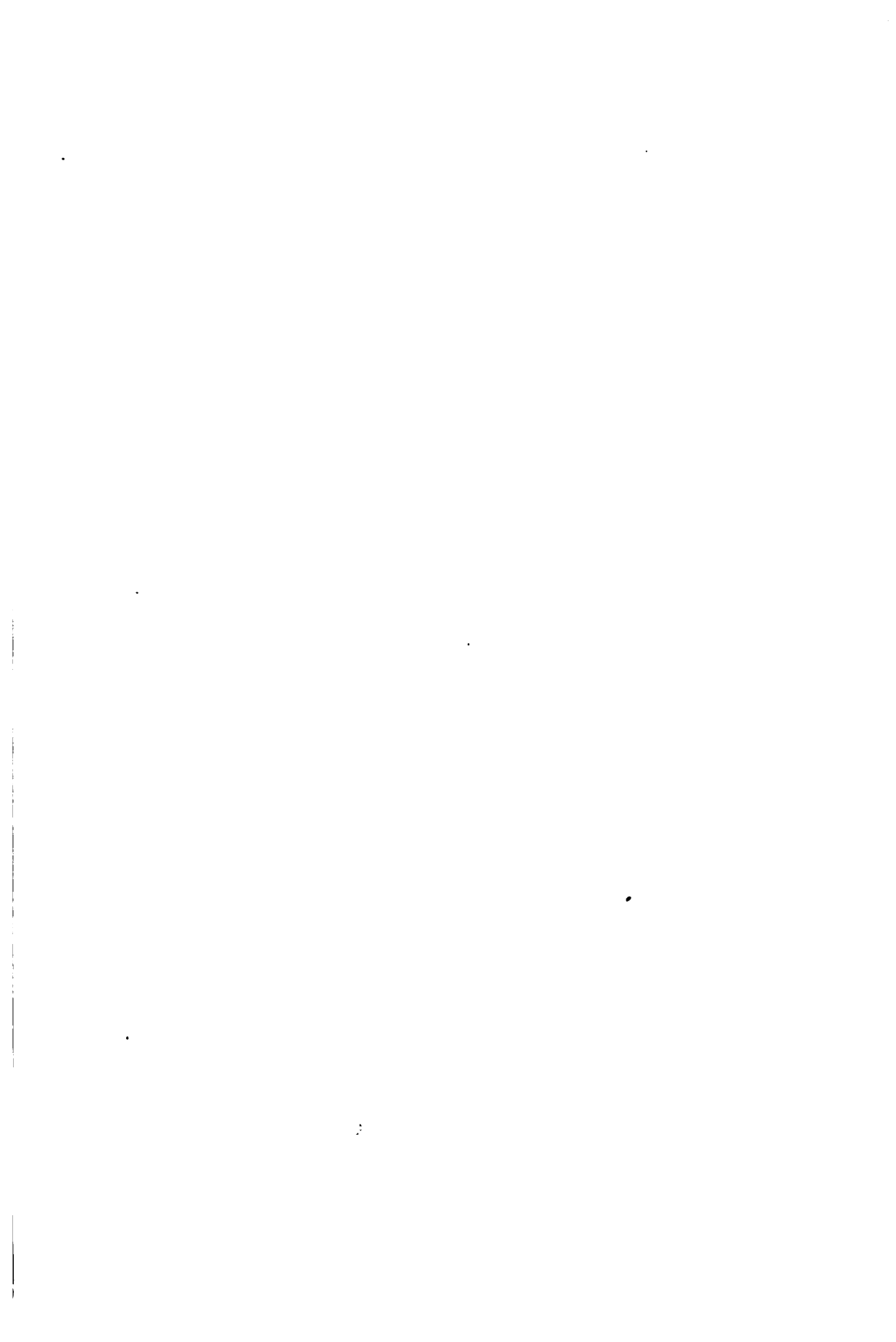
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A STUDY IN PORTRAITURE

Photograph of Indian Head Re-Photographed on Birch Bark.



Volume XIV

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 4

THE SITUATION AT PANAMA

By Hon. John Barrett

(Editor's Note.—The Pacific Monthly takes pleasure in presenting the views of Hon. John Barrett on the condition of affairs at Panama. Mr. Barrett, besides being a rising diplomat, is one of the foremost citizens of the Pacific Coast. His successive positions as United States minister to Siam, Argentine Republic, Panama and the United States of Colombia have given him ample opportunity to obtain a grasp of the future commercial possibilities in the outlying portions of the world and he has studied them carefully. Moreover, he has perhaps a better working knowledge of present conditions than anyone in the public service today. As he is but recently come from Panama, he speaks with understanding, and his word on the subject of the canal carries weight.)

WHILE it is not possible for me to say which is better, a sea level or a high level lock canal across the Isthmus of Panama, I am aware that there are certain arguments in favor of both of these plans. The average student of the Isthmian canal project favors the sea level idea. There is reason for this. This canal is being constructed for all time. It therefore should be built in the right way at the first. There should be no necessity of reconstructing it later on. The importance and extent of the trade that will use the canal will not permit of any future stoppage for the purpose of widening or deepening the waterway. The whole world would suffer from putting the canal out of use after it had once become a

**Sea Level or
High Level
Canal**

great traveled route between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The more the canal route from Colon to Panama or from the Caribbean to the Pacific is studied, the more is the average

**Task Great
but Possible**

observer impressed with two facts. First, it is a gigantic undertaking, unparalleled in the history

of the world; second, there is, however, no class of engineering involved which has not heretofore been utilized somewhere; that is, while the work may be greater than ever before done, it is only an extension of smaller efforts of the same kind. As a parallel case, up to a certain period there were no buildings in our great cities above eight or nine stories in height, and at that time it would have been considered foolish and impossible to have erected those of twenty stories. Such buildings are now common. In the same



The beach at Colon.

way, although no canal equal to that of Panama has heretofore been dug between oceans or seas, there is no reason why the Panama canal exceeding all others in difficulties should not be eventually completed.

The greatest problem at Panama is sanitation. A year ago when I first went as United States Minister to the Isthmus

"Digging Dirt" I brought out this point, and I was criticised because I placed sanitation before "digging dirt."

vs. Sanitation The cry all over the country was, "Dig the canal." It was "dig, dig," without any consideration for other difficulties. Now it is being realized that in order to dig successfully we must first have perfect sanitation. This idea is not original with me. Colonel Gorgas advocated the same necessity from the very start. He has been working against overwhelming odds in order to drive out yellow fever and limit malaria, and only now has the country fully realized the wisdom of his desires. He made a great reputation for himself in Cuba killing off the yellow fever there, and he is striv-

ing now to make a greater reputation by driving it away from the Isthmus.

Yellow fever is not indigenous to the Isthmus of Panama. This is an encouraging feature of the situation. It

Yellow Fever and Malaria means that if we can once kill off this dread disease and then keep it from being imported

from some other point we can carry on the work of the canal without any fear of it. One case of yellow fever causes more consternation among the employes of the canal commission than a hundred cases of malaria. The average man in the tropics looks at malaria a good deal as the man in New England looks at a cold. He is liable to have it, it is difficult to avoid it, and when he gets it he lets it run its course, doing, however, his best to limit it and kill it off by proper treatment and medicine. In the same way with malaria, a man having it generally goes to the hospital, where he is dosed with quinine and given good nursing until he gets well. The chances of death are very small. Fortunately, on the Isthmus we have an excellent sanitary staff. The hospitals built



The Oulebra cut, where the French did their last effective work.

originally by the French are exceptionally well equipped. The nurses, numbering some sixty or seventy, are picked from the best female corps of nurses in the United States and Canada, having at their head a woman who has made a great reputation for her work in charge of hospitals in Cuba.

Although I have digressed from the first point suggested of a high level or a sea level canal, I will say before further

Eight Years to Completion

considering that question that I honestly believe we will succeed in the course of another year in making the Isthmus so sanitary that we can carry it through within seven or eight years to successful completion, whether it be thought best to construct either a high level or a low level waterway. These first difficulties that we are having and which are discussed so much in the newspapers with pessimistic comment are like the preliminary skirmishes in a great battle or in a prolonged war—defeats, even serious in a way, may come at first, but they do not by any means imply that an eventual victory will not

be achieved. A cardinal thought always to bear in mind is that Panama is located in the heart of the tropics, two thousand miles from the base of supplies, and at the same time the United States has not had any extended previous experience in constructing great canals out of its own domain. The initial experiments may be costly, but we will economize when we once get started on the right track. I do not sympathize with all the criticisms that have been thrown at the first commission. They may have erred, but they certainly tried to do their best. They were able men, but had the unfortunate duty of acting as pioneers in a most trying and difficult field. The new commission has the advantage of profiting from the experience of the first.

It will undoubtedly take much longer to build a sea level than a high level canal, but there are many advantages to consider in favor of the former. The sea level scheme means that ships can pass through with much greater rapidity and with much less danger than through a canal with

A Sea Level Canal



A portion of the canal.

many locks. In this connection it must be remembered, however, that it is not probable that there can be any such thing as an absolute sea level canal because of the difference in the rise and fall of the tide on the Pacific from that on the Atlantic side. At Colon on the Caribbean or Atlantic end there is a maximum rise and fall of not more than three or four feet. At Panama, or at the Pacific end, the rise and fall is sometimes nearly twenty-five feet. In the opinion of most engineers this will necessitate the construction of a tide lock on the Pacific side. Otherwise there would be such an inward and outward rush of waters, according to the rise or fall of the tide, that navigation in the canal would be dangerous at certain hours of the day and night. By building one immense tide lock at Miraflores, or some other point not far from La Boca, the present mouth of the canal, ships passing through it will have no trouble with strong currents, and will be delayed only a very short time.

One of the principal arguments used against a sea level canal is the vast addi-

tional cost, but this handicap would seem to disappear when it is remembered that this cost should be distributed through the long years

Advantage of Sea Level

to come, and is very small compared to the direct gain to commerce and trade resulting from avoiding the hazards of a high-level canal. Where too many locks are constructed there is the constant danger that by some physical cataclysm, or by some artificial danger, such as the use of great explosives, they might be destroyed or put out of use such a long time as to cause an immeasurable loss to the commerce of the world by a practical cutting off of the route between the two oceans until repairs could be made. It is hard to imagine any more serious situation than that of rendering the canal impassable after the commerce of the nations had adjusted itself to it. The majority of experts who have so far studied the Isthmus believe that a sea-level canal is feasible. At the same time distinguished experts and authorities hold an entirely different opinion, and think we should

build only a high-level canal or a waterway with many locks. For their opinion I have the highest respect, and would not for a moment venture to suggest that they were wrong, especially as I am a layman.

If the canal is not constructed at a low level, it will probably be made either at a 30-foot or a 60-foot height above the sea.

Other Possibilities

A 30-foot plan might be carried out with only two sets of locks, one at each end, while a 60-foot level would require at least four sets of locks. I say sets, because there must be or should be two locks at each point of rise or fall in the canal in order that vessels may pass each other or go in their different directions with the slightest delay. In these days one of the greatest charges against navigation by large steamers or ships is the time lost either in port or in passing from point to point.

The original ideas of building a 90-ft. or a 120-ft. level canal do not meet with much favor, although they were at first received

Chagres River Scheme

rather favorably because they involved the impounding of an immense fresh water lake supplied by the Chagres River through which all steamers would pass and in which they would receive the advantage of fresh water that would tend to clean their bottoms fouled by long journeys in the warm waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The chief objection to this lake is that it would require the construction of enor-

mous dams. If these were ever undermined or in any way injured so that the waters of the lake would be drained out, navigation would be stopped perhaps for several years, with the inevitable injury to international trade. Another point is that such a lake would require the building of a foundation of a dam nearly 165 feet below the level of the sea in order to reach bedrock. Construction at such a distance below sea level has never before been attempted, and would be at an enormous cost. The scheme for a lake and a great dam has been somewhat popular in times past, because it seemed to solve the so-called problem of the Chagres River and its floods. Now a new and simple plan has been evolved for controlling the peril of the Chagres.

The Chagres River in its upper reaches runs at right angles to the canal, and then breaking through the hills parallels or

Impounding the Chagres crosses the canal for a distance of nearly twenty-five miles until it empties into the Carib-

bean Sea west of Colon. The engineers now hold that a great dam can be constructed easily into bedrock where the Chagres River makes the angle near the canal in turning north, so that its waters can be impounded in a vast basin that will catch the heaviest floods which can possibly pour down, and so cause no danger to the canal. It is further suggested that, if necessary, tunnels can be bored through the lateral mountains to carry off the emergency floods, both to the Pacific and



Photographed expressly for The Pacific Monthly.

Relief map of the Isthmus of Panama, showing the rough country. This map, which was made by the French, is now in the possession of the United States Government.

the Atlantic, a long distance from the mouths of the canal. Such a dam would, moreover, furnish an immense water power that could be used to supply the electricity for lighting the entire route from Colon to Panama, so that at night it would be as bright as day. It could also give power for running the railroad which will be placed along the banks of the canal, and for all the machinery that must be in operation and needed during the construction of the canal. This dam can be erected within two or three years so that it can be utilized during the greater period of excavation of the canal itself. If the canal should not be at sea level, at a 30-foot or 60-foot height, water could be secured from this lake in such quantities as were needed to keep the canal at the right stage for the largest vessels passing through it. These are only a few of the considerations, and I have neither time nor space to go into many other important points bearing upon the issue of the level of the canal.

A word finally might be said in regard to the advantages of the canal to international commerce. When it is finished

Advantages of Canal

there is no doubt that it will practically revolutionize the map of the world. It will cause the trade and commerce of the Pacific to increase until it shall fairly divide the honors with the Atlantic. It will enable the ports of the Atlantic and of the Gulf of Mexico to come into a new relationship with not only the Pacific Coast of the United States, but the west coast of Mexico, Central America, and South America, and with the vast potential fields of Australasia, Oceania, and the Far East. Not only will the United States benefit

immensely, but also Central America, South America, and Europe. The latter may have the least advantage, because the Suez Canal will be a nearer route to the Pacific for a goodly portion of European countries. But still it will give them new opportunities in connection with the west coast of the United States and South America as well as with Australia.

The Pacific states, like Oregon, California, and Washington, will feel a direct impetus in the development of their foreign commerce the day

Benefit to Coast

the Panama Canal is completed. I do not for a moment believe it can bring any injury to San Francisco, Portland, or Puget Sound. If a certain portion of the exports from the Central West and the Atlantic shore goes to the Pacific via the canal, the general prosperity to all the world that will result from its completion will add so much to the trade of our Pacific ports that they will have their hands full to take care of the growth of regular and new business. There were all sorts of prophecies of harm that would result to many important cities in Europe and Southern Asia when the Suez Canal would be open, but nearly all of these failed to come true. If injury came in certain ways there was a greater proportion of good in other ways. An Isthmian Canal is sure to be constructed; the whole world will benefit from it, and in my humble opinion the Pacific Coast of the United States should regard it as a permanent blessing rather than as a menace to its welfare. Therefore it is to be hoped that public sentiment will support the President in his efforts to evolve an organization which will build the canal in the shortest time possible.



STALKING BIRDS OF PREY WITH A CAMERA

Fourth Paper on Bird Life

By William Lovell Finley
Photographs by Herman T. Bohlman

IN stalking birds of prey with a camera, one is confronted with the most adventuresome kind of wild life photography. These larger birds generally nest as high from the ground as possible, and it is never an easy matter to manipulate a camera in the tree-tops. But tree-top photography comes as the most exciting part in the game for one who engages in natural history picture-making. The photographer must be equipped with stout climbing irons, ropes, straps, a good supply of nerve and a level head.

The nesting positions that are selected by hawks, owls and eagles always make it difficult to secure photographs of the eggs and young. The problem of getting successful snaps at the parent birds has also rarely been solved. Again and again we have tried to picture larger birds of prey by hiding a camera in the tree-tops and at-

taching a long thread to the shutter, but such birds are always suspicious. Our efforts have seldom been successful, for persecution at the hands of man for long generations of bird life has made these creatures wary of every strange object and has bred a suspicion in them that strategy can scarcely overcome.

Our first successful attempt with the larger birds of prey was in the summer of 1901. The red-tailed hawk, which is one of our commonest birds of prey in the West as well as in the East, we hunted for several years before we finally found a nest of the bird that could be pictured. One summer while passing up the Columbia River on a fishing trip, we were told of a red-tail that was nesting in a certain grove of cottonwoods, but in spite of a long and patient search, we failed to find it. The foliage was too dense. Relying on the knowledge, however, that many of the



Working at the aerie of the golden eagle. To secure pictures from this position a rope was tied around the camera to the limb above, so as to steady the instrument.



A problem for the treetop photographer. A red-tailed hawk's nest near the top of a cottonwood 120 feet from the ground. The photographers climbed to this nest, and pictured it six different times during the various stages of development.

larger birds of prey occupy the same nest year after year, early the next spring, before the trees were leaved out, we returned to the grove and discovered the aerie in the top of one of the tallest cottonwoods.

We have found few nests that are absolutely beyond human touch, but it has

taken a deal of scheming and a risk of life and limb to reach some of them. We tried for three different summers after we found this aerie of the red-tail before we finally succeeded in leveling our camera at the eggs. The nest tree measured over fourteen feet at the bottom. There was not a limb for forty feet. The nest itself was



The hawk tree was fourteen feet in circumference at the base, and there were no limbs for forty feet. A small cottonwood a few feet away was cut and felled into the first branch of the large tree. This formed a bridge, up which the photographers climbed. This shows one method of overcoming the difficulties of treetop photographing.

lodged just one hundred and twenty feet up. It was out of the question to clamber up such a tree with climbers, ropes or anything else, but we had another plan.

We had spotted a young cottonwood just fifteen feet away. This might serve as a ladder, so we chopped at the base till it

began to totter; then we pulled it over with ropes. The crown lodged in the branches of the first large limb of the nest-tree fully forty feet up. This formed a shaky aerial bridge, up which we clambered a third of the distance to the nest. Anticipation led us on. We lassoed upper



The photographer in the treetops, beside the red-tailed hawk's nest. Arranging the camera for a picture.

branches, dug our climbing irons into the bark and worked slowly along.

We found a stack of sticks the size of a small haycock, not pitched together helter-skelter, like a hawk's or heron's nest, but as carefully woven as a wicker basket. It was strong at every point. Sticks over a yard in length and some as big as a wrist were all worked into a compact mass. In the hollowed top on some bark and leaves lay the two eggs.

I never saw a more commanding stronghold. It overlooked the country in every

direction. From where the hawk mother brooded her eggs I looked out far up the Columbia, and I could see the cavern-cut slopes of Mt. Hood. Extending to the westward was the long line of ponds and lakes, the red-tail's favorite hunting ground, while to the north lay the broad expanse of water, and in the distance St. Helens.

How could we ever secure a good series of pictures at such a distance from the ground? It looked impossible at first, but a careful examination revealed a rare arrangement of nest and surroundings. If we could but hoist our equipment, there was no question as to photographs. Eight feet below the aerie the trunk of the tree branched and spread in such a way that we could climb to a point just above the nest on the opposite limb. We strapped the camera in a crotch that seemed built for the purpose, with the sun coming from the right direction. The difficulty came in focusing the instrument. One hundred and twenty feet is not such a dizzy height when you stand on the ground and look up, but strap yourself to the limb of a tree and dangle out backward over the brink. No matter how strong the rope, there is a feeling of death creeping up and down



The downy young red-tailed hawks in the nest in the cottonwood, 120 feet from the ground. A photograph taken with great difficulty, as indicated in the accompanying pictures.



Almost up to the red-tail's nest. (View with a telephoto lens from the ground.) A fortunate arrangement of branches made it possible to picture this nest 120 feet up. The camera was fastened in the crotch above and to the left of the nest. The photographer strapped himself to the limb so he could focus and work the instrument, which was also tied to the tree.

every nerve in your body the first time you try it.

The eggs of some hawks differ widely in marking; but the two we found in the cottonwood year after year were always of a bluish-white tint, with pale lavender shell markings. The mother cradles her

two eggs just about the first of April, before the first buds begin to swell on the cottonwoods. The spring of 1902, the young birds hatched on April 20. On the first day of June both the young hawks left the nest. This makes the period almost two months to a day from the time



The photographer taking a photo of the young red-tailed hawks in their nest, 120 feet from the ground. The possible breaking of the strap meant death, but straps and ropes were always tested before being used. This photograph was taken by the second photographer with a small pocket kodak. He climbed out on an adjoining limb to get the view to show how the hawks nest, and young were pictured.

the eggs are laid till the youngsters make their debut into the world.

We made a close study of the red-tail's home in the tall cottonwood. He was always a successful hunter. In all our visits we never saw the time when his larder was empty. Nor did we find that he had to resort to the chicken yard for food. There was plenty of wild game. On the first visits, we found the remains of a quail and pheasants in the aerie. One morning we saw the mangled body of a screech owl; almost the case of hawk eat hawk. Later in the season, when the banks of the Columbia overflowed and covered most of the surrounding country, the old hawk did not abandon his preserve. He turned his attention entirely to fishing. Where the carp and catfish fed about the edges of the ponds, he had no trouble in catching plenty to eat. Twice we found carp over a foot in length in the aerie. On our last visit we picked up the head bones of seven catfish in the nest.

The wild life of the red-tail fascinates me. He has an individuality that is as interesting as a person. He has a character as clearly marked as in any feathered creature I ever studied. The bleak winter winds that sweep the valley of the Colum-



Downy young golden eagles in nest. To get this picture the photographer was forced to climb to the nest and plant his camera right at the edge of the aerie.



One of the royal twins in a disagreeable mood. The young eagles at this age were able to strike a confusing blow with their wings, and the photographers were compelled to keep their distance.



Golden eagle alighting upon its favorite outlook on the mountain side. This king of birds is exceedingly shy. The camera was carefully concealed in the brush, focused on this place, where the bird was expected to alight. It takes many hours of waiting to get one exposure of this kind.

bia and drive the other birds to the south-land never bother him. This is his permanent home. He is not a vagabond. He is local in attachments and habits. This is his hunting ground. He won it by years of defense. He beats over the field and along the edge of the woods as regularly as the fisherman casts his net. He has his favorite perch. He watches the pond as closely for carp as the farmer watches his orchard. His routine of life is as marked as any inhabitant along the river. Nor can I believe he is lacking in the sentiment of home. He adds sticks to his house and enlarges it year by year. Who can say that the old aerie is not fraught with many hawk memories of the past?

The difficulties of picturing one of these birds of prey are well illustrated in our efforts to get some photographs of a sparrow hawk at its home. We found this little hawk nesting in a hollow stump of a sycamore tree. It is generally the case that each pair of raptorial birds select a nesting and hunting ground from which all others of the same species are rigidly excluded. The owner is a sort of baron in his own estate. I have often noted ex-

ceptions in the cases of smaller hawks or smaller birds nesting, as it were, fairly under the protection of larger species; as in this case the sparrow hawk built in the tree adjoining and not more than thirty feet from the aerie of a golden eagle. We watched and studied these two pair of birds, but never noticed the least interference on the part of the one with the other.

The entrance to the sparrow hawk's nest was thirty feet from the ground, and the nest was two feet below the entrance. The birds were accustomed to light on a branch near the nest, so we selected this as a target and fastened our camera in an adjoining tree focused at the perch. We carefully concealed the instrument with branches and sticks, so as to make it as much a part of the surroundings as possible. This was a task not easily performed and required about half a day's work. Then, with thread in hand, attached to the shutter, we took up our watch in some bushes about fifty feet away. The remainder of the day we spent in lying quietly concealed without a single chance for a snap. Although well concealed, as we thought, the suspicious new object in



Photo copyrighted by H. T. Bohlman.

Young golden eagles at the age of 68 days. Photographed in the nest-tree, beside the aerie. The wing feathers were not yet strong enough for flight, nor were the talons fully developed.

the tree prevented the birds from approaching the nest. So the camera had to be removed. Our next step was to arrange a blind for the camera further away, but at this distance only the telephoto lens could be used. Since the telephoto lens requires a longer exposure than the regular lens, the chance for a good pic-

ture was lessened considerably. Birds generally move just at the wrong instant, and the second day passed without a single successful plate.

By the third day the birds had become accustomed enough to the camera to permit us to place it nearer the nest and to focus it on the door of the home. We



View of the eagle'serie with the telephoto lens from top of adjoining tree. The eaglets at the age of 28 days. They were of the size and weight of a good-sized hen.

were then sure of getting chances for exposures, but had new difficulties to face. The movements of the birds were so rapid that they were in or out of the door before we could click the shutter. Only the most rapid snap could catch such a picture, and only the brightest light was sufficient. But the entrance to the nest was shaded. To overcome this, we arranged a mirror so that the sun was reflected to the spot, and the object was then to click the shutter at the instant one of the birds passed through the rays of light. The results of such shooting generally showed either a blank plate or the tail of a retreating bird. The difficulty in getting a good bird photograph is not alone in making a wing shot, but in shooting the bird in a position that does not distort the image, and thus afford the make-up for a picture. There is an intense excitement in shooting such subjects with a camera, but not till one enters the dark-room does he know of his failures and successes. The successful shot is always a real victory.

While our efforts to picture the sparrow hawk were mostly in vain, yet our chance for pictures came later in photographing the young birds when they were fully

grown and ready to leave the nest. It is always easier to photograph young birds than parents. The young sparrow hawks were not so wild, and we soon made the acquaintance of one of them and succeeded in snapping him on a near-by fence post in various attitudes.

Perhaps the most difficult task we have attempted in stalking the large birds of prey with a camera, was the taking of a series of pictures of golden eagles in their native haunt. For several years I had known of a pair of these great birds that nested in the Coast Mountains of California. For three years we had been growing impatient for the chance to try our cameras on such royal subjects. The opportunity came in the spring of 1904, and we were soon journeying toward the southern clime. From Oakland we took the train to a small station thirty miles south. Then with camera equipment strapped to our backs, we sped along on our wheels for several miles over a gently rolling country, past fields and gardens and orchards.

As soon as we ascended out of the cultivated district we piled our bicycles in the brush. The hills were splashed and



The nest and eggs of the golden eagle, photographed with a single lens from the top of the adjoining tree. The aerie was five feet across and was strong enough to support a man.

streaked with yellows and blues and purples of the many varieties of wild flowers—golden poppies, yellow mustard and buttercups and purple lupines. Further up the road ceased and we had to follow cow trails. After we reached the highest shoulder of the range we found the surface rocky and broken. There was scarcely any

vegetation on the ridge except a scraggly growth of poison oak and chaparral. We stood long and gazed at the wide stretch of the whole valley. Far below and reaching inland from the lower end of San Francisco Bay, the ribbon-like sloughs wound in and out, reaching far back like the tentacles of a huge octopus.



Young sparrow hawk at dinner. Taken by focusing camera on the top of the fence post, where the bird was accustomed to light. Banqueting on a frog.

At the very top of the range the mountain breaks abruptly off into the head of the big canyon. This is the native haunt of the golden eagle. A large sycamore is rooted in the bed of the little stream. Four good-sized trunks rise from the giant roots. To the branch bending toward the valley above the steep, rocky slope, the eagles had carried a small cartload of limbs and sticks and worked them into the forks where they branched horizontal to the ground. It was a platform five feet across, not carelessly put together, but each stick woven in to add strength to the whole structure, as the stones are built into a castle.

Climbing one of the other trees, the photographer put up a tiny platform in the topmost branches, where the camera was fastened and aimed downward at the aerie twenty feet away. Nor was it an easy matter to photograph in the top limbs of that sycamore, where an ill-judged movement might land camera and all in the bed of the canyon. But we made six long mountain trips with our heavy camera equipment, extending over a period of almost three months, in order to get a series of pictures of this wild bird and his

home. We snapped over a hundred 5x7 plates, exposed at every available view of the stronghold, from terra firma to tree top. The series of pictures gives the exact data of how long it takes an eagle to rear its brood, from the time the eggs are laid till the birds leave the nest.

The same aerie is used year after year. Two dull white eggs, shell-marked with brown, were laid the first week of March, just as the sycamore was beginning to bud out. The period of incubation lasted about a month, for the eggs were not hatched till the third of April. The eaglets were covered with soft, white down soon after hatching. White is not the color for a hunter, but these snowy garments lasted for a full month, during which the youngsters grew from the egg to the size and weight of a large hen. The first week in May black pin feathers began to push up through the down, first appearing on the wings and back. Week after week, the stiff black feathers grew, but they came slowly, covering the back, wings, head and neck, until by the first week in June the eaglets were fairly well clothed in a bristling suit of dark brown and black, except the small white shirt-front.



Photo copyrighted—H. T. Bohlman and W. T. Finley.

One of the young red-tailed hawks in the nest, full grown and about ready to leave. The tail end of a large carp is shown in this picture. At this season the parents fed the young entirely on carp and catfish, which they caught in the shallow ponds, and along the sloughs.

The wings and feet were still weak. It required over three weeks longer for the wing feathers to gain strength, and the feet to grow powerful enough for the birds to handle their heavy bodies.

Our work at the eagle's nest illustrates well the necessity of a good series of lenses when one is photographing in the tree

tops. The camera was fastened in a crotch in the adjoining tree, twenty feet from the nest, where it could not be moved forward or back. By adjusting the wide-angle lens, we could get a view of the nest and surrounding limbs, and at the same time have a depth of focus that showed the outline of the valley lying far below.



Finley and Bohlman on the way up to the aerie of the golden eagle. For such a trip they wear hunting coats, in the large pockets of which they can store necessary provisions, ropes, etc. Cameras and other equipment are strapped to their backs.



Finley and Bohlman at the foot of the eagle's tree, after a day's tramp through the mountains, with a heavy camera equipment.



Young sparrow hawk, caught resting on the fence post, just after leaving the nest in the hollow sycamore. Young birds at this age are readily tamed. Experience has not yet taught them to avoid man as the most dangerous of animals.

The moment one speaks of climbing to an eagle's aerie the average person gets an idea of a harrowing tale of the photographer hanging to a cliff or the top of a tree, with the old eagle clawing out pound chunks at every swoop. But it is extremely rare for an eagle to possess the mad fierce-

ness pictured and magnified by sensational story-tellers. When we first scrambled over the boulders of the canyon up toward the nest, I saw the old eagle slip quietly from her eggs and skim out over the mountain top.



"Flee from the wrath to come," shrieks the street preacher.

BACK TO THE STREETS

By Arthur A. Greene

ONCE in this country there lived a poet who sang the large, inspired song of the fields. He is dead long since, and dying, left behind him many rhymers whose lyres jangle but half in tune of the joys which are of the stream, the mountain, the sea and wood. Some few reach the altitude of half-honesty, but in the main they twang impotently and leave us unconvinced. They are puerile imitators. There need be no long search for the reason of this falling off. It is patent enough, for the nature-poet which we have now rides his Pegasus in an unlovely skyscraper office or a back bedroom. If fortune be kind he breaks from the salary-thralldom once each year and seizes the excursion-rate opportunity to get near enough the genuine and the real to prattle in a stranger-tongue of what he thinks he sees and feels in the world outside. Then back to the habitat of men he comes and plays a sorry prank upon the gullible. He sets about poesy-making from the wrong premise that he knows whereof he sings. He is false and artificial, for he has not heard Nature's heart beat as one who lies down on her bosom and listens understandingly. He has counted the throbbing through a stethoscope. He fails as many before have him have done until there seems not one among us whose soul is partner to the infinite nature-soul. Is it, then, impertinent to inquire why the minstrel strays so far afield?

'Tis much easier to tell a hawk from a handsaw at hailing distance in one's accustomed atmosphere than at arm's length in a region that is foreign. Since those who would be poets, of verse or prose, by word of mouth or the laying on of hands, consort mostly within the towns, why can they not be persuaded to look about them and set down things they might comprehend? Why in all reason do they go wool-gathering into the unknown?

* * * * *

A human derelict runs ashore and dies in some noisome alley, or a group of children dance in the street to the music of a barrel-organ. In these two incidents are encompassed all the sorrows and joys of living. All of the pain and pleasure, all

of the misery and happiness, all the tragic horror of tragedy and all the blessed comeliness of comedy are in the dying in the gutter and the dancing in the street. The former is chronicled in a newspaper paragraph and the latter is ever unrecorded.

The ambitious writing person tattles of the singing of a swan or the heartbreak of a beetle, and we who buy his wares, because we understand them no more than he, are small and vain enough to hail him as a genius and proclaim his greatness. There are bunco games vastly more diverting in the crowded thoroughfares than those of the wilderness, and yet we lack a master hand to play them for us.

* * * * *

"Flee from the wrath to come," shrieks the street preacher. The crowd hurrying past encompasses the tense figure of the one who warns in an impersonal glance of curiosity and then moves faster about its business. There is the intonation of madness in the voice which rises above the blend of noises, and the eyes, lifted to the dripping sky, are agonized and without focus.

It is evening, and the city's life is flowing through its arteries from the work of the day which is done to the rest of the night which is to come. The rains are falling, and in the street there is no refuge save for the one whose heart is fixed on the insane business of warning against the wrath to come. In the lee of a building where the tide that is passing swirls and eddies to avoid the corner crouches a monster that was once a man. It is old and has run the gamut of life in the lower register. It is unkempt, hopeless, terrible. Its grey hair is its mark of dishonor, and its bleared, dim eyes have in them the baleful venom of the damned.

Vaguely its maudlin senses seem to grasp the meaning of the tense, distraught figure in the street and dumbly it understands the warning voice.

"What wrath?" it mumbles, with its toothless gums, "What wrath—can come—what wrath—like—this?" Then the horror, which is its familiar, enters into the huddled ruin, draws the sodden rags about it and presses closer to the wall.

An hour passes. The tide of moving life has ebbed near out, darkness is coming down, but the crying voice still warns and the only listener shrinks more and more within the shelter of the wall. An officer of police comes that way and drives the lost one on. It makes its way painfully away from the voice, away from the beaten path, to the genial hospitality of a pile of straw which it shares with the rats deep and safely down under the docks. It is better there away from the rain and the warning.

After three days the coroner's men find it there and carry it to a new tenement in the potter's field. Somewhere there is this entry in a book: "Unknown tramp; aged about eighty; found dead on water front; natural causes." That is all. "Natural causes." It's a grim joke—that of the coroner's—but that entry is the telling of a tragedy as great in its way as the story of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." No one knows and understands—there is the pity; for Zola is dead and Tolstoi is in Russia. Our American fledglings have not the spirit of truth and are away in the woods learning how not to imitate a moose-call. They cannot know that an immortal poem or a history of the rebellion of human souls has been written in that blotter. When will they come back to the streets for the real wisdom that points a moral and adorns a tale?

* * * * *

On the frontier of Little China, just where cons-old Orientalism first touches impertinent Americanism, there is a bulletin board, high and wide, over against a shabby grey building. Almost any day those of us who go that way are attracted by garish splashes of red and green spread fantastically upon its face, and the throngs of voluble, intent Celestials who foregather there to read and chatter of the pagan proclamations.

Wayfarers wonder greatly what the portent of it all may be, but those who push curiosity to the point of asking the readers meet with scant courtesy and less information and go away wondering all the more. The untoward thing savors of deviltry and forebodes evil. Memories of highbinder warfare, of sudden deaths in the recesses of Little China and of dark things done to appease the gods add fear to the mystery of it. They need feel no

vague uneasiness, none of that undefined dread could they but meet some certain skeptical Chinese person one day by that board and listen while he makes the riddle plain.

This skeptical one has long since sloughed off the garb and faith of his fathers and put on the robes and understanding of Christian righteousness. He has changed his spots, and the processes of his mind in as much degree as one born in the shadow of the pagodas may change. His new creed has altered many things. When he cut his cue he ceased to be an iconodulist and became an iconoclast, and as he stands at the fringe of the throng his fellows make in the street he smiles as a cynic and speaks as an unbeliever. He will tell the meaning of the tissue posters to a questioner and their seeming is no longer malign.

It seems that your orthodox Chinaman believes that in the matter of giving not only each hand should know what the other is doing, but that to all his almoned-eyed world and more especially the gods of his almoned-eyed world should be proclaimed his benefactions. So the reading on the walls tells and sets forth to the uttermost farthing the tithe-giving of the faithful for the many festivals which appease the gods and confound the devils.

"That papers say how much fool Chinaman give to joss-house and preachers." said the skeptical Oriental, indicating the bills. "Some give hundred dloller, some give fifty dloller, some one dloller. Some poor fiella give four bit, maybe two bit. One give much get much bless in joss-house. Poor fiella give two bit no get velly much bless. Each one give want to see name and slubscription on wall. So gods can see and be glad. So devils can see and be afraid. Chinaman which give an' not see his name on board kick like hell. Devils make him many trouble. All look to see his name. That why clowd. All foolish. Chinaman easy in head. B'lieve sluperstition.

"Give money for joss. Buy candle and punk for burn devils. Give much money for festivals. Kill maybe duck, maybe pig, maybe chicken for joss and is hungry. Four night and thlee day eat no blood meat. No fish, only bean-cake and pray for bless from gods in joss-house. Pray this day. Get no bless. Pray next



In the lee of a building, where the tide that is passing swirls and eddies to avoid the corner, crouches a monster that was once a man.

day, get no bless. Pray thlee day, get no bless. Then go crazy. What bless can gods give? Chinamen make own gods. Maybe make in 'Flisco, maybe make in Portland, maybe in Hong Kong. Make gods out paper, out wood, maybe out brass. Gods got eyes, but can't see. Gods got arms, but can't use. Gods got legs, but can't walk. Gods got mouth, but can't eat. Can't help himself. How gods goin' help Chinaman? Make devils same way as gods. Chinamen burn devils and devils can't help himself. How devils goin' make touble for China fella? Dam foolish. China fella easy in head."

The skeptic will then laugh a low click-

ing laugh like the breaking of bamboo twigs, and with a glance of melting pity at his deluded brothers of the darkness and one of superior attainment at the questioner, he will teeter down the gala-garbed highways of Little China.

So the mystery is at bottom no mystery at all. It is merely an incident in the appeasing of gods and the confounding of devils. The sinister placards represent only the world-old enterprise of the Pharisee who would have the runner read of his beneficences and the town crier intone to the multitude his virtues. Why may not some kindly biographer see here a chance to find in some yellow devotee as much



"That papers say how much fool Chinaman give to joss house and preachers," said the skeptical Oriental, indicating the bills.

excellence as in Rockefeller, whose outward manifestations differ only in degree. Some Standard Oil laureate should eat the lotus and make a sonnet to a heathen god-appeaser.

* * * * *

Have you seen the blithesome faker in the streets selling with such good grace his wares to a grateful trade. The same old Merry Andrew in his motley that blocked the cobble-paved lanes of London when Elizabeth was queen. His fashions may change, but he is ever the same diverting rascal, brother to the cut-purse and patron of the arts of blandishment.

The armless, legless, sightless mendicant on the pavement with hand out-

stretched in continuous persistence is the same old beggar who heard the riot within Belshazzar's palace and sat close by the Joppa gate in old Jerusalem. Yet there are none to tell the romance of these brave adventurers nor to rhyme wild ballads to commemorate their deeds. Our modern school has no tropes for such as they, and yet there is much literary goods thus wasting. Why may not the millennial "great American novel" sometime appear as "The Chronicles of a Pan-Handler" or the "Revelations of a Soap Faker?" Why not, save only that there are now too many musical comedies to be written.

* * * * *

Then there are the children dancing in the street while the organ plays its tune. Ah, there is the happy, happy promise of great poems and greater books held out to a better, saner generation which shall have learned that the simple, homely things we meet and touch in the each day's work are the things that are high and mighty and will abide. The innocent, thoughtless goodness that is of Heaven is there. The unmapped virtue which was of the world before men knew there was right and wrong. That is the best and greatest thing of all, and for it we must go to the children dancing in the street. There is hope of the salvation of a race in the earnest contemplation of the dirty-faced youngsters at play in the vast realm of childhood which may be on a rich demesne, in the broad catholicity of the

park, but oftenest and best in the street when the organ plays.

* * * * *

Let us still hope that sometime there will come a renaissance that will bring back to us a real literature that rings true. When the decadent school of nature-quacks shall have passed away. The strong, new literature, if we are to have such, must be of men and children of men. The fad for exploiting the moral consciousness of wild animals whom we have not known and whispering mushrooms we have not known is eroticism run riot. Let us get back to literary health and virility. Let us not in despair go back to the woods. Not back to the woods! Back to the streets, my pretty gentlemen and ladies of the writing mania! Back to the streets!

CAPTAIN BALDWIN'S AIRSHIP

An Interview with the California Inventor and
His Boy Aeronaut, Lincoln Beechey

By Arno Dosch

“**T**HE Portland Concessions Company” is the uninspiring name under which Captain T. S. Baldwin holds a plot of ground at the Lewis and Clark Exposition over by the American Inn, under a big barn upon which he has two airships. One of these, the “City of Portland,” he built in two weeks to meet the popular demand for something that could fly and incidentally to capture the \$10,000 prize the Exposition offered. He took to the Exposition the “Angelus,” his latest experiment, but found he had advanced too far in his leading ideas without working out the detail, and built his second airship as an improvement on the “Arrow,” the airship which made several successful flights at St. Louis.

Thousands of people stood on the high points of the Exposition grounds and on the tops of buildings of Portland one day last July to see an airship rise like a hawk, turn and sail off toward the south. They had been told that Captain Baldwin, the foremost active aeronaut, was sailing his very latest airship, “The Angelus.”

Up and up he sailed and circled, swung over the city at a thousand feet, and many sent a futile cheer to him, while many more waited with cocked eye for something to happen. They were not disappointed. Something did happen. A portion of the light gasoline motor that propelled the dirigible balloon buckled and the odd flapping of the paddle wheels stopped. Then the crowd joyed; it fairly chortled in its ghoulish glee at another man's failure. It had prophesied the failure, and was delighted beyond measure at its fulfillment.

But Captain Baldwin back in '86 showed what kind of a man he was by being the first to drop from a balloon in a parachute. “In my failures are my successes,” he said three weeks after the flight of the “Angelus,” when the “City of Portland” had proved so successful that it rose from the ground like a bird and almost accomplished the much more difficult task of alighting again upon the wooden horses from which it rose.

That second flight of the “City of Portland” was the most successful ever made by an airship. Young Lincoln Beechey,

the eighteen-year-old aeronaut, stood on the flimsy frame with nothing but an inch-wide brace to walk upon and set the engine to work. He slipped his left foot back along the brace, tilting the machine upward, and it rose with a flapping of propeller which is a sound new to the world. The flapping grew to be a murmur, and Beechey was sailing around, cutting figure eights about the towers of the government building. Again he slipped back his foot, and in a minute there was nothing to see but a big bag of gas and a very active figure of an eighteen-year-old man darting about seemingly on nothing but air.

The airship poked its nose to the east, ran over to the Columbia River, sailed above Vancouver Barracks, cut off to the south, to the west, to the north, and in three-quarters of an hour was dropping back upon the half-acre to its moorings.

Santos-Dumont never had such success as that, and what success he had did not mean so much to him. He was satisfying a whim. But with Captain Baldwin, and more particularly with Lincoln Beechey, it was success in double caps. It is their life, their single devotion. They know every line of these flying machines as an artist knows his dearest pictures. Baldwin is the constructor and Beechey is the machinist. The boy listens to the sing of his motor and fondles it like a child. He must have lightness combined with

speed. On the "City of Portland" his motor is not over three and one-half horse power, and he can only buck against a fourteen mile breeze with that flopping bag of gas above him, but he is having a motor made which will have sixteen horse power and yet will be fit for the "City of Portland;" then he will be almost ready for a hurricane.

The goal of these aeronauts is an airship which will stand any ordinary wind. They do not hope to make mechanical birds, and expect to need as much care in landing as a ship coming to its moorings. What they are building now are models, upon which they improve constantly with the ultimate purpose of securing an airship of such proportions that the model can be enlarged to any size. They dream of a day when the currents of the air will be as definitely mapped as those of the ocean, and aerial navigation will be the ordinary method of rapid transit. They see the time coming, but they know it will take the lives and devotions of a hundred men working upon the one line of development.

Captain Baldwin is no emaciated inventor with restricted vision, but has the largeness of the showman about him. What he knows he is willing and anxious to tell. He knows that he is losing nothing, as he has no secrets. The airship to him is an accomplished fact, with only



Beechey slips back his foot, and the airship slants upwards.



In full sight.

the necessity of working out the details. The gas bag he believes will never be done away with; it will also be necessary to have a rudder and a propeller. Years of experience have brought most aeronauts to a similar opinion. The general model he, with most of his compeers, believes to be established, and it only remains to make everything fit.

Airship building has reached the stage where a mechanic can do more than any one. Lincoln Beechey is the mechanic in this partnership. He and Captain Baldwin work hand in glove, the one furnishing the technical skill and the other the experience and the imagination. The combination has produced the "City of Portland." Captain Baldwin calls this model a digression, but said he had to advance by slow degrees.

The leading difficulty in airship building is to combine the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength and at the same time to have a motor strong enough to prevent the bulky gas bag being swayed about in the wind. "The Angelus" was calculated to take a big step

in this direction, but something did not fit somewhere, and the whole thing went wrong. So the "City of Portland," being built on the lines of the "Arrow" instead of the "Angelus," is an apparent step backwards. But it is not a direct imitation of the "Arrow," and takes a half step forward.

"We are confronted with this condition always," said Captain Baldwin, standing in the shadow of the gas bag, "that we are pioneers. We have no drawings to go to; we must figure out every line for ourselves. Consequently in such a complicated and delicate matter as this, where we make everything as light as possible, we are constantly making failures. But we profit from our failures and always advance. But no other man can begin where we leave off. He must make his own failures first. That is why there are no secrets. It is all a matter of mechanical skill.

"Some time we will all have airships. I will not see the day, but Lincoln here will. In my belief that boy has the brightest future of any in the world to-day. At

eighteen he knows more about airships than anybody."

"The boy" is a fairly well grown young man with more nerve than a Barney Oldfield. When he is up in the airship he has a dozen things to do, and must do them quickly. The moment the wind begins to rise he knows that little three and a half horse power engine of his will not be able to keep the gas bag from carrying him off at a tangent, and when he gets down to earth again and has time to think more than a second ahead, he dreams of the sixteen horse power engine that he will put into the machine. For then he will cut some capers that will astonish the world.

Beechey overcame his modesty enough one day to talk about the airship. He told about the air-cooled De Doin motor and the three fly wheels in it, and the perversity of that unwieldy gas bag that is forever flopping around, but could not find a single incident to tell when asked if he had ever had any serious adventures in aerial navigation. He had been at it for five years in all sorts of air craft, but was never hurt.

"Well, you see," he said, "I generally knew what I was going up in. There isn't much danger anyway. As long as the bag forms a parachute when it collapses, it is all right. I am pretty sure to come down to earth somewhere." He turned around with a half nod of appro-

bation to his airship, as much as complimenting it on its reliability.

Captain Baldwin has always worked in the open. He is not trying to get something and then keep it for himself. He wants the whole world to profit. Perhaps a man feels that way who has spent as much time up in a balloon as Captain Baldwin. He would like to promote a congress of airship inventors. "Not these theoretical fellows, who would not let Beechey and me into their conclaves, but the real active aeronauts." He does not believe they could work together, but knows they would all gain greatly by the exchange of ideas.

Captain Baldwin's airship is composed of a rather fat cigar-shaped gas bag and sufficient rigging underneath to support the aeronaut and a gasoline motor which furnishes power for the propeller. There is so little to it and it is composed of so many fine lines and braces that at a few hundred feet from the ground it seems to be made of thread. In fact all the woodwork is of good, stout Oregon fir cut down to less than an inch in thickness, yet strong enough for the purpose. The propeller is placed in front, primarily because in that position it makes a better draught upon the big canvas, bamboo-braced rudder in the rear. The thing sails beautifully, and the crowd stands and wonders; it has forgotten to prophesy failure.



The "City of Portland."

SHORT STORIES

The Short Story Department of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY has been contributed to almost exclusively by Western writers, who know at first hand of the life they depict. Manuscripts of short, picturesque stories are solicited.

THE SINGING KID

By Lute Pease

"LIFT her, boys! Lift her!" roared the red-faced mate. "It'll blow woolies 'gin' sunrise. Them mountains 'as got some bad ones. "Shove out your oar there, you squarehead! Do your share, you—" the mate concluded with a flood of astounding blasphemy. The seven passengers, independent adventurers, were helping the boat's crew to "lift her" in the four o'clock cold of a January morning up the wild, bleak, mountain-bound Illiamna Bay, the pass at the head of which forms one of the gateways into Southwestern Alaska.

In the misty moonlight, as they rose and bent at the oars, they dimly saw to port and to starboard the formidable, icy-white shapes of the peaks, towering far into indigo space. Close in the first boat's wake followed a second, loaded with dogs, sleds, and supplies. Further astern showed the lights of the steamer, fast dimming with distance.

The seven thought of the good food, drink, warmth, shelter, social life—civilization, all contained in that dark hulk. They glanced ahead. A thousand miles of ice and snow—wilderness unspeakable! But, ah! the joy of adventure, of valleys unmapped. And somewhere yonder the Yellow River, mysterious tributary of the Kuskokum, reputed to ripple over millions of gold!

"Tide turning," said a sailor, with a note of relief.

"Yep," assented a small, slim, hawk-beaked man, who carried private mail for Nome. "We're goin' easier now."

"There's the old man!" cried the mate, as a blast from the steamer's whistle echoed up the bay. "He's gettin' anxious. Say, you gents, I'll land youse over on that p'int." He nodded past the port bow.

"Not this trip, Mr. Mate," said the hawk-beaked man. "Put us as far up as you can, and on the right hand shore."

The mate began to curse.

"Boys," said the mail carrier earnestly, "don't let this feller bulldoze us. We ain't in the foc'sle of a lime-juicer—and this here bay ain't no happy harbor o' peace and luxury—"

"Stow yer wind," snarled the mate.

"Boys," persisted the other, "I was here two years ago on a tradin' trip. If we don't land near the head o' the bay on the right hand side, we'll have hell gettin' to the trail, unless we take one o' the boats. It's all cliffs along shore, and sticky mud flats at low tide."

"Youse'll land where I say, and that's right here," growled the mate, putting the boat to port.

"No, not this time I say, please," said the mail carrier, resolutely. He ceased rowing and, unbuttoning his coat, disclosed to view the butt of a revolver.

"Oh, you're one o' them bad men from Bitter Creek, I 'spose," sneered the mate.

"No, I dunno's I'm bad; not real bad, but when we've got to have a thing done, a gun's as good as a golden guinea."

"And we're back of you, pard," spoke up a bushy-whiskered man on the bow thwart.

"Ve don'd vant no droubles, mein frendts," interposed an old fellow in a blue denim parka with wolfskin trimmings, "aber dis iss peezness mit uns." He was an Indian trader, who had tea, leaf tobacco and beads to exchange for pelts with the Utkusko tribe and the Kuskokuims.

The mate hesitated, his features working with rage and anxiety. At this crisis uprose a sweet boyish tenor:

"Whoop! Alasker! frozen lan'!

Why we like up, no can say;

Plenty mountains, glaciers gran'

Heaps o' tundra, boom de-a-a!"

The mate laughed as he headed the boat up bay.

"There's the Singing Kid turnin' loose again," said he. "Have youse settled who's goin' to get him for trail partner yet?"

"Not yet, I think," responded a freckle-faced man, who looked like a Scotchman. "We're all traveling independently, and the Kid says he believes he'll play a lone hand too. He's got a fine team of dogs, though, and he says he'll help us all over the pass."

"Well," said the mate in a low tone, "I never seen the like how everybody got stuck on him from the time he came aboard with them dogs at Juneau. You'd think he was a purtty gal with juicy lips. You'd oughter hear even the chief—sourest old porpus on the Pacific—go on 'bout that young feller."

Ten minutes of silence. Suddenly the boat grounded.

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the mate, triumphantly. "I guess we don't go clear to the head o' the bay—I can't row youse through three mile o' mud flats. I'll let youse off on that shore-ice yonder. Best I can do. Back her! Back water all!"

* * *

Supplies, sleds, dogs, and "argonauts" were hustled confusedly out of the boats, and before the men had more than straightened their cramped legs, the mate had shoved off.

"Good-bye, boys," he shouted, jovially, "put a stake down for me on the Yaller River, an' I'll set 'em up when I meet youse in Nome next July. 'Way all."

The travelers stood about helplessly gazing after the boats. The dogs, weak and groggy with close confinement on the long, stormy voyage, seemed to be wondering what it all could be about.

"Say, gentlemen," said the hawk-beaked man, "there's a twenty-eight-foot tide in this here bay. It's about all out now, but it'll be back right away, and when it does, it's a-goin' to shake up this ice, which is restin' on the bottom now. The weather's been loosenin' for two days. It's half a mile to shore, an' I'm tellin' you that we'd better work lively and get the outfits to terry firmy quick as God'll let us."

"Whoop, come here, Gyp!" suddenly shouted the Singing Kid, dragging forth from the heap a bundle of dog harness. A big, shaggy black dog trotted over to him obediently.

"Here we are Alaska dear;

Welcome be yer icy arms;

It's good-bye to Frisco beer.

"Better buck up, fellers. I don't like this ice either. I seen a lot o' chaps lose all they had once up Turn-Again-Arm—just this kind of proposition—and this is all the grub we can get this side o' the Yukon.

"It's good-bye to Frisco beer,

An' farewell to Betsy's charms."

The winners of men are the natural leaders of men. The party promptly adopted the Kid's suggestion.

"Don't stop to segregate the stuff. Do that on shore. Let's all load up, hit or miss."

The Kid's team was the best, and was soon harnessed to a rapidly loaded sled. Other sleds were handled by man-power, and presently a rough trail had been chosen over the hummocky pack to the beach. Within half an hour the return of the tide became very perceptible, and it was soon evident that good reason existed for the fear expressed by the mail carrier. The imminent danger of losing their outfits struck terror to the hearts of the travelers, and they began to work with mad energy.

"Oh, mein Gott, I will lose half mein goots! Der ice is preakin' up."

The old trader flung his arms tragically to the heavens. The last of the provisions and the camp equipage had been saved, and the men stood panting from their tremendous exertions. All of them were wet from wading through seawater and slush ice. They realized how necessary had been the haste and the hard labor, and they looked rather dubiously now at the old trader's little heap of remaining goods, far out on the ice.

"B—better not attempt another trip," urged a pock-marked man whose teeth were chattering from the chilling water. "It's only t-tradin' stuff. It's beginnin' to blow, too, and with that tide rippin' agin the wind, there won't be a piece of ice big enough to float a cigar box on in a mighty short time."

"No moh foh me," said a tall, thin, black-browed man. "I jus' kain't walk nohow. That ice-watah cramped both my laigs."

"Oh, mein Gott! mein goots!" exclaimed the trader again, "vot vill I do mit-out mein goots!"

"I can take 'em all in one load if we can get 'em," yelled the Kid, dumping the last sack off his sled. "There's a good neck o' ice still left down 'gainst the point. Mush on! Kit—you, Gyp! Come on, fellers—a couple of you."

The old trader hastened forward joyfully, and the hawk-beaked man followed grumbling.

That last load was saved, every sack wet, every man and dog soaked and breathless. Meanwhile a driftwood fire had been fanned into a faint blaze. In the bitter wind the men were hurriedly changing their clothing, some of the less benumbed helping the rest.

"Well, we got our stuff all saved," said the bushy-whiskered man, contentedly. He was comfortable now in dry mackinaw and caribou-skin mukluks. "Grub means life to a man in 'Laska, and so a man'll risk his life to save it, but burn me if I'd a gone back for them durn tradin' goods."

The Kid, shivering over the fire, laughed hysterically.

"Open that black war-bag there, somebody," he said. "There's a quart o' Scotch in the middle of it. Pass it 'round. S-sure c-cure for rattlin' teeth."

The bottle was tilted to the morning sky with successively closer aim to the zenith as it greeted in turn the seven pairs of purple lips. A variety of sentiments, some seemingly profane, but in a measure devout, accompanied the ceremony.

"My regards!"

"H—here's h—how!"

"All's well!"

"Here's hopin'!"

"Come to glory!"

"Oh, say!"

"Ah!"

Seven swallows may not make a summer, but they emptied that bottle of whisky, and shot something of the cheerfulness of spring into the wintry situation. The bushy-whiskered man grunted with contentment as he lighted his pipe, and in the act permitted his eyes to rove up the snowy peaks and the tremendous cliffs, golden with the sun of morning.

"I reckon," said he, reflectively, "that when the Lord finished the earth, and jus' as He got ready to shove it into the oven, he found He'd a lot of surplus sour

dough, and He tuk an' chucked it up along the coast of Alaska, and says He: "That'll make a dandy home fer b'ars an' blizzards."

"You, Gyp!" called the Kid. "Where are you? That blanked dog's pulled out o' the collar."

He had taken off his sweater and was searching in his outfit for dry clothing.

"What's that?" suddenly demanded one of the men. All paused.

A faint long drawn, agonized wail sounded far out on the ice.

"Somebody's short one dog," said the bushy-whiskered man, composedly puffing his pipe.

"It's Gyp!" cried the Kid, springing from the fire. "That 'turnel fool dog's tryin' to get back to the ship. I must get him."

"Come back, you idjit!" yelled the hawk-beaked man, leaping forward also.

"You can't save him, he's 'way out. Here! you blame fool!"

But the swift-footed youth eluded him.

"I'd as soon lose a brother as that dog," he shouted back.

On the frontier a man's freedom to do what he chooses with his life is unquestioned, but this party watched the speeding figure with intense and anxious interest.

"By heavens! I wanted that Kid for a partner." The hawk-beaked man produced a pair of binoculars from a small bag, and brought them to bear upon the ice.

"He may make it," he said, slowly. "There's a small neck o' broken-up ice down by the pint. He's gettin' over it, jumpin' like a cat. There! he's struck a big, solid raft of it."

"Hello! there's the dog—pretty close to him, on another cake. Dog's jumpin' 'round excited. Kid seems to be callin' to him to come over. There goes the dog into the water!"

"By thunder! the Kid's got him; lifted him bodily up on to the raft of ice he's on. Dog's all O. K.—shakes himself. Now they're runnin' this way. Eh! Ah! God! boys, he's up agin' it bad! Th' tide an' wind have run him clear in the channel—water's probably full o' slush ice, and he knows he can't swim in it. There! he's runnin' to the other end! No good! Back again. Say, boys, he's gettin' further out, faster'n you'd think. Ah! see him throw up his hands at us!"

A groan went up from the crowd.

"Let's do something," cried the Scotchman with quivering energy.

"What kin you do?" demanded another. "There ain't a boat this side o' Kadiak, an' that's eighty miles away."

"If we had a boat it wouldn't do no good. Couldn't get it through that movin', grindin' stuff."

"He's done for, I'm afraid, boys," said the hawk-beaked man in grief-stricken tones. "The blame fool. He's all wet and tired out. It's only a notch or two above freezin' now, an' it'll get colder this afternoon—an' even if that ice holds out, he won't live long out there in the wind."

"Vell," said the old trader, "he was a goot feller, but he took too mooch chances. If he don't come pack—vell, he von'd haf no use for dose odder dogs, und he's got a goot outfit, too."

A murmur of rage went among the others at this, and they exchanged glances.

"Better wait till the Kid's dead before you grab his property," said the hawk-beaked man sternly, and four others assented with profane emphasis.

"But," persisted the trader, "I don't mean—I say dot ebervbody would bay der brice vot he dakes, und send der money to his mudder, odder who effer dot he hass by his home."

"Shut your head," growled the bushy-whiskered man.

* * *

Out on the ice stood a tragic little group. The youth was staring down with a half-comic expression into the eyes of a great, shaggy, black dog.

"Oh, you fool, Gyp!" he was saying. "Have I got to cash in at the bottom

o' this here God-forgotten bay, all on account of you? You big, lazy, black mongrel. You! That's right, drop your tail! You better be 'shamed o' yourself, you murderer, you—"

He gazed about him over the broken ice, the gray-blue water, the pitilessly cold peaks.

"My God! Gyp, boy, we don't want to die in that water. We're goin' to the Yellow River, boy! where there's gold—an' where I'll get square with you, by eatin' you up, if grub gives out, you villain!"

He searched the shore with his gaze and noted his companions running about as if distracted. He sighed deeply, then began to hum a song as if in defiance to fate.

"Let's look this thing in the eye, Gyp, boy. If we got to die we won't bawl about it, will we, doggy? They'll look in my bag, and they'll write 'em home, if it's all day with us, eh?"

"Say, now we're sailin'! I wonder now how close we'll come to that rock. Br'r! I'm gettin' mighty cold. Here, boy, let me hold on to you, you're warm as a hot buscuit. This wind's holdin' us back some. Maybe we won't get as far's that rock 'fore the tide stops. Then we'll go sailin' out to sea, Gyp.

"Sailing—sailing over the bounding blue—
Sweetheart, darling, nearer home to you."

"Let's dance, Gyp, I'm gettin' awful cold."

Half an hour passed. The wind was now blowing strong and steady, and the ice was almost stationary. The youth, who had been crouching over the dog, aroused himself as if with much effort.

"Gyp, we're awful close to that rock. There's the fellers on shore. They've got a rope. Say, they're going to try to get out to that rock! Looks like the ice's packin' in there some—maybe they can get across. What! If that ain't that little, sharp-nosed chap with the rope tied to him. He's got a pole and he's wadin' into the water. Say, he's all right!

"Hello! We've stopped! No—yes, we have! Gyp, boy, we're goin' back. It's now or never—that wind's too much for us. But's it's two hundred yards. Guess I'll be too numb to make it, but you can, Gyp. In with you—there!"

With a sudden shove he forced the unwilling animal into the water, which was here almost clear of slush, then silently slid in himself. He gasped a few times, but struck out toward the rock. The tidal current was still up-bay, and strong enough yet to help them along. A hundred strokes took him half way to safety, but his legs began cramping fearfully. He heard a shout from the rock, and answered with a despairing cry. He began to sink, and did not feel the dog seize him by the shirt sleeve near the shoulder.

In a few minutes the struggling, gasping animal relinquished his hold, and the powerful arm of the hawk-beaked man drew first the Kid, and then the dog, upon the rock.

* * *

Three hours later a sweet but maudlin tenor was outpouring from the old trader's tent:

"Im a rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm far from my home;
If people don't like me,
They can leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
An' if whisky don't kill me,
I'll live till I die—Whoop!"

"The old Dutchman's filled the Kid so full o' hot whisky he'll have a great head on 'gin mornin'," said the bushy-whiskered man to the Scotchman, with whom he had about arranged partnership.

"Yes, I've no doubt the trader wants to get him for partner, I suppose, but I fancy the little mail carrier 'll have him."

CRIS HEDDLESON: COWARD

T. Shelley Sutton

CRIS HEDDLESON was just a plain, blunt California cowboy—that is, he had come from California several years before his appearance at the big Wyoming cattle ranch; but, although he was exceedingly proud of his native state, he believed that destiny would compel him to spend the remainder of his years on the prairies of old Wyoming. In truth, he loved the wild, adventurous life of this great cattle country, and it had become almost as dear to him as the golden hills and fertile valleys of California. At times there crept through his memory a glimpse of the blue coast skies, and visions of palms, cactus and yucca plumes; and his heart would fill up with an unutterable longing for the scenes of other days. But after he became acquainted with little Dolly Baxter, the brown-eyed goddess of the Smith-Baxter cattle ranch, the feeling of home sickness gradually departed, and his life acquired a new and deeper interest. It was as though his heart suddenly “took root” in the prairie land, as though his thoughts were inseparably woven with the scenes around him—the scenes in which Dolly’s face and eyes—her smile and voice—were the most dominant and attractive features.

Dolly was a typical ranch girl. She had never seen the world, nor formed a definite conception of it. To her there was nothing worth living for beyond the purview of prairies, corrals, and branding pens. These constituted her small but in effably joyous cosmos. Her physical ideal of a hero was a tall, stately, handsome, daring cowboy, with a red handkerchief about his neck, a broad brimmed hat, a pair of yellow-haired “chaps,” and high-heel boots with silver-mounted spurs. Besides the possession of these articles of apparel, he must be unquestionably brave, able to manipulate a six-shooter, ride anything with four legs without “touching leather,” and a man who could do everything that any one else could do. When she met such a hero there was no doubt in Dolly’s mind but that she would immediately “splice up to him,” but so far the hero had failed to materialize, for in none of the rough-and-ready broncho busters about Laramie could she discover the essential qualities of her ideal cowboy. Invariably there was something lacking.

Many of the cow punchers had been trying to “put their mark” on Dolly for several years, but none of them had succeeded in “roping her heart,” or in getting her affection even temporarily corralled. Try as they did, with all of their peculiar attentions, odd presents and daily visits, Dolly remained charmingly distant and reserved; and to each of them, as his turn came, she revealed her mental attitude in such a lucid manner as to quiet forever the hopeless bubbleings of his heart, whereupon he soon returned to the range with a fresh bottle of whisky and a new assortment of cuss words.

During the round-up seasons the ranch house was usually the scene of many conflicting attempts to capture the little maverick; and some of the conquests were amusing, although frequently of a troublesome nature; all but Dolly being kept in a veritable maelstrom of doubts, hopes, and emotions. She, alone, endeavored laughingly to prevent their quarrels, act as peace maker, and at the same time hold at a distance all of the aspiring admirers who sought her heart and hand. Perhaps, among all of them, there were two men who might be said to have claimed the most of her time and attention. These men—Jim Albright and Cris Heddleson—deemed themselves quite alone in the field of rivalry, and each of them went so far as to entertain the secret belief that *he* was actually preferred to his rival. Jim, for a time, cherished this happy belief in silence; but finally, after he had taken Dolly to two or three dances at Laramie, Jim boldly announced to his companions that he “had got the noose over her heart,” and had a “cinch,” as he expressed it, on “roping her in.” But incidental to Jim’s obvious encouragement it was not to be denied that Cris Heddleson was making similar headway, for he had taken her to an equal number of dances, and had been seen in her company almost as

frequently as had Jim Albright. But Jim was in advance of his rival in one particular. He had already declared his love, had appealed passionately for her hand, and had received an answer. True, her answer had been indefinite, but it filled Jim Albright with an effervescent hope.

"I ain't ready to marry yet, Jim," she said, a little mischievously. They were riding across the prairie to the weekly "shin-dig" at Laramie, and their horses were pressing their sides together in knowing appreciation of Jim's desire to be close to her. "And another thing, Jim," she continued, when they had ridden for some distance gazing at the moon, "if you want to make me your wife you've got to act a whole lot different than you do now. The last time I went to the dance with you, if I'm not greatly mistaken, you spent the most o' your time out at the stables, drinkin' from that demijohn o' whisky Pete Myers brought. Why, I could hardly waltz with you! An' didn't the girls all feel ashamed o' you when you came in an' went to dancin' with your spurs an' 'chaps' on? That ain't no way to act, Jim. 'Tain't etiket."

Jim, of course, acknowledged graciously that it wasn't just the best form of etiquette, a la Bostonian ethics, but timidly called to mind the fact that Jack Holton, Dug Jones, and Frank Saunderson had done the same things and nobody had seemed to object. He endeavored to persuade her that he was willing to have her teach him, and promised that thereafter he would remove his spurs, "chaps," and sombrero before going on the floor; would quit throwing blank cartridges at the fiddler; wouldn't touch a drop of whisky unless bitten by a rattlesnake, and would otherwise endeavor to become the paragon of manly virtues that she desired him. This seemed to please Dolly, for she smiled charmingly, and after the dance that night, on their way home, she took occasion to thank him for his conduct. She was aware of the fact that he had slyly indulged in the contents of a quart flask, but he had considerably perfumed his breath with a quantity of cloves and cinnamon, and in other particulars had been very gentlemanly, except for having indulged in a casual controversy with Long Charley about a bunch of steers, the controversy ending in a free-for-all fight outside of the dance hall. Jim had come off victorious, however, and had so transformed Long Charley's countenance that the latter deemed it advisable to mount his cayuse and trot homeward. So long as Jim was successful in his pugilistic encounters little Dolly did not have the heart, or even the inclination, to scold him. It was in keeping with her standard of bravery, and thoroughly conformed to her ideas of the ideal cowboy. Had she been different in this regard she would not have been a typical ranch girl.

But Cris Heddleson was observing his rival's progress with silent interest—or, as the cowboys expressed it, "Jest sayin' nothin' an' sawin' wood." He did not believe that Dolly had any serious intentions of marrying Jim Albright, and felt confident that she was merely using Jim as a tool to make him jealous. On several occasions, when accompanying her to the dance, or when with her on one of her daily rides among the cattle, Cris endeavored by innuendo and artful questions to discover the true state of her feelings for Jim, but he was never successful in eliciting the coveted information. She always spoke of Jim as "a good fellow," "a fine rider," "a true friend," etc., but nevertheless she permitted Cris to overstep the bounds of conventionality and propriety on several critical occasions; and once, especially, as the moon was peeping up behind the corrals, and they stood in the romantic shadow of some poplar trees by the ranch house, he had the horrible audacity to bend over and actually kiss her squarely upon the lips. Of course she turned her head, reprimanded him with all due anger, and looked very bashful about it; but some way or other Cris was not a bit disappointed, didn't consider that he had done anything but his duty, and was startlingly cool and collected—"just as though he had the right to do it," as Dolly afterward exclaimed to herself when alone in her little room. "The idea! I ought to have—have—well, if he does it again, even just once, I'll tell him not to. Gee! but Cris did look handsome to-night, with the moon a-shinin' down in his face and his eyes just like a couple o' black diamonds! I think I could like Cris pretty good."

She told herself, too, that Cris was near to her ideal. His handsome, boyish

face, with its somewhat refined features and soft, suggestive expression; his slender, athletic figure and graceful mien; his dark-bright eyes; pride protrayed in every word and movement; his superior education; all of these, and other things, made him seem to her like the highest type of cowboy—such a type as she had vaguely patterned for her ideal.

But there was one thing lacking. She knew nothing of Cris as a horseman, and stories had come to her to the effect that he was not the best rider in Wyoming. Jim Albright, at different times, had confidentially hinted to her that Cris had been thrown from his horse, and later had given her a vivid description of several instances when he had been unable to remain in his saddle without holding fast to the horn. Twice, he said, Cris had been thrown head first by a skinny cayuse that almost anybody could have ridden. These stories, coupled with the fact that Dolly had always seen him riding a bony, half-fed broncho, of which most cowboys would have been ashamed, caused the girl some little anxiety and worry, for she told herself that if Cris wasn't a good horseman he wasn't the man for her to set her cap for. But, finally, the opportunity to witness his ability as a "broncho buster" presented itself—the opportunity for which she had long wished.

It all happened one day when Bill and Joe Baxter (her two brothers), and Jim Albright, Cris Heddleson, and several other cowboys were breaking in a herd of selected colts in the main corral. Five of the animals had been successfully ridden with and without a saddle, and Dolly, with several of the cowboys not actually engaged in breaking the animals, was sitting on top of the rail fence of the branding pen, adjoining the corral. Much sport had been indulged in at the various riders' expenses, but all of them had in reality proved their ability as horsemen beyond the possibility of criticism—all but Cris Heddleson. The latter sat silently by Dolly's side, and although she frequently endeavored to persuade him to enter the corral and mount a certain colt, which she mentally designated as being somewhat formidable, Cris laughingly ignored her requests and continued to occupy his position as a spectator.

"That black colt there," remarked Joe Baxter, smiling, "was one Billy picked up with a bunch o' Hank Murray's horses. I recollect when me'n Billy helped to brand him, 'bout a year ago. He was a mean critter to handle, too, an' I want to see what Cris'll do when he comes to git on him."

"Cris?" Dolly exclaimed, interrogatively, gazing from one to the other. Then, with a look of happy relief: "Oh, Cris! are you goin' to ride him?"

Cris shifted uneasily from his elevated position, and turned about so as to face Joe, almost angrily.

"Who said anything me riding the black colt?"

Joe laughed good humoredly, but made no answer. At that moment their attention was again directed to Jim Albright, who had now succeeded in fastening his saddle on the black colt under discussion. The girth, or cinch, had been tightened to its utmost, the reins thrown over his head, and Jim was chasing him madly about the corral in his endeavor to mount him. Jim always refused to let any one hold his animal when in the corral, for he delighted in vaulting into the saddle on the run, like the riders in a circus ring. The horse kicked and reared back violently, and twice when Jim had his hand almost on the saddle horn the animal lunged suddenly around and almost threw him to the ground. Finally, however, Jim got the colt into a close corner, and, while holding him back by the bit, leaped into the saddle before the horse could well realize what was happening. In a moment the cowboy had gripped his long legs tightly about the animal's body, his feet almost touching each other underneath. The foam issued in a frenzied snort from the colt's dilated nostrils, and with a wild leap, as one turns a black-snake in the air to make it crack, the animal reared up on his hind legs, turned suddenly about, and began bucking vigorously from one end of the corral to the other, back and forth, at times lunging sideways into the zigzag fence, again kicking angrily as though at some fancied foe in the rear, until Jim found himself completely enveloped in a cloud of dust that made it impossible for him to protect himself from danger. But he refused to "touch leather," and a smile played upon

his face whenever his bucking broncho bore him near enough to Dolly for him to see her face, and the interest depicted in it.

Cris said nothing, and did not indulge even in an appreciative smile, but sat close by Dolly's side, more interested in the expression of her face than in Jim's feats of horsemanship. Dolly, herself, was highly elated and enthusiastic. With the heart and spirit of a true ranch girl, she watched the exciting scene before her with eager interest and frequent cries of "Stay with him, Jim!" "Hold him down!" "Give him the spurs!" "Ply the quirt!" etc. She enjoyed it, in fact, much as the Romans enjoyed their chariot races, or the Greeks their Olympian games; and from that day forward Jim appeared to her much like her girlish conception of the ideal cowboy. When it was all over, and Jim dismounted and approached her, with the blood trickling from his ears and nose, and the dust and perspiration mingled together on his face and forehead, she looked down at him from her seat on the fence, and exclaimed, ecstatically:

"Jim, I could almost kiss you!"

Jim Albright felt himself amply repaid for the good shaking up which the Black Prince, as they called the colt, had given him.

"Now, Cris," Jim said, turning significantly to his rival, "I think the critter's sufficiently tame fur you to ride. Suppose you go over an' give us a demonstration o' what you can do when somebody else has broke 'em in."

"I don't feel like ridin'," Cris replied.

"What! You don't mean to say you ain't got nerve enough to mount him after I've gone an' tamed him, do you?"

"I've got nerve enough, but I ain't goin' to," Cris replied.

"Can't you ride him?" Dolly asked, sharply.

"Can, but I won't."

No more was said. Jim looked at Dolly with an "I told you so" expression, and Dolly looked significantly at Cris. The latter climbed slowly from the fence and without another word walked quietly in the direction of the ranch house. Reaching the veranda he lighted a cigarette and sat down in the shadow of the hop-vines to cogitate.

"Gee, Cris, you're a big coward!" Dolly exclaimed, almost cuttingly, as she returned from the corral and passed him on the veranda.

Cris did not look up, but remained statuesque with his eyes thoughtfully scanning the distant prairie horizon. Jim Albright overheard Dolly's remark, and later repeated it freely among the cattlemen and cowboys congregated at the ranch. Thus it was, as a result of Dolly's remark, that Cris Heddleson gained for himself the odious title "coward." But still he said nothing, and seemed by his silence to admit that he was a poor rider, for he did not care much for popular opinion. He remembered times in dear old California when the best of cowboys had envied him for his horsemanship, and recalled many occasions when he had ridden far worse animals than the Black Prince. But as a result of those days Cris had been seriously injured. He had suffered a broken leg, a dislocated arm, several fractured ribs, and a bad attack of heart failure; so he had long since decided that in the future he would confine his life to the simpler excitements of range riding and round-ups. Others could break their bronchos. He was not anxious to die young, and if they chose to dub him "coward," let it pass. He, himself, knew that he was not.

A month later the boys completed a big round-up of steers to be shipped to Omaha. There were several hundred altogether, and the herd was brought late in the afternoon to the ranch, where the animals were hustled unceremoniously into the corrals. These corrals, which were several hundred yards from the house, were eight in number, each covering about half an acre, and all of them joined together by gates and chutes which, when not closed, made them all one large corral. As usual, when the herd was to be retained but a short time, the inside gates were left open, and the steers had the privilege of going from one to another of the enclosures. When the main outside gate had been swung to and, as the cowboys thought, securely fastened, the men repaired to the ranch house, washed themselves

for dinner, and sauntered on into the sitting room to enjoy their cigarettes and late reminiscences.

Cris sat alone on the front veranda. He was thinking about Dolly, and of some of the remarks which had been made during the last round-up concerning his horsemanship. He was deeply cut, and this afternoon determined to see Dolly and "have it out" with her. While studying over the best way to approach the matter, he fancied that he caught a glimpse of her on the prairie beyond the corrals, riding her pet pony in the direction of the neighboring ranch house. It did not take long to determine definitely that it was she, for he had seen her too often on the pinto pony to be mistaken. It occurred to him that he could mount his horse, catch up with her, and enjoy her company to the neighboring ranch, and back, without the danger of an interruption to their conversation. No doubt he would find the courage to tell her of his love. So, leisurely, he arose from his chair, and walked down the path toward the stables. He found his horse at the barn gate, but for a moment failed to remember where he had placed his saddle. While wondering where to find it he became conscious of a dull, ominous roar, and the sound of many hoofs, borne to his ears from the prairie behind the barn, and moving hurriedly to the corner he saw the band of steers rushing wildly from the main gate of the corrals. In an instant he knew the truth. Some one had opened, or had left open, the big gate, and the steers had discovered their liberty. But what appalled him mostly was the fact that they were rushing in a mad stampede, incensed by several dogs, straight in the direction of little Dolly. His own horse was lame, and unfit for the emergency, and as Dolly was mounted on the pinto pony, which could not possibly carry her safely from the course of the stampede, her danger was more than ever imminent.

The only horse which had a saddle on, ready for the mount, was the Black Prince, still but half tamed; yet it required but a glance at Dolly to tell the cowboy his duty. He ran to the Prince, vaulted quickly into the saddle, and with a wild yell typical of a Western cowboy starting upon a fast ride, plunged his spurs into the animal's body, and felt himself lunging forward on the mad race to head off the steers. There were several hundred of the infuriated beasts, and he doubted his ability, alone and unaided, to handle them; but if he could get within hearing distance of the dogs he could depend upon them to obey his orders, while he himself could attend to Dolly. Such were the thoughts that coursed rapidly through his brain as he dashed wildly toward the helpless girl—applying his quirt with every leap, and spurring the animal vigorously.

The ground, the fence, the trees, everything went by him like streaks of senseless color, and he did not attempt to remember the animal's capacity or endurance. Had he gone like lightning, Cris would still have spurred him. The Black Prince, in turn, seemed to take on wings, and instead of attempting to revolt, or throw his rider, he vented his anger in an ever-increasing speed.

Never in his life had Cris experienced such a swift ride; never had he known that it was possible for a horse to cover the ground so rapidly. Jim Albright, Bill and Joe Baxter, standing nonplussed on the porch of the ranch house, gazed after him with staring eyes and quickened hearts. Never, they told themselves, had they witnessed such a ride. They had not believed that a human being could obtain such speed even from a race horse. Pegasus in his aerial flight could not have outstripped the Black Prince in his dash to head off the steers.

Cris and the Prince were now abreast of the stampede, and almost within the midst of it. Several of the steers had been turned aside, and were racing with him at his right and left; but the others were clinging together in a vast cloud of dust a few yards to the right, almost breaking their necks, and falling over each other as they rushed furiously toward the now thoroughly frightened Dolly, whose little pony was losing in speed at each step, falling gradually back into the very course of the stampede. Cris endeavored, at every leap of his horse, to turn the Prince directly among the steers, attempting in this way to scatter or divide the main body in the hope that by so doing Dolly's life would be in less danger; but

after a few futile attempts to control the untrained animal he gave it up and renewed his terrible race with the herd.

The distance between Dolly and the herd was now becoming momentarily less, and by repeated efforts with quirt and spurs Cris experienced little difficulty in reaching the front rank of the stampede, and was soon almost abreast of Dolly, whose pony was still bearing bravely up in the endeavor to escape the on-rush. Dolly, with a woman's presence of mind, realized the best plan, and while endeavoring to escape from the course of the steers, she did not undertake to direct her pony too abruptly from it, for only by keeping ahead of the stampede could she hope to escape it; and while running away from Cris she knew that his animal would be made to cover the distance which she might possibly gain.

It was a question of time now, and every moment meant life or death. Holding his reins in the left hand, and reaching forward with his right arm, Cris locked his legs tightly beneath the colt's belly and prepared for the feat.

It all happened in a few brief seconds, but they were like years to Cris, leaning out from his saddle in the wild hope of saving the girl he loved, and to Dolly, listening with a horrible despair to the roar of hoofs behind her. She closed her eyes, and drew in the reins, as one who surrenders to the inevitable, and at that moment she felt the quick, powerful grasp of a man's strong arm, as she was lifted from her pony and drawn across the Black Prince in Cris Heddleson's embrace.

There was no time for words, but he exclaimed, hoarsely: "Hold tight, Dolly!" and she closed her eyes again as he pierced the bleeding sides of his horse with another keen thrust of the spurs, and went bounding away at the very head of the stampede. Two or three times he felt his horse give against the terrible pressure of the beasts, and for a minute the hard, sharp horns of the steers struck his legs repeatedly with terrific force, almost crushing them; then there was a grim, sickening sense of pain, and one of the sharp points tore through his overalls and pierced his right leg as the head of a mad steer came in quick contact with the Prince; the other horn tearing a long gash in the horse's side. But Dolly was not injured, and the Black Prince now seemed to have a strong regard for his personal safety, for by a series of defiant and determined lunges, to and fro, he managed to avoid the worst of the rush, and when he had reached an opening he dashed wildly out and on in advance of the steers, going like mad directly across the course of the stampede just in time to avoid the main body of the herd.

Although both horse and master were badly bruised, crushed and bleeding, Dolly passed through the terrible ordeal uninjured. When the roar and thud had passed, and the dust cleared off, the Black Prince realized that his duty was done, and he stopped, stock still, trembling like a reed in mid-current.

Slowly, almost feebly, Cris dismounted, and with an effort managed to assist Dolly to her feet. She was white as death, but a look at the cowboy told her what had happened, and, as only a woman can, she immediately forgot herself and endeavored to bandage his bleeding leg. But Cris laughed at her.

"Are you hurt, Dolly?" he asked, tenderly.

"Not a bit, Cris, but Oh! it was awful, wasn't it?"

She seemed to remember suddenly that she owed her life to him. She grasped his hand instinctively and looked into his eyes.

"Cris, I love you!" she said, with deep emotion, gratitude glowing in her face.

He made no answer, but smiled happily. Then they turned to the Prince, who was gazing from one to the other as if he wondered that they did not thank him. Together they placed their arms about the animal's neck.

"God bless you, Prince!" Cris exclaimed. In her heart little Dolly echoed it.

They returned afoot, Cris being too considerate of the Prince to offer even Dolly the privilege of riding him. As they limped along over the prairie they came upon the pinto pony. He was lying where the steers had left him—crushed, mangled, dead. The cruel hoofs had crushed him to the earth, and even his mistress could scarcely recognize him. The tears came into Dolly's eyes as they turned and passed on.

A few moments later Cris caught sight of a number of cowboys coming from

the ranch to congratulate them. Fearing that he would not have another opportunity to say what was bothering him, he leaned over to Dolly and said abruptly:

"Are you willin' to become Mrs. Heddleson, Dolly?"

With her eyes she answered, "Yes."

"And you don't think I'm a coward, Dolly?"

For reply she turned suddenly and placed her arms about his neck; and just as Jim Albright and the boys came up to them she drew Cris's head down and kissed him.

"Gentlemen," she said, quite seriously, "I'm kissing Cris Heddleson because he's the bravest cowboy in Wyoming, the best rider, and—and—"

She looked straight at Jim Albright.

"And because Cris and I are goin' to get married—next month."

BREAKING IN DOLLY

By E. Binney de Forest

THE midnight lights gleamed through the windows, as the overland train drew into the capital city of Montana.

"Nearing home, little wife," whispered Jem Allen, as he gathered up the luggage.

His wife smiled at him, but her hands gripped each other, and the pink faded out of her cheeks.

Lige Simmons, one of Jem's men from the cattle ranch, met them, and was to drive them to the ranch. As they mounted the buckboard next morning one lone star quivered still in the gray dawn.

"Now you can finish your nap," Jem said, as he drew his wife to him and pressed her head against his broad shoulder.

She shivered, and closed her eyes, but did not sleep. Her mind flew back ten years, and she saw herself a teacher in the high school in a country town, and the man at her side a pupil. She bit her lip, as she thought how she had tried to awaken her awkward scholar; and when the awakening came he was desperately in love with her. She had told him she did not love him, and it was useless for him to hope. But the long years only strengthened his love, and made him more persistent; at last she had yielded, and was now on her way to live on a cattle ranch in Montana. What would it be like? She knew the country only as the typical Californian knows it, by summer camping in the glorious redwoods, or idly boating on the blue-green waters of Lake Tahoe, or living in a bungalow at the coast.

The star had fled from the rosy beams of the rising sun, and the broad day was upon them. With a little start, she sat erect, as the wheels dropped into the gullies, groaned, and wrenched themselves out again. Far in the distance lay the outlines of the mountains. The valley looked bare and desolate. They passed a lone ranch house with a row of cottonwoods in front; in the moving boughs, blackbirds screamed and quarreled. The loneliness of it all pressed upon her soul and almost overpowered her. There were new influences at work. She glanced at her husband. He was gazing toward the scene as if fascinated by it. He felt her glance, and, turning, looked into her eyes and said:

"It's grand. You'll learn to love it." His face glowed as his eyes looked again to the mountains and the spreading valley, as if he were akin to them. With a scared look she shrank from him.

They drove on and on toward the mountains; once a coyote trotted across the valley, and was lost to sight in a canyon. Indians passed them with stolid faces. She uttered a little smothered cry and clutched her husband's arm.

"Don't be frightened," he said tenderly. "They are perfectly harmless."

Civilization seemed far away to her. In the dim distance she could make out a cluster of small buildings on a sloping hillside; how lonely they looked, dun-colored as the valley, and no flowers. Back of the low mountain the sky was cleft by jutting peaks.

As the sun dropped behind the mountain's rim the horses trotted briskly into the corral and stopped before the little gate, which opened and shut with a weight, leading to the house.

When Jem helped his wife out of the buckboard she stood looking about her with a bewildered expression.

"It's yours, as far as the eye can reach," he said, proudly, waving his hand toward the valley.

"It's all so big, so different—I'm very tired," she moaned.

He picked her up in his arms, carried her into the house, placed her in the big rocking chair, and began taking off her wraps. "Hurry up supper, Sam," he called to the cook.

Mrs. Simmons came to meet her husband as he drove into the barn lot, and began to help unharness the team, as she said: "So Jem's got a wife. What's she like?"

"Waal, I think he's made a mistake. She ain't fit to live on a cattle ranch in Montana."

"Poor thing, I pity her, and she from Californy, where roses bloom in the yards at Christmas time."

Once that night Dolly crept to the window and looked out. The valley lay shrouded in mystery; she could see ghostly forms that seemed to be gathered about something, over which they were fighting. The strange night sounds were ominous; an owl hooted, and made her start. In the pasture she could see some of the saddle horses grazing, and wondered what they could find in the dust. In another direction a cow got up, stretched herself, and stood a moment with her tail curled on her back, then began to eat. The mountains seemed to move toward her and to clutch at her. She dropped the curtain and fled back to bed, to lie with wide-staring eyes till morning.

Jem was eager to initiate Dolly into the sights of a cattle ranch. He took her first to the stables, where a dozen cow ponies were eating; they jerked up their heads with a snort, and stood with long wisps of hay hanging from their mouths, and looked at her. In the long shed, next to the stable, hung saddles, riatas, Spanish bits, spurs, and branding irons. Next they visited the little blacksmith shop. On the wall were horseshoes of all sizes; kegs of nails were sitting around and bunches of horse hair lying about; a pair of bellows leaned against the fireplace. As they stepped out into the open a pony came galloping toward them.

"This is your pony," said Jem. "He's after sugar," rubbing the pony's nose. "You'll think you are in a cradle when you ride him, but you'll have to ride man-fashion; it's safer and easier on the horse climbing mountains."

Dolly did not see Jem's country as he saw it, and it filled her with a haunting terror. The bleaching skeletons of the cattle that had perished during the hard winter grinned at her, and filled her with a deathly weariness.

Why did men try so hard to get away from civilization? she wondered. Life seemed here a dreary waste, so little in common with the twentieth century.

When Mrs. Simmons came to see her, Dolly grasped her hard hands impulsively, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I'm so glad you've come, Mrs. Simmons. I can't get used to your big, bare country. Now, if it were covered with trees, so I couldn't see so much country," with a little forced laugh, "I might not feel so afraid."

"I 'spect it is powerful lonesome fer you. It takes a little spell to get used to it, but you'll like it when you do."

"That's what my husband says, but I don't know," shaking her head.

"I remember when I first came," continued Mrs. Simmons. "I was that homesick and lonesome, I jest wouldn't stay in the house when Lige was away, but kept walking around outside till he came. But when I learned to ride I went with him. We used to have some nice times them days."

Dolly never complained. Jem was happy; the dream of his life was realized; she was his.

Preparation had begun for the fall round-up. Cowboys, sometimes alone and sometimes in twos, could be seen jogging across the valley in a Spanish trot, the reins hanging loose on their horse's necks, and the jingle of their bits making music.

Out in the corral cowboys with chaparejos on were tipoteing about in high-heeled boots, their revolvers conspicuous at their belts; others were shooting at a mark; now and then loud yells followed a successful shot. Others were sitting on the ground in front of the bunk house smoking cigarettes and telling hair-breadth escapes they had had. To Dolly the cowboy was a new species. Sam, the cook, was in his element. A yearling had been killed and great pots of frijoles were ready.

Next morning the ranch was astir early. Jem asked his wife to come out and watch the branding. He left her on an elevation overlooking the corral.

It was brutish, Dolly thought. She sprang to her feet, and fled as if the whole band were after her. She ran into the house, shut the door to keep out the horrible sounds, then flung herself into a chair, and sat panting and trembling; but the awful picture beat into her brain.

Mrs. Simmons coming over the next day, saw the nervous state she was in, and to divert her mind, said: "You do sech nice embroidery, Mrs. Allen, I wish you'd teach me. Don't s'pose I could learn, though. Them Californy poppies is jest too natural fer anything."

"I'll be glad to teach you, Mrs. Simmons."

For days Mrs. Simmons was a visitor until Dolly seemed quite cheerful again.

Jem said one morning to his wife: "I must go to-morrow to the Stock-growers' Association."

She looked up quickly, jerking the thread out of her embroidery needle as she did so.

"To be gone long?" biting her thread, and drawing it through her needle again.

"A week. It will seem like a year, sweetheart." He leaned over and kissed her fluffy hair. "Mrs. Simmons will stay with you. I have some work I must attend to before to-morrow; so good-bye."

Spots of color burned in her cheeks as with work poised in her hand she listened until she heard the last footfall die away, and began sewing again.

When next morning Jem, with clanking spur, came in to bid his wife good-bye, he was surprised to have her fling her arms impulsively round his neck and kiss him.

"Dolly, you do love me, don't you?" He placed his hand under her chin, lifted her face to his, and tried to look into her eyes, but the long lashes swept her cheek; she would not meet his hungry gaze.

She slipped out of his arms, saying: "I hear Neckbreaker pawing and jangling his bit. He won't behave well if you wait longer."

Jem rode away with many a backward look at his wife standing in the door. He threw her a kiss and, as he disappeared behind the hill, he caught the flutter of a white hand.

Dolly dropped all in a heap on the door sill and hid her face in her hands. Her shoulders rose and fell convulsively. She went to her desk, hurriedly wrote a note, and pinned it in a conspicuous place on the mantel.

Mrs. Simmons, looking out of her kitchen window an hour later, said: "Land sakes, if there don't come Mrs. Allen licktysplit on Buckskin!" and hurried out to meet Dolly as she reined her pony up at the gate.

"No, I can't come in," in reply to Mrs. Simmons' invitation. "I came over to see if Mr. Simmons or Ezra could take me to Helena."

"Ezra, Ezra!" shouted his mother. "Tell yer paw Mrs. Allen wants him or you to take her to Helena."

"All right, maw."

At midnight, when the overland from the East came thundering in, Dolly, white faced and frightened, stood in the glare of the porter's lantern while he looked at her ticket.

"Tourist car number two, berth twelve, madame."

Apparently all were asleep in the car as she took her seat in the dim light. Delirious with a sense of freedom, she swayed to and fro; her fingers worked nervously; her breath came in short gasps.

She clutched the seat, and fought an impulse to run up and down the aisle and scream. She started up once, but dropped back. Would they never get through tapping the wheels? She remembered that when she was a little girl she felt as if she were traveling whenever she heard that sound.

At last came the jar of the car, and slowly the long train began to gain in motion, until it was rushing along like a mad thing; then she began to relax, and tears crept slowly through the closed lids.

Across the aisle from her next morning an old woman, with a motherly face and shoulders stooped with work, smiled and said:

"Good morning. I heerd you git on last night. I can't sleep much when I'm travelin'. Air you goin' fur?" Without waiting for an answer she continued, "I'm goin' to see my son, who lives on a fruit ranch in Santa Clara Valley, California. Goin' to see your folks, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't any, but I call California home."

A pathetic expression hovered about the sweet mouth as Dolly, to avoid her questioner, looked out of the window.

The old woman said no more until lunch time; then she leaned over and laid an old-fashioned cruller in Dolly's lap.

"Honey, you don't seem to hev much appetite; won't you eat one of my crullers? Charley says nobody can make crullers like his mother." Her old face glowed with love and tenderness.

Dolly tried to eat, but she could not swallow; a lump kept rising in her throat. She had a longing now to tell this motherly-faced old woman everything. With some such premonition the little old woman slipped into Dolly's seat.

"There's somethin' troublin' you, honey. Can't you tell an old woman," laying her wrinkled hand on Dolly's arm, "who knows what sufferin' is? Air ye runnin' away?"

With stifled cry and blanched face Dolly nodded.

"From yer husband. Wasn't he good to ye?"

"Yes, yes," she sobbed. Then she told her story.

"My dear, marriage ain't no temporary affair; it's for life, 'till death us do part.'" She paused, then added: "Neither is it right to marry a man you don't love; but if you do, stick to him, and make the best of it. I'd become interested in outside things; I'd open a mission Sunday school, or help poor girls to get an education; there's plenty to do in the world," she said.

And now she was running away from Jem.

The old woman broke the silence by saying:

"I'd go back to him. I'm sure you'll never regret it. Try to look beyond the material to the spiritual. See his beautiful character, his tenderness for you. Ask God to help you."

Dolly winked her eyes hard to keep back the tears.

"Take an old woman's advice and go back." The worn old face was pleading. With a little squeeze of Dolly's hand, she went back to her seat.

At Portland Dolly helped her into the comfortable station to wait until the California train came in. Then she went to ask when the next train left for

Helena. She met the questioning look on the old face as she came back with:

"I'm going back."

"Bless you, dearie! You'll never regret it. I'll be prayin' for you every day."

As the California train crossed the drawbridge over the Willamette River a white handkerchief fluttered from a car window.

Dolly went back to the waiting room, crying softly.

People were coming and going; mothers were bidding sons good-bye, husbands, wives; whole families went away together. A youngish man and woman tried to act with indifference to each other, but their relation was betrayed by the shower of rice that poured from her sleeve and flirted from his handkerchief.

Dolly tried to think of Jem in a new light. At last she was off. If she could only reach the ranch before Jem returned he need never know—she could if nothing happened.

A wild shriek of the engine, a lurch that hurled her headlong against the opposite seat, and something had happened. "A spreading rail," was the answer to the anxious inquiry. "A delay of hours."

What should she do? There was nothing but to wait. With nerves tense she sat, now and then peering out into the dark.

"We'll be off in an hour," a cheery voice shouted.

The train reached Helena a few hours late, but there was time. She breathed a thanksgiving.

No one wished to drive her to the ranch, and she was almost discouraged when she discovered Mr. Simmons coming out of a grocery store with arms full of bundles. She flew after him.

"Why, bless me ef it ain't Mrs. Allen!" said he, turning quickly on hearing his name.

"May I go home with you, Mr. Simmons?"

He hesitated, and glanced up at the gray sky. "It looks mighty like we was goin' to have a blizzard. It would be better fer you to wait and let Jem come after you."

"No, no. I must go with you."

"Waal, jest crawl into my bearskin then."

"I can't take your overcoat."

"I'll borrow one," he answered.

They looked scarcely human when they were ready to start. The horses were eager to be off. As Lige took his foot off the brake and they sprang forward, the first snowflakes fluttered down.

He looked up into the gray sky. "Hope they'll stay where they belong till we put a good ten mile behind us any way."

They were speeding along as fast as Lige dared let the horses go; he must save their strength for future use.

The snowflakes had numberless companions now, and the wind began to rise. It whistled and screamed through the gulches, and dashed into the horses' faces till they shook their heads and squealed.

The blizzard was upon them. They could scarcely see. The wind tore at them and searched for a place in their clothing to get its chill fingers in. Their staring eyes, with white-frosted lashes and brows, gave them a grotesque look. The drifts were beginning to pile up.

Perhaps Jem would not start for home, she thought, when he saw the storm coming on, but she knew better; he would think of her and come.

The wind increased in fury. It snatched great handfuls of snow and flung it into their faces, almost blinding them; then danced on the backs of the horses and laughed in mad glee. Like a wild demoniac it shrieked and tore out of the canyons, wrenched at the wagon, and piled the drifts high in front of it.

The horses were beginning to flounder. Lige had to use the whip now. In silence they toiled on.

The drifts were getting deeper and deeper; the horses were floundering fearfully.

The wagon lurched heavily and Dolly was hurled head first into the snow.

Lige, fighting for breath, came out of a snowdrift and hurried to where only a piece of the fur coat told where Dolly had gone. He tore at the snow, digging like a wild animal. At last Dolly, choked and struggling, was rescued.

The wagon was on its side with wheels in the air. The horses lay perfectly still, almost buried in the snow.

Dolly, with wide-eyed terror, began wringing her hands. There came to her mind what some wise man had said of a woman: "She should never come into a man's life, or else should never go out of it."

Lige knew it was certain death unless they were rescued. He lit the lantern and hung it on one of the upturned wheels.

"Now, Mrs. Allen, I'm goin' on aways to see ef I can make out jest where we air. I'll leave the light to cheer you up a bit, and the wagon is kind of a wind-break fer ye."

Dolly threw out her arms toward him, agony on every feature. "Oh, don't, don't leave me! Let me go with you."

"It's impossible, Mrs. Allen."

"You may be lost," she wailed, "and I don't want to die alone."

"There now, cheer up. I'll come back," he said. "This is our only chance for life," and strode off, leaving her terror stricken. He was soon lost to view in the whirling snow.

She ran after him, shouting, but the wind dashed the sound back in her face. She plunged wildly forward; it was useless, she could not keep her feet; after a desperate struggle she returned to the wagon and sank down exhausted, feeling giddy and half insane. Was she losing her mind? She buried her face in her hands to shut out the desolate scene. Would it take very long to freeze to death?

After she had sat still for ages, it seemed to her, she came to her feet with a spring. The silence was broken with the crack, crack of a revolver. Then the awful stillness shut down again. She stared with aching eyes toward the direction from which the sound had come. She heard shouts, and Mr. Simmons and Ezra sprang out of a sleigh. The over-strained nerves gave way, and she sobbed convulsively.

Mrs. Simmons, expecting her husband, had grown fearful for his safety, and had started Ezra in the sleigh to search for him. He found his father almost ready to give up from exhaustion.

They were not as far from home as Mr. Simmons had thought. Dolly pressed her hand to her heart as they approached the house. Had Jem come home yet?

She tottered and almost fell as she sprang past Mr. Simmons. She was in time.

A cheerful fire soon blazed and crackled in the big fireplace. A knock came at the door. Dolly sprang to it, wild eyed with terror. A man stood there whom she did not know.

Is this Mrs. Allen?"

"What happened to Jem?" she gasped.

He dropped his eyes and shuffled his feet.

"He's met with an accident, but I—I—I think—I guess he'll be all right."

She heard footsteps. Strange men bore Jem into the firelight, his hands hanging helpless, his face and head covered with blood.

"Jem, don't you know me?" she pleaded.

The eyelids quivered, then opened, he smiled faintly at her. "It's almost over—but—you—love me, do—" The eyes closed again; then, roused by the cool water, he finished, "Don't you, Dolly?"

Her lips quivered as she placed them close to his ear and whispered:

"Yes."

THE RURAL 'PHONE

By Linda Jennings

“**Y**ES, I'll go in on the telephone deal. There's not a man in this country that needs one more than I do. Now, tell me again how it's to be run.”

“Well, there will be sixteen of us on this line. We each buy our own instrument and go shares on putting up the line. We'll have a system of rings, so that we can each ring up the party we want; so there will be no need of a central until there are more lines.”

“Oh, but the women,” interrupted John Marsden; “they'll talk and listen all the time. A man will never get a chance to say a word. We ought to restrict the talk over the line to business matters.”

Ben Tolman laughed good naturedly. “Oh, say, Marsden, we couldn't do that; the women will not do all the fool talk. Ten to one you'll be making love by 'phone yourself before the year is out.”

Marsden laughed contemptuously, and brought the talk back to the business at hand by an impatient gesture.

“Well, count me in, but I'll have to be off; must be at the court house by ten. That confounded lawsuit is wasting a lot of my time.”

He touched his horse and was gone, taking with him an atmosphere of bustle, rush and go.

Within a month the telephone instruments were in place, the poles up, the wires stretched, and the first rural telephone line in Skagit County was in working order.

John Marsden was in Seattle when his telephone was put in place, but his housekeeper met him at the door with the news.

“Well, I'm confounded glad of it. I'll just speak to Ben Tolman about those seed oats.”

He found a card that told the number of rings of each patron of the line, and rang one short and one long. As he took down the receiver he heard a woman's voice saying, “A cup of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and plenty of ginger, a small piece of butter. Oh, I forgot, a half cup of water. Boil until it's a nice syrup. I think you will find it just the thing.”

“Ladies,” said John Marsden firmly, “may I have this line for a business message? Perhaps the household recipe can hold awhile.”

“Household recipe!” the wires sagged with the weight of feminine indignation. “Miss Langham was just telling me how to make a syrup for little John's cough. I guess that's as important as anything you'll have to say.”

The next moment they had granted his request, and he was assuring himself that it was going to be just as he had feared. Then he resolved on a course of action, and as a result whenever he wanted the line he simply rang for his party, and if he was answered, shouted his message in tones loud enough to drown the other talkers.

Private conversation was almost impossible over the line because of the neighborly interest shown in whatever was being said. If young Mrs. Lee informed her mother that little Joe had cried all night, more than one motherly voice offered suggestions as to what ailed him, and sympathized with her for loss of sleep.

This “rubbering” John Marsden held in great contempt. Still he heard much as he alternately rang and waited for his party. Many things that he heard confirmed in him a growing belief that John Marsden, bachelor of forty years, was anything but popular in Skagit Valley. Fifteen years without family ties had bred

in him a disproportionate sense of the importance of his own affairs that was fatal to his popularity as a neighbor.

One day in June, as he waited, receiver to ear, he heard a girl's voice saying: "Oh, Miss Langham, I'm so afraid that we are not going to get enough strawberries given us for the social, and we have asked every one that has berries except John Marsden."

"Well, why don't you ask him?"

"But, Miss Langham, we never ask him. Can't you hear him saying, 'I've an important deal on hand, I can't be bothered'?"

"Well, we ought to ask him. His mother was a member of our church. We have just grown out of the way of asking him, that is all."

There was a high feminine giggle as the girl suggested, "We might ask him over the 'phone."

"Certainly, do so."

"Oh, I would not dare ask him, not for the world. Miss Langham, will you not ask him? Please."

"If you wish me to, but I am not on that committee."

A noiseless two short and a long ring right in his ear and the man flushed guiltily as a voice asked, "Is this Mr. Marsden's?"

"Yes, this is the man," he answered gruffly.

"How fortunate! Our church is giving a social to-night, and we have been neglecting you lately. Can you let us have some strawberries?"

"Sometimes a man appreciates just such neglect as I have been getting. Yes, you may have the berries."

Then the natural man came to the surface. "But I have not time to pick them."

The vision of hustling John Marsden picking strawberries for a church social caused a burst of merriment to reach that gentleman with Miss Langham's thanks.

A few days later he met her out driving, and she, remembering the strawberries, smiled brightly. John Marsden experienced a strange sensation—afterwards he knew that he had blushed, and a woman's smile wavered before him all day.

When the chill breezes of November stirred men to action, John Marsden, ringing furiously, found his attention caught by these words:

"Yes, he has been going down there, off and on, for goodness knows how long. Ben says he is after that eighty acres that joins his upper place."

"Mebby he is after Miss Langham herself." The laughter that followed the suggestion proclaimed it a joke.

"Hush, don't say names over the 'phone. No fear of that. Can you imagine him wasting his time going courting?"

"Hardly, unless it be that he would get land enough with her."

The gentleman under discussion hung up the receiver with a violence that threatened injury to the instrument, and was half way to the barn before he remembered that he had not attended to the business that had taken him to the telephone.

"I'll go to town and see to it," he muttered. "I'll have the confounded 'phone taken out. Half the women in this valley ought to be gagged. 'No time to go courtin.'"

He was still irritated when he ate his late supper, waited on by his old house-keeper. She began, as usual, to give him what scraps of news had come her way. Sometimes he listened, but more often he simply pretended to.

"You ought to have seen the new minister being nice to Alice Langham at

the League supper last night. I tell you that man is putting in his best licks. Will he get her or not? that's what everybody in our church is wanting to know.

The old lady paused to see if her listener was giving proper attention. John Marsden grunted, so she went on.

"He couldn't do better for himself, and as for her, she is thirty-five if she is a day and she has not had a beau for the land knows when. I'd like to advise her to take him. She having no mother, some one ought to speak to her, but she is a bit queer and might not take it right. Well, I'm going down there next week, for I am bound to know how things stand."

John Marsden got up so suddenly that his chair tipped over.

"Perhaps she will not thank you or any of the other old hens for meddling in her affairs." Then he slammed the door behind him.

The old lady, somewhat dazed, got to her feet. "For the land sake's, I believe that John Marsden at his time in life has been drinking. 'Old hens!' I'm thankful that his poor mother did not live to see this day."

The man striding along through the night was mentally using language that would have confirmed her worst fears. He had come to hate the telephone, but the next afternoon necessity drove him to it. His 'phone manners had grown worse, if anything, so he rang as if he were sole owner of the line, and waited.

A voice came over the wire, "Hello, is this Miss Langham's?"

"No"—shortly—"and I'm using this line."

"So am I." The voice was ministerial but firm, and its owner again rang three short. Then John Marsden deliberately "rubbered."

"Hello!"

"Hello, Miss Langham?"

"Yes."

"Oh, say, I thought that you might not know that we cleared forty-nine dollars fifty cents on the League supper."

"Really, so much? I left too early to know what the receipts were."

"I have some photographs of interior decorations that I would like to show you; something for Thanksgiving. I will drive out this evening if I may."

"Oh, certainly." The feminine voice was hospitable and kind.

"And—and—there are other matters that I wish to speak about if—if—you will kindly listen."

Miss Langham seemed to have hung up, but one listener had not.

"The infernal idiot!" he ejaculated.

Miss Langham was recalled to her telephone by three furious short rings. Wonderingly, she answered "Hello!"

"Hello, I think you know who this is?"

It was a man's voice, masterful, determined, that went on: "I am coming right down to your place, and when I get there I've something to say that you will have to listen to. Do you hear?"

A woman's voice trembling out of its usual placid calm replied, "Of course, I hear, and so does half of Skagit County."

Her remonstrance was given on account of the place, not the import of his message; for in the man's voice she had detected the note that Eve must have heard from Adam.

Ten minutes later Ben Tolman, who was at his front gate anxiously peering up the road, saw what he was looking for in the shape of a familiar bay mare come down the road with more than usual haste.

"Hello," he shouted, but the driver did not pull up; so he yelled derisively, "You need not tell me where you are going. Half the women on our line are telling the other half that you've just been proposing over the telephone."

THE DANCE AT BEAVER CREEK

By Laurel Kelsay

THE Turner girls were in animated conversation over a dance to be given down the creek on the Fourth of July. That it was at a point sixteen miles distant and reached only over a rough, dusty road was nothing. The country was not thickly settled then, and dances were too few for the young people to miss any. They would cheerfully have gone twice that distance on any special occasion like the Fourth of July.

Indeed, to the girls—they were all under nineteen—the distance was an added charm, provided, of course, there was a suitable escort. They had been considering which of their muslins or flowered calico dresses it might be best to wear for that event. There were also sundry surmises as to which one of the neighboring girls their brother, now absent with their father's best rig, might choose to accompany him. He was somewhat impartial, bestowing his attentions on many in turn, and few were the country belles who had not at some time been whirled over the country behind the matched sorrels. Now the girls were wondering which one he had gone to visit. Very likely that would be the one he would take to the dance.

"I do hope it won't be Mattie Wilson," said one. "She is so slouchy in her dress."

"Rather her than Sallie Wicks, with her forward ways that make people talk if she's going with any of us," said the youngest, who being only fifteen had not yet advanced to the dignity of a separate escort of her own, but was obliged to "tag along" with her elders. "Don't you think so, Carrie?"

"I know whom Carrie's goin' with," sang little Charlie, sprawled on the floor, his heels in the air. "She's goin' with a feller with a black muffstash—an' he gives me candy." He rolled over against his mother's chair to be out of the way of the hands that reached for him.

Carrie smiled happily. She knew whose buggy would take her. She was thinking of the long ride, the happy exchange of confidences, the conversation tinged with the romance lent by an ever-changing panorama of hill and valley, delightful anticipation.

"I don't care who Sam takes," she said.

A young man rode up in a cloud of dust. When he showed signs of halting in front of the gate the girls rose in welcome.

"Howdy, Eb," called old man Turner without moving. "Won't you 'light?"

"No, I ain't time. Jest stopped on my way home. Howdy, girls." The girls glanced at one another, wondering which one he had come to see. Then Carrie, perceiving that the eyes of the others were upon her, flushed and started down the steps. Since at several times she had accepted Eb's escort, and even entertained him afternoons when he had called, and the other girls had fled, she was probably the one he desired to communicate with; therefore it was clearly her duty to advance and take up the conversation. The others reseated themselves with some relief. They were a little tired. Two young men from town had just departed after a long stay. Besides Eb was not greatly liked by them. Down in front Carrie was holding the gate open hospitably.

"Better come in, Eb, and stay to supper."

"No, I guess not to-day." He dismounted and came close to the gate, drawing the bridle rein over his arm, his hulking shoulders heaving as he walked, his "buttermilk" blue eyes white spots in his sunburnt face, his yellow hair powdered with dust.

"Jest been down in the bottom to see if Tom Clark wanted to take a couple o' ton of hay off'n my hands. I don't want the hauling of it after it's cut," he said.

"Oh," Carrie laughed, "I s'pose you stopped at Perkins' on your way back. How's Jennie?"

"I didn't stop there, an' I didn't see Jennie," he declared. "It was about the Fourth of July; I wanted to see—"

"How's your mother," inquired Carrie, who if possible wished to keep off the subject of the Fourth of July dances. "She was complaining of rheumatism when I saw her last at Sunday school."

"She's well. Say, Carrie, will you—"

"Why don't Nellie ever come over? I think its mean of her not to pay back my visit."

"Sister's real busy now. She's making a dress to wear to the Fourth of July dance. Say, Carrie, I want you to go to the dance with me."

"Oh, Eb, I'm sorry, but I'm—uncertain. I may not go at all."

Carrie was not disposed to confide too much.

"What! ain't you goin'? Better. Everybody's goin'."

"But—well—you see I've made other arrangements."

"Why can't ye go with me? I ain't ast anybody else 'cause I wanted you. Ain't I been to see you jest as if you was my girl? An' I think ye ort to go with me." The buttermilk orbs looked appeal and affection.

"I would, Eb, but I've promised to go with somebody else," the red surging over her cheeks as she spoke, fingering the hollyhocks that brushed her shoulder.

"What! Wasn't I soon enough with my invite? Who did ye promise?"

"Oh, now, Eb," laughing, "isn't that asking too much? Does it make any difference to you who I go to dances with?" she asked archly.

"Now, Carrie, ain't ye pretty near my girl? An' if ye go to goin' around the country with others, I want to know who 'tis. Please, Carrie, won't you tell me, jest as an old friend," he urged.

The girl twisted the hollyhock blooms to pieces.

"If I tell you, Eb," she said slowly, "it'll be just because you are an old friend, but"—impressively—"will you promise never to tell any one, especially the Brown girls? 'Cause they'll tell it all around and I wouldn't have him think I was bragging," with the slightest accent on "him."

The yellow eyebrows came down in a frown. "No, of course I won't tell. Who is it?" impatiently.

She looked as if she did not believe him, but answered softly, "Alf Hadley."

"Alf Hadley!" in affected surprise, mingled with contempt. He had guessed this. "Good land! Carrie Turner, you surely ain't goin' with him? You don't want to be seen with a fellow like that!"

"Why?" throwing up her chin, a smile that was half sneer on her lips. Eb Saunders had been daunted by that smile often when he had endeavored to give their conversation a sentimental turn, and he did not like to see it.

"Well, if you just knew"—and he hesitated. "Why, he got drunk up at Schwartz' saloon last Sunday, an' jumped on the table with both feet, an' left the print of his boot heels," he added, seeing doubt in her face. "Fact, Bill Blodgett he was there an' seen him."

"I don't believe it."

"It's so; he an' another fellow, both drunk."

"Did you see him?"

"No, but lots o' others did. Bill Blodgett told me. I seen the print of the boot heels on the table. Now, you don't know what kind of a fellow he is. You don't want to go with anybody that gets drunk."

"If I thought it was true—"

"It is true. Now I'll tell ye jest what Bill told me," and he began to relate in a confidential tone, with much nasal emphasis, a long story of the occurrence. Carrie listened with eyes looking far away over the hills. But she did not see any of the beauty of the scenery. Unpleasant pictures were forcing themselves upon her brain and blinding her eyes. When Eb had finished she drew a long breath, and said slowly.

"So he was drunk?"

"Of course he was. Now you know that no girl can afford to go around with a fellow that gets drunk. Throw him over an' come with me."

The smile came back to Carrie's face.

"O, but I didn't say for sure I was going."

"If you do you won't go with him?"

"No, Eb, I won't. I'm believing what you say. I won't go with him."

"Then you'll go with me?"

"No, I'm not going at all." And that was all that Eb could get from her, though he continued his argument a half hour longer.

Carrie watched him go, smiling indifferently till his back was turned, and several yards were placed between him and the gate. Then a sudden change came over her face, giving it a sorrowful cast quite unusual to its plump contour. But it was not there long. If that was the kind of a man he was—and then to have the cheek to come and ask her on the top of that. Humph! and Carrie sniffed and tossed her head.

"I want to ride Jim to town to-morrow," she informed her father that evening. The next day when she had completed her small purchases in the village store and started to unhitch her horse from the rack in front of the postoffice, Alf Hadley was foremost among those who rushed forward to assist her to mount, and distanced the rest. She had expected this, and that was the reason she had deferred her departure until he, in an unoccupied moment, was standing in front of the store. She halted by the horse's head, out of earshot of the others.

"Why, it is you, Mr. Hadley," she said in affected surprise. "I didn't expect to have the honor," very scornfully and loftily.

"Of course, dear, I'd always come to help you, if 'twas only to get a word or two from your sweet lips."

She ignored the affectionate light in his eyes.

"I didn't 'spose you'd be able to be out yet. How's Mr. Schwartz?" The unmistakable sneer in the voice aroused the young man.

"What now, Carrie? I don't know what you mean," he said, bewildered.

"Anybody that's acted as you have ought to know better than to come to help a respectable young lady on her horse," she continued, fumbling about the saddle, her back turned.

"Carrie, dear, what's the matter? What have I done?"

"Don't ask me. Ask yourself. And now that I'm in conversation with you, I'll take this opportunity to tell you that I can't go to the ball with you. I don't wish your company. I've made other arrangements." She had succeeded in getting this speech off, as she had rehearsed it coming down, but she kept her eyes fixed on the housetops on the opposite side of the street. She dared not look at Hadley's face.

What protests he might have made she did not stay to learn. She jerked the bridle rein from his hand, put one foot into the stirrup, and was in the saddle before he could recover himself. She settled herself, then added another sting: "And please remember, Mr. Hadley, that I don't wish to be seen with you any more."

The startled Jim sprang suddenly forward, under the impetus of the cut he received from her switch, and with her head very erect she rode rapidly away. But there were times on the road home when that head went several degrees lower, and the paper parcel in front of her saddle splashed with tears.

Carrie did go to the ball, but not with Eb. When it became known in the family that Alf Hadley was ineligible, her mother said:

"It seems a pity that a young girl must stay away from a dance on account of him."

"Go with me," said her brother.

"What!" Carrie exclaimed, "didn't either Mattie or Sallie consent?"

"Mattie's too smart, and Sallie had promised to go with someone else a

month ago. Next time I'll look out in time. But they'll never get a chance to ride with me again."

Sam, although the best natured and most devoted of cavaliers, if ever angered or offended had never been known to return and make up with a disdainful belle. Carrie sighed, and wondered if all men were alike in that respect. Then she thought, rebuking her feelings, that it did not matter any way. She was the one to be offended.

So Carrie rode with her brother to the dance. It was a double-seated rig, and Eb was on the front seat with Carrie's youngest sister, who, in the joy of having a separate beau of her own, had overlooked all Eb's shortcomings.

It was not dark when they drew up before the gate of the farm house where the dance was held. Yet the sound of fiddles and dancing feet, mingled with the strident, "Swing!" and "All promenade!" of the caller came from the open windows and doors. Here they were met by the arms of the motherly farmer's wife.

"Land sakes! just throw off your dusters an' come right in an' have a bite of supper before yoh go up stairs to get ready," was her invitation after a hearty hand shake all around. She led the way to the dining room, where her helpers, in exceedingly stiff white aprons, were bustling about between the long tables, among the rows of dishes, stacks of pies and piles of cooked meats, round eyed and fairly bulging with the sense of responsibility.

Upstairs, her eyes dancing in anticipation, Carrie hooked her "sprigged muslin" dress.

"Are there many here, Minnie?" she asked.

"O, yes; nigh about twenty-five couple already, and lots yet to come," answered the daughter of the house, who was holding the candle so Carrie could see the back of her dress.

"There's the Smiths from up the valley, and the Muggins boys from the Butte," and she enumerated a long list. "They ain't here yet. My, but you do look sweet with them long curls!"

"Whose baby is that?" said Carrie, her mouthful of pins indicating one on the bed.

"Mrs. Winters'. She's dancing now," answered Minnie. "My, you just ought to see them! Seven babies on one bed in the back room. I expect all the beds 'll be full before the night's over. Yes, Ma, I'll come," in answer to a subdued call from the stairway. "Steve Jackson and Sadie York," she went on, "they're here. Did you know they were married. Yes, married to-day. Yes, I'm coming!" She was called again. "Ma's she's that nervous and flustered she don't know what to do. Now I don't get excited. I guess I'll have to leave you. You can find your way down, can't you?"

She rushed out, returning before her dress was through the doorway to say: "Say, there's an awful pretty girl here. She came with a Mr. Hadley from up the valley somewhere. Know him? Yes, Ma. Oh, dear!" and she vanished.

Down stairs in the two rooms that had been cleared for the purpose eight quadrilles were in progress when Carrie and her sister entered and found seats. It was not difficult to pick out young Hadley, who was dancing with a girl in red, apparently enjoying himself exceedingly.

"I don't see that she is a bit pretty," was Carrie's comment to her sister. But as the evening wore on she could not help noticing that Alf Hadley led the lady with the red dress on the floor quite frequently—too often not to be conspicuous.

Straightway Carrie became very gay, and danced recklessly, almost without intermission.

"I 'spose you're enjoyin' yourself a heap, Miss Turner?"

It was the twentieth time Carrie had heard that same remark from the awkward youths with perspiring hands and shiny red faces, who, feeling that they must talk with their partners, believed this was the only proper way to open the conversation.

Carrie answered listlessly, then suddenly she straightened up, smiled and then leaned over toward her partner and began to talk with a cordiality and animation that took him by surprise. Across from where they stood, at the foot of the set, a couple had just taken places. It was Hadley and the girl in red. Until now they had not been in the same set together. Carrie had hoped that during the evening Hadley might seek her to ask an explanation, but he seemed to avoid her. "Now," she thought, with hot cheeks, "we will be obliged to clasp hands." She wondered if he would give her any sign of recognition—a pressure of the hand when they were turning. Alf had been so devoted in the months past. The suggestion never came into her head that she could do so unlady like an act as to press his hand. But the dance was finished without any word, look, or sign from him.

Later, after the midnight supper, Carrie was seated on the front porch with Steve Jackson and his wife, Em Saunders at her side. A young man made his way toward her leading another. Mrs. Jackson gripped Carrie's arm and whispered something hastily, of which Carrie could only catch the words, "Say no." Surprised, she managed to murmur "Engaged," after the young man had been introduced. After they had left Carrie turned to Mrs. Jackson.

"What was it?" she asked.

"I told you not to dance with him. He's been drinking," said Mrs. Jackson. "Sure; got a bottle out in the barn. Steve can tell you."

"Yes, he has," Steve declared. He and another fellow. They came late alone. They were all right at first, but now you can smell it on their breath," impressively.

"Then why did Arthur bring him up and introduce him?"

"O, he's a boy an' don't know any better."

"Who is he?"

"His name's Al Burgess," Steve answered. "I seen him drunk up at Schwartz' saloon a couple o' weeks ago. He's no good anyway."

"He's not the only one that gets drunk," interposed Eb Saunders. "Alf Hadley, he was drunk there two Sundays ago, and jumped on the table an' left his heel prints, too."

"Pshaw!" now declared Steve emphatically, "that was this same fellow Al Burgess. Alf Hadley was never there that day. I know, 'cause I was there myself. No place for me, I 'spose, but I wasn't married then," with a sidelong glance at his wife. "Yes, I remember Al did jump on the table and kicked the chairs over, too," he added laughing.

"Then it wasn't Mr. Hadley at all!" breathlessly from Carrie.

"Naw! Hadley he was up at Brown's practicing songs with the girls. I think I know, 'cause Sadie here was there with them, and I went up there after her." "That's so," Mrs. Jackson agreed. "We was all practicing hymns for church that evening, and we all went to church together. Alf Hadley went with Alice Brown."

Carrie fairly gasped. She turned to Eb Saunders, wrath rising above the relief she felt.

"You told me," she said. "You—" and she almost choked.

"Now," Eb began in his most conciliatory tone, "I 'lowed sure it was the truth. Bill Blodgett said he seen him there, and he told me. How was I to know—"

"Bill Blodgett don't know Alf Hadley. No, nor Burgess either," interrupted Steve. "He works at Peter's farm, and never comes to town often enough to get acquainted. Besides he was drunk himself that day."

Eb reddened. He had really believed the story, and had only meant to tell the truth, but still he had been willing enough to receive it without investigation. He turned to Carrie and commenced a long and elaborate explanation to show how clearly he had been blameless, but Carrie cut him short.

"That'll do, Eb Saunders! I just don't want anything more to do with you."

Never let me hear you tell anything against one of my friends again. I'm done with you."

Rising, she made her way through the spooning couples on the moonlit porch, passed into the ball room and out again through the hallway, where men were lounging and walking about, and out on the roomy back porch. She knew what she wanted to do, and went straight toward the accomplishment of it. The porch, dimly lit, appeared empty, and she started to return. Then her heart leaped. There, leaning against a doorway in the shadow, was Alf Hadley, his hands in his pockets, staring moodily on the floor. Carrie went straight to him.

"Say, Alf, I want to speak to you." The words were halting, but the tone was even.

He jerked his head up at the sound of the voice, relief showing on his countenance, but he did not speak.

"Say, Alf, I'm awful sorry I treated you so. I wanted to come with you all the time. They—told me a lie. They said—you—got drunk and—" she was nearly sobbing by this time.

The light of a rapturous smile broke over Hadley's face as he reached down and grasped the fluttering hands.

"Never mind, little one." His voice was tender and soothing. "I know now why you wouldn't come. Sam was telling me awhile ago. Eb just wanted to get you away from me, that's all. But he hasn't," and his arm went around the light shawl about her shoulders.

Presently Carrie remembered the shadow, and disengaging herself, looked up. "But, Alf," she said, "who is the girl in red?"

He laughed. "O, that's a girl I've known a long time. She's going to marry my brother when he gets back from the mines."

"Oh!"

"Say, I'm going to take you home anyway."

"What of her?"

"I'll let her go with Uncle George and Aunt Maggie. They go right by her door. She won't care. You'll go, won't you?"

"Will I?"

THE LUCK OF JIMMY DARROW

By Dennis H. Stovall

HIS name was James Weldenberg Darrow, but he was known throughout the district diggings as "Jimmy Darrow," and, in truth, to many he was just plain "Jim." He was by profession a pocket-hunter. The trail he followed had its beginning at the central camp and its ending somewhere in the Soldier Creek wilds. A hand-made cedar shingle, nailed to a scrub pine, close by the winding trail, bore the following inscription:

NO MONEY, NO WOMEN, NO WINE.
BEYOND IS
HELL!
TURN BACK, STRANGER.

The shingle was the turning point on the chaparral trail, and was a warning to all who came that way that they had gone far enough; that beyond was to be found none of the things that men work, struggle and die for.

Very few went beyond the warning sign. It was not only the eloquence of the scrawled words on the shingle that made the wandering prospector turn his head, but more the utter uninviting aspect of the country beyond. Great mountains of pine reared steep and rugged into the sky. The walls of the canyon were sheer walls of stone. Untrodden by man, the great wilderness slept, with nothing to break its primeval stillness save the babble of the creek through the canyon, the sigh of the wind through the pines, and the songs and cries of birds and beasts. In all this there was, indeed, but little to attract even the seeker for gold.

There were two, however, who paid no heed to the sign or its warning. These two were Jim and Billy. Each year, as regularly as the onion-skin bark peeled from the madrona trunks, these two went twice by that sign, once going in, once coming out.

Jimmy was on the shady side of forty, but was as agile and active as a man of twenty-five. He was tanned and weather-beaten as all men are who spend their days in the heat, winds and cold of the outside world.

Billy was a tough, hardy burro that first saw the light of day through the cracks of a Mexican adobe. Billy was not a beauty, but he was certainly "all there" in the matter of packing freight. His shaggy hair was musty blue in color, and neither the heat of summer, the frosts and snows of winter, nor the sharp sickle of old Father Time made any material change in Billy's complexion. The miners down in the central camp used to wonder which would wear out first—Jim or Billy.

Jimmy was a very quiet man. He talked and said but little, and seemed more content when alone than at any other time. The miners all agreed that Jim had "a past," though what this past was, no one dared question.

One spring, as was his wont, Jimmy packed his burro, shouldered his rifle and struck out for the mountains. When night came after the fourth day's travel the prospector halted and prepared to strike camp. "Well, Billy, here we are again," said Jimmy to the burro in a familiar sort of way. "We're a little earlier than usual, but that's all the better, fer we kin get in a better summer's work."

The following morning Jimmy took his spade and pan and went down into the creek. He selected a favorable gravel bed, and following the stream, panned the dirt, washing each pan carefully down and scanning the remaining residue for colors of gold. Nearly the entire morning passed fruitlessly, but at last a little string of yellow followed in the corner of the pan, close at the heels of the black sand. With this discovery the weather-beaten features brightened with a smile of happiness.

That little string of yellow was gold, and the black sand to which it closely clung was its inseparable companion.

That little string of yellow brought increased vigor to Jimmy's despairing sinews, and he went more diligently to his task. He panned again and again, and when he found the colors growing brighter with each pan he smiled yet more happily, for then he knew he was on a "trace" to follow which correctly would lead him to a pocket.

With each pan he poured the little yellow particles into his rough palm and examined them carefully. He knew at once whether each came from the same source. There were no two colors of gold alike—to him; he knew his business. He would have known those colors again had he found them in the mountain depths or washed across the city pavement. That was one of the tricks of his trade that many years' experience had taught.

It was a hasty meal Jimmy ate that day. He was on a trace now, and was very much like a hound after a jackrabbit—there was no stopping him. On and on the pocket-hunter followed the trace. It led down the creek and then along the gulch following the stream. For one whole week he worked, and still the treasure remained uncovered.

At last, sick and disheartened, the weary pocket-hunter sat down on a mossy stone on the creek bank to rest himself and think it over. He knew that somewhere on that mountain was a hidden glory-hole, but now the trace had abruptly ended with no treasure in sight. As he sat resting Jimmy idly passed his time carving his name on the mossy stone with his jackknife. While scratching on the hard surface of the stone his eyes were suddenly riveted to the crude markings on the rock. Little streaks of yellow appeared across the scratched surface. Jimmy examined them critically for a moment, then threw his hat into the air and yelled.

Those little streaks of yellow were gold.

Jimmy rolled back the stone and found it. A great, glittering, heaping pocket, the kind the patient, untiring pocket-hunter had seen in his dreams. If Jimmy was a hound chasing a jackrabbit before, he was now the same dog wildly digging the rabbit from his hole.

Madly, excitedly he dug and scooped the gold-laden gravel from its treasure bed. Pan after pan was filled and washed down at the creek's brink. Every pan yielded royally of its golden residue, and Jimmy's buckskin bag grew as it had never grown before. He worked as a man in delirium. A strange glare came to his eyes and a giddy whirl to his brain. It was the final touch of the gold fever, the touch that makes men "tippy," and places them in the "locoed" rank.

Jimmy forgot his midday meal, his flapjacks, beans—and Billy. When night clothed the canyon in its dark mantle, the prospector spread his blankets over the glory-hole and tossed impatiently till the dawn's first light streaks silhouetted the pines on the eastern mountain range. This day passed as had the previous one, with a hasty snatch at a cold "camp sinker," the only pretense for a meal. Billy was turned loose to rustle for himself, and wandered off down the canyon to seek better pastures.

On the fourth day only Jimmy's head showed above the treasure pit as he shoveled out the dirt, and the next day when the sun arose he was as "daffy" as a French fiddler.

* * *

A week later a familiar object came into the central camp. It was Billy. He was jaded, travel-worn, and hungry. He was without a rider or pack, carrying naught but a halter, the tattered rope of which dragged beneath his feet.

Billy made directly for his master's cabin and halted. A crowd gathered about him, eager for some news of Jimmy. The burro looked at them with a troubled expression shadowing his usually passive countenance. He was telling those about him of his master. His language was that of a Mexican burro, but it was easily understood. The miners shook their heads in grave apprehension.

"Somethin's wrong, boys," spoke one; "we'd better take Billy and back-track."

A party was hastily organized. In the meantime Billy was given a good feed, and he ate with the appetite of a starving burro.

It was a rough trail over which the burro led the searching party. On the second day they passed the warning sign on the pine tree, but Billy and those with him kept right on. At the close of the fourth day all but the burro were nearly worn out. They were far up the canyon, and just before night dropped its gloom into the gulch they found Jimmy—not dead, as many of them had sadly expected, but nearly so.

He barely recognized the familiar faces of those about him. A pleasant light came to his hollow eyes as he feebly held out his hand.

After a few days' careful treatment, Jimmy grew better and told the story of his glory-hole.

Two months later he was well and a rich man.

DISCORD--A SKETCH

By Emma Roll Edwards

SHE stood on the back porch waiting for Joe to bring in the milk. From the barn came the tones of the hired man's deep bass, as he sang at his milking:

O, I'll row you so quick, and I'll row you so steady;
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.

It was the vesper hour, and from the little church at the edge of the field floated the chimes of the bell, calling the farmer from his day's toil in the field, and the farmer's wife from her toil in the house; calling them together for evening prayer.

As far as the eye could reach stretched fields of waving grain, and stacks of newly-piled hay. The air was sweet with the perfume of the climbing roses, and the breeze wafted the fragrance of the honeysuckle from the front porch around to the back step where the woman stood. One arm hung nerveless at her side, while against the other, resting on the railing, she leaned her tired head. Lines of deep sorrow were written on her face. Her eyes were large and gray; once they must have been sparkling and full of joy; now they mirrored a soul worn from life's struggles, resigned and dumbly patient.

Her forehead was high and full, and the blue veins were delicately traced. The hair, luxuriant yet, was streaked with gray, and drawn tightly back in an unbecoming knot, save for a few stubborn locks, which had rebelled at the imprisonment and, exulting in their freedom, played about her brow, softening the harsh lines.

Although years, and care, and crushing sorrow had done their best, her mouth was still beautiful.

Her cheeks had lost the freshness and bloom of youth, but the skin was fair and soft. She must have been lovely once, but that was long ago—she had nothing in common with beauty now.

Her hands, blue-veined, and exquisitely formed, were roughened and hardened by years of unremitting toil.

Despite her shabby dress, and careworn expression, she was not in harmony with her surroundings—a bird caught flying from the bonnie south, caged in a narrow prison-house of the north.

The sun sank lower in the west. The glory of the crimson rays flooded across the yard, crept up the steps, and over the woman's face, revealing all the suppressed misery of years—the pitiful lines of disappointed hope, and the patient lines of silent endurance.

She lifted her head for the benediction of the dying glory. A halo of light hovered above, changing the gray to a crown of gold.

Her tired eyes lighted up with a glory from within; her beautiful lips parted, and softly she whispered, this farmer's wife:

The high that proved too high;
The heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that they heard it once;
We shall hear it by and by.

The last ray sank in the west; the quietness of evening settled down upon the earth.

The boy came whistling from the barn. The woman gave one long last look at the horizon, and a new light came into her eyes, and into her soul a deep peace.

"Maggie," came a querulous voice from within, "can't you come in and fix this blasted tie? What are you doin' out there starin' at the ground? The last bell's rung for meetin', and I've got to feed them hogs yet."

THE ETHICS OF EMOTION

By Byron E. Cooney

WITH rare discrimination Mrs. DuFrane seated the ingenue from Dodgeville and the Professor side by side. The keen intuition of the experienced hostess told her she must protect her niece from any possible embarrassment, for there was no telling what thoughtless women or nonsensical boys might say to set the debutante ill at ease at this, her first dinner party.

What Mrs. DuFrane chose to think of as "tongue-tieditis" was as much to be dreaded as parlor paralysis, and for this she had provided a preventive. The Professor was the preventive.

They were well on with the soup when the ingenue felt herself flushing to the brows at the consciousness that she had not uttered a word. Clever enough on occasion, she found it hard to fall to the mood of strange people in a strange house. Something must be done—she must say something, apt or awkward, smart or silly; she must take a chance and enter the conversation.

The hostess was frowning at the Professor; the Professor was frowning back at the hostess; an ill-tempered admission that he had found a situation with which he was unable to cope. A peal of laughter burst from the rest of the company at one of McViety's delicate bits of nonsextæ; it echoed back at Mrs. Terril's clever rejoinder, until the glasses seemed to tinkle together in merriment. The Professor was still frowning.

"Laugh—laugh and the world laughs with you," the ingenue had taken the desperate step and addressed her silent companion

"You think the advice good?" he asked, stupidly.

"I hadn't thought much about it. I spoke only that I might be saying something." Something about the kindly eyes beneath the bushy eyebrows inspired her to candor. "But, now—why, yes. Laughter is the sunshine of life."

"And tears?"

"Tears are the clouds—the storms."

"A-hem." The Professor picked up an olive. His eyes twinkled with the keen pleasure of contemplated sophistries. He had trapped his victim into delivering an axiom, and now he purposed to nail her to the cross of her own philosophy.

"You have said that laughter symbolizes the sunshine of life, and tears the clouds—briefly, laughter signifies happiness, tears unhappiness."

"Assuredly."

Mrs. DuFrane cast an indulgent smile on the unconscious Professor. The ingenue's eyes were bright with the animation of debate, and the self-conscious expression had vanished. She no longer considered it necessary to eat with religious diligence, or to listen to the general conversation with counterfeited interest. When the West Pointer spoke to her she answered him shortly.

"Laughter, considered physically, is a sudden exhalation of the breath, and a corresponding relaxation of the muscles of the lungs, throat and face. The act typifies a similar recession from a mental attitude. The associations of the laugh are not good. To be analytical, let us consider its cause and effect. Why do we laugh? What does the laugh accomplish? We invariably laugh because some person or thing has forfeited part of its dignity. Tell me what were the occasion of your merry laughs today."

"The funniest old woman in a poke bonnet."

"Yes."

"Mr. McViety tripping on a rug."

"Yes."

"And then—let me see. Oh, yes; I met Dick, and we had such a jolly time. We laughed at what fools we were two years ago at Dodgeville. Dick was single then, you know."

"Exactly."

"And then Mrs. Bruce dropped in and said the drollest things about the Larmers trying to get into the smart set at Trenton—"

"That is plenty of evidence. Thank you. From your own words I will convince you. Lofty incentives to create sunshine, were not these incidents you have related? Think of the pain of the little old woman had she seen your smiles, which we are not sure she did not. Did McViety enjoy, do you suppose, your appreciation of his awkwardness? What percentage of cruelty constituted the cleverness of Mrs. Bruce, reveling in the discomfiture of the Larmers?"

"But, Professor, you are inconsistent; we laughed as well at ourselves."

"Worse, worse still! Not content with belittling others or running out of material, you debase yourselves; sacrifice yourselves on the altar of your own humor. 'Laughed at what fools we were'—a pretty occupation."

"But McViety didn't care when I laughed at him."

"No; of course not. Like the rest of the World he has become calloused. He is called a dear fellow, a charming entertainer. Why? Simply because he slaughters a hundred acquaintances to make a DuFrane Holiday; because he snatches a victim from the heights of sublimity, from the pinnacle of a well-meant effort, and drags him down through the depths of his own self-created ridiculousness. All of which means laughter."

"Last night, Professor, we saw the cleverest play. Everyone enjoyed it so. The comedian was irresistible. He—"

"What everyone does is generally wrong. Irresistible is a good word. You felt conscience-stricken; you felt the want of higher things, but you gave way. It is no matter for argument, that your pleasure was caused by your Harlequin's making a fool, either of himself or of some one else. The comedian in the drama is no more legitimate than the humorist on the stage of life. They are abnormalities of the age; they are parasites depending for their very existence on the so-called faults of others. They are entirely without initiative, and burlesque or distortion of fact is the be-all or end-all of their attraction. They have no right of life, for their being exists at the expense of another."

"The buffoon of old wore bells and donkey's ears to create merriment, but, mark you for the verification of my theories, when he turned his talents against his master he usually lost his position and sometimes his head. Did not King Charles—prince of good fellows and kindred of charming rascals—disgrace the courtier who pinned a too clever lampoon on the regal pillow. Search where you will, and you will find that a laugh has nothing of which it might boast. It is always to be heard at the consummation of an ill-gained triumph; it has no element of courtesy, chivalry, or even common civility. The villain laughs as the heroine struggles. It is, moreover, the very voice of weakness, the argument of the moral coward condoning his folly."

"Along the same line of reasoning, it must be an equally cardinal sin to smile."

"The smile—ah, the smile." The professor himself smiled at the excellence of his own deductions. "The humorist would, I suppose, call the smile a young laugh, but between the two emotions there is nothing in common. A smile is in itself an entity; it has no evolution; it is as great in the moment of its coming as in its passing."

"A smile is the light of recognition in the eye, lips parting with the reflex action of mental joy. It is the most delicate expression of supreme appreciation. A smile is the finishing touch the deft hand of nature gave to the face of beauty; it

is as elusive as an unexpressed thought, as transient as an anticipated pleasure. Artists have given their lives but partly to reproduce it."

The ingenue was smiling now; she would have smiled sooner had she known the Professor sanctioned it. The West Pointer nudged McViety, grinned, and cast a look of burlesque sympathy on the ingenue.

"And tears, poor, much maligned tears," mused the Professor. "You have long been held as the bugaboo to frighten sympathy from the hearts of childish humanity.

"Tears are the rarest, purest crystals found in the crude conglomerate of our composition. What has wild tumultuous laughter to point to in the achievements of the past? Has it ever been given a line in the glories of history? No! It has ever sunk into merited oblivion and died in the moment of its insidious conception. But tears, unto what heights have tears been raised? Look where you will, and you will find them ever the manifestation of our immortality; the struggle of the man-god over the animal-man. Tears have ever been the remonstrance of justice over credulity, the expostulation of right against error; the voice of repentance and the beginning of amendment. Churches tell us that one tear has the magnitude of an ocean to wash the sin and sorrow of a life from a stained soul and to draw upon it the radiance of celestial sunshine.

"Tears found expression in Art's 'Ecce Homo,' 'Mater Dolorosa,' and a penitent 'Magdelene.' History praised them in the devotion of Hector's wife. Sculpture paid its tribute with Niobe, and Religion with the heart of Rachael. Nero laughed when Rome burned, but who wept over the fall of Jerusalem? To come down to more modern times, it is said Washington never laughed, and recently we had before us the picture of Dewey in tears before the appreciation of his fellow men at Washington. Through life the smile and tear go hand and hand—sweet twin sisters of sympathy. Their coming lightens our labors, gladdens our lives, and shows us a keener appreciation of the brotherhood of man.

"And on the stage—the stage where your jester saw his hour of petty triumph—have not sat and watched all things working to a consummation of happiness; sat, dry-eyed and teeth clenched, through suffering and persecution, staring through the darkness of despair for the light of Hope. And when at last right triumphs and evil is vanquished, and the symphony of love and truth and beauty and justice sings in harmony on the cords of the human heart, a sympathy too great for smiles is born—a sympathy that finds expression alone in tears.

"Ah, tears twice blessed, whether you tell of a sorrow that is not unhappiness, or a joy that is not exultation, your advent is a benediction."

The Professor laid down the untasted olive; the ingenue gazed at him wistfully, her eyes dimmed by a suspicious moisture.

"He never eats anything but soup," McViety was explaining; "makes an entire meal of it, so that he may devote the rest of the dinner to his favorite hobby."

Impressed, subdued, and highly appreciative, the ingenue passed to the drawing room.

It was late when the West Pointer brought the pensive ingenue in from the moonlit piazza.

"Don't you consider," she was saying, "the Professor wonderfully clever?"

The West Pointer almost choked.

"The old bore. How he did string you. If that wasn't a hot line of talk he handed you at dinner, and you stood for it! Come here."

He led her to the door of the billiard room, and she took one long clandestine look. The Professor was flourishing with an empty glass and talking with a vociferousness never inspired by philosophy. Suddenly he slapped McViety on the back, and the group was convulsed with merriment. Above the laughter of all the thunder of his reached the corridor.

The Professor had reached the climax of one of his own funny stories.

ART AND THE PEOPLE

By Lindley Hosford

Superintendent of the Museum of Fine Arts, Lewis and Clark Exposition

ANY frequenter of the art galleries at the Lewis and Clark Exposition cannot fail to reflect that there is an unmistakably widespread interest in the pictures. All day long the museum of art is filled with a throng of people that represent every station in life. It is evident that this exhibit is not limited in its appeal to any one class, but is of popular interest.

There has been much hard, uncompromising labor in the subjection and civilization of this vast Western country. To the marvelous results that have been accomplished we are indebted for the Exposition itself. Owing to their very devotion to the tasks that have confronted them on every hand, there would seem to have been but little time for the busy man-

ple to cultivate that side of their nature which finds an appeal in the fine arts.

Here are the crowds, however, and, excepting those few who drift in out of mere curiosity, listlessly to make their way through the rooms, their presence evinces an interest that is more than casual in what they find there.

What has brought the crowds? How deep is the feeling aroused?

Let us digress temporarily and consider for a moment the attitude of the public generally toward pictures, and the intention that moves the artist to create them. In this way it may be easier to obtain a general view of the relation between the two and to find the answers to the above questions.

In the consideration of the general attitude toward pictures we may for our



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THE THREE BOATS—Edward Willis Redfield.



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ITALIAN IN BLUE CAPE—P. H. Bruce.

convenience divide the public into three classes, according to their approach to true understanding.

The many people who deceive themselves with the belief that art is mere imitation form the first class. If asked what the intention of the artist was they would unhesitatingly answer, "To make the picture look like the original." They eagerly seize the opportunity to praise a well-rendered bit of texture or some still life accessory. To them art means a superior sort of color photography.

But this is not sufficient for the majority, who make the second and largest class. They desire a subject that pleases, usually something familiar. Their interest concentrates upon the portraits of handsomely gowned women, a group of children playing, a boy driving home the cows, preferably something to which a story can be attached.

This desire for a literary significance is not unnatural when we consider that the art of using words as a means of expression is the one universally employed. It is one with which all men are more or less

familiar. Hence the effort to translate the pictorial into the literary and the satisfaction derived when the subject permits of such translation.

Pictorial expression depending upon form, color and line is naturally more difficult of understanding, and requires training. In some degree, however, this is a universal language in its play upon the emotions; for instance, red awakens a different feeling from gray, curved and straight lines differ in suggestion.

There are, however, infinite and subtle variations that go to make up the scale which can express the different emotional qualities of nature. It is with this scale that the artist works. He conceives and expresses his thoughts with it as a musician would with sounds. So the attempt to translate this language of art into words is futile. To gain the true understanding of the artist's work we must be familiar with his language.

Those people who are more or less familiar with pictorial language form the third class of frequenters at the art museum. Their interest is less in the sub-



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OCTOBER HILLSIDES—Fred Ballard Williams.



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PORTRAIT—Irving R. Willa.



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PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER—C. W. Hawthorne.

ject than in what the artist has endeavored to reveal in it of his observation of nature.

How far the visitor goes toward a full appreciation depends upon his capacity to receive, his own observation and emotional nature.

With these very general divisions of spectators let us consider briefly the in-

tention of the painter who produces a work of art. To touch upon so vast a subject it is necessary to eliminate from our consideration anything which might be a mere exposition of technical facility, also those things which are done more or less as an appeal to the class who seek for a literary significance.

Although we contrast the limits in this



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OCTOBER—Frank W. Benson.

way, the quality of personal feeling in the individual artist makes any generalization almost impossible. Yet, considering that kind of a picture which makes a demand upon the intelligence, we may gain some idea of the intention of the artist who creates it.

The artist's work is his endeavor to present an harmonious conception of Nature in any of her multiple forms. Being possessed of a keener perception, he sees in Nature beauties that are hidden from humanity in general. In what to the ordinary eye would seem incongruous he finds an expressive motive, and by simplification, arrangement, suppression and addition he emphasizes this, his conception of the subject. He transcribes not the thing itself, but his conception of it, giving to the beholder a pleasure which the facts could not have given. We see Nature through his eyes, gaining the

advantage of his cultivated senses, and, by following him, learn to find for ourselves new beauties.

Considering the general public's desires and the artist's intention as thus stated, a very complete understanding between the majority of the former and the latter would seem almost impossible. There are, however, modifying influences that form a common ground, so that the transition, for the sincere person who is attracted by pictures, is by natural stages of development.

All painters are not inspired by the highest motives, and those who cater to the public taste in a more or less varying degree may help many from their superficial appreciation of what is crude to the deeper and more satisfying love for the highest.

* * * * *



Copyright by Lewis and Clark Exposition.
THE PASTURE OAK—Allen B. Talcott.



BOCK PASTURES—William H. Howe.

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SILL TOWN, Lyme, Connecticut—Arthur Dawson.



Copyright by Lewis and Clark Exposition.
A FISHING FLEET—Reynold's Dec. 1.



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THE SOUTH WIND—Frank Vincent Du Mend.

Regardless of the varying degrees of appreciation with which it may be viewed, there is sure to be one result from having this splendid collection of works of art at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. It will give a marked impetus to the desire for and appreciation of fine art in the West.

The opportunity to see important works by the masters of the various

schools, ancient and modern, has unquestionably had great educational value. Many have unknowingly established a standard for future judgment and those who have labored for the advancement of art ideals in the West cannot but feel encouraged at the universal interest that has been manifested.



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THE FOREST OF PINES—Charles Warren Eaton.

SOCRATES

Broad, squat, flat-nosed, thick-lipped and
onion-eyed,

Such was the teachers' form, his satyr's
face,

As forth he stood, and swept the shams
aside

In Athens' market-place.

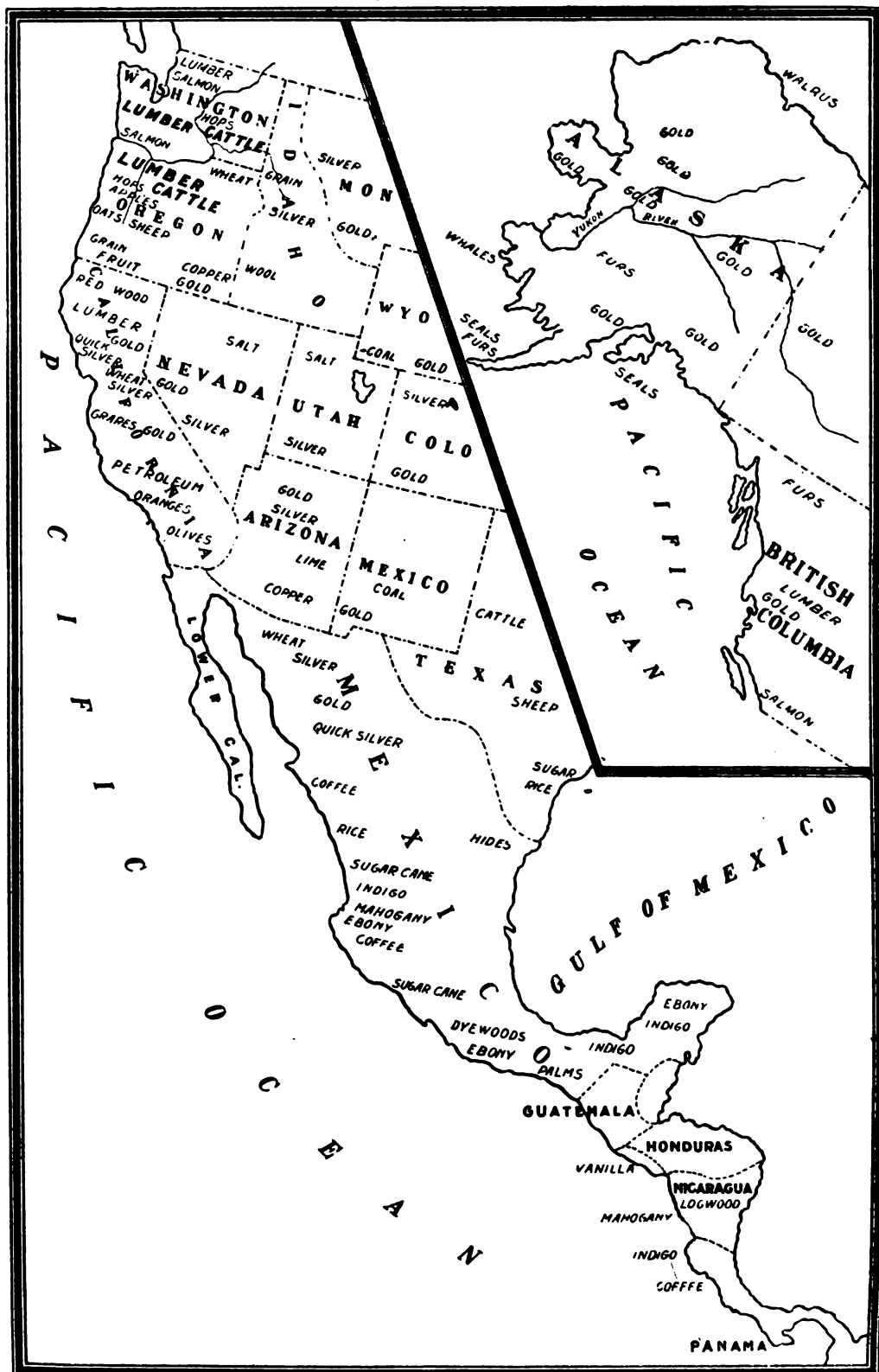
Great souls go not as water and as wind;

No; still the world that strangest fig-
ure sees,

His,—bodied right and reason, sire of
mind,

God's motley, Socrates.

—John Vance Cheney.



Map showing leading resources of the Pacific Coast, including the entire Coast line.

THE COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC

Third Paper—The Oriental Trade

By Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph. D.

THE commercial development of the Pacific Coast is, of course, intimately connected with, and dependent upon, its natural advantages; the first will spring from the last. These advantages are so enormous and, in a measure, unique, that the time is rapidly arriving when the phrase, "Commercial Supremacy of the Pacific Coast" shall be on everybody's lips. This twentieth century will surely see it accomplished.

It will be well to point out, however, that two all-important preliminary factors enter into the problem. For here again irrigation and immigration confront us as precedents to a great Pacific Coast commerce—a commerce in which the Pacific Coast people are to be in all respects the dominating part, not the mere carrier, handler, intermediary and agent of the Eastern manufacturer and merchant, but the producer, buyer, seller and shipper of the commodities entering into this unbounded traffic.

However, these two agencies, irrigation and immigration, are now recognized by all intelligent and far-sighted men along the Coast as of unparalleled importance. They are being taken in hand in that large and bold spirit which characterizes these men in all their big undertakings. Not alone that—the national government, through both its legislative and executive branches, as well as the railroad companies, have fairly entered the field for good and all. From the latest reliable data at hand it is reasonable to suppose that ere this present decade be ended a million strong and willing hands will have been added to the population of the Coast, and some fifteen to twenty million acres of tillable land will have been reclaimed from the desert waste. A generation hence, if all signs do not fail, the present population will have doubled or trebled, and the resources of the country will be tenfold what they are this day.

The Commerce at Hand.

It is always well to look facts squarely in the face. Here are a few significant ones. Advance sheets from the annual re-

port of the chief of the bureau of statistics in Washington show that the "world's swappings" last year amounted to a little over \$22,000,000,000 in value. Of this sum Europe is put down with \$6,498,000,000 in exports and \$8,301,000,000 in imports, amounting, in round figures, to two-thirds of the world's entire foreign trade. The foreign trade of the United States, on the other hand, is put down with \$1,590,050,000 in exports and \$870,032,000 in imports. The fact that the share of the United States is not larger may astonish many; but the seeming paradox is easily susceptible of explanation. Until recently we have had no need of a large foreign commerce, our home market being practically illimitable. Purchases and sales in our home market amount today to over \$20,000,000,000, or nearly the world's entire foreign trade, and our foreign trade is but one-thirteenth of our home trade, whereas Britain's foreign trade is one-half of her whole, and Germany's is over one-third. That is the simple explanation.

Yet of recent years, and more particularly since our acquisition of the Philippines (so prolific in changes of aspect), the need of a larger and more profitable foreign trade has entered the national consciousness, and since that time feelers have been stretched out which, like tentacles, have begun to grasp and hold a bigger share. The process is new, the sentiment producing it is even younger; there are still millions of us reluctant to believe and appreciate the change, and in this number will be found many, very many, of our manufacturers.

Thus, likewise, our whole trade with the Orient is new; on the Pacific Coast even more so than along the Atlantic border. The official statistics above referred to show that for 1904 the United States sold to the whole of Asia but \$46,738,000 worth of goods and bought \$112,231,000 worth. This means, roundly, six per cent of our whole foreign trade and seven and a half per cent of that of Asia herself. Surely, these figures seem small; and they are when everything is considered. But our small share of this trade explains it-

self again by the aforementioned fact, to which must be added the recentness of our trade relations with the Orient, the decline of our merchant marine, and impractical methods in dealing with our Asiatic customers and in competing with our chief rivals — British, German, Japanese, French.

In illustration of the last two points it is well to state that the reports of our consular representatives in the far East are enthusiastic over the possibilities of American trade, but ceaselessly point to the necessity for our manufacturers and export merchants to adapt their wares to the taste and preconceived notions (however strange or foolish) of the natives, a necessity which is still very largely not recognized here. Again, our merchants must have representatives—thoroughly versed, energetic and reliable men, first class in every respect and with salaries and commissions to match—on the ground. In China alone, for example, there are 424 resident British firms, 120 from Germany, and 212 from Japan—against 81 from the United States.

A good beginning, though, has now been made. The University of California has established a college devoted to the acquisition of all the practical knowledge (linguistic, sea transportation, diplomacy, banking, international law, etc.), required in the Orient for a successful American trader. Mr. James J. Hill, too, is furnishing a good example, for since the establishment of his new line of gigantic steamers plying between Puget Sound and the Orient, he has perfected a system of full, rapid and efficient agencies in all the far Eastern ports where trade can be drummed up. Scores of more modest American exporters are now following his lead.

Opportunities to Be Courted.

At first blush it certainly does seem a strange state of affairs that our Pacific Coast faces, directly faces, markets with an estimated population of 845,485,000; countries fairly aching for many of our best and most abundant (as well as cheapest) manufactures, such as machinery, hardware, clocks, cotton cloths; and raw stuffs, such as lumber, wheat, petroleum, canned goods, frozen meats, condensed milk, etc.; countries like China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Hawaii, Siam, the Dutch and British East Indies,

and others contiguous to our own coasts, as Mexico, South and Central America, and yet that our share of the foreign trade done by these countries is still, relatively speaking, so pitifully small. The normal condition would be for this nation to do at least twice the trade of Great Britain with them all, to have fifty per cent of the whole or more. If one reflects, for instance, that in the one item of lumber the Pacific Coast shows a total of six hundred and twenty-five billion feet of the finest lumber on earth, lumber which, wherever bought, speaks so loudly for itself as not to need any advertising, the wonder grows.

However, several main points of the explanation were mentioned before, and the great youth of the whole Pacific Coast and the sparsity of its population are two other factors. We find that, all told, a population of but four millions is settled along or near the Coast, distributed as follows: Alaska, 75,000; Yukon country, 200,000; British Columbia, 375,000; Washington, 850,000; Oregon, 600,000; California, 1,800,000; Idaho, 170,000; Montana, 200,000. This for a coast line longer than the distance between New York and San Francisco and a population in its overwhelming number still struggling with the heroic task of overcoming and subduing primeval Nature, clearing forests, ditching arid wastes, performing a hundred feats of the pioneer of civilization, which has not given that scope to the development and manifestation of the commercial spirit which would otherwise have shown itself in such a pushing and intelligent population. And this defect—for defect it undoubtedly is—will only cure itself with time, when immigration will have poured in by hundreds of thousands every year and arid territories the size of Middle Western states will have been reclaimed. Like the younger Pitt, the Pacific Coast has to plead guilty to the crime of youth.

The Pacific Coast Itself.

But this crime of youth, like youth itself, is of short duration, whereas the limitless resources and natural advantages of the Pacific Coast are permanent. And they will suffice to give the palm in years to come to that matchless section of the United States.

Let us briefly enumerate some of these advantages.

Climate: A mild, unfailing climate, limiting the seasons practically to two, a moist and a dry one. Soil, virgin, rich, fertile beyond belief, yielding along the entire expanse of coast almost everything grown on this globe, and this in the choicest quality. The virtually untouched treasures of bounteous Nature, such as unmatched timber, mines of precious or useful metals and minerals, are still another. This forest wealth is approximately known by now—the value of the Oregon timber, for example, has been estimated by an expert in the United States service at the enormous sum of \$4,020,000,000, while the 50,000 square miles of timber in Washington are computed at even a higher figure. But the resources in metal and mineral are as yet almost unknown, and scarcely a day passes without some new and valuable discovery. Until recently, for instance, the plaint was heard that no hard coal, no real anthracite, had been found. Recently, though, the very finest anthracite has been laid bare in Montana and in Washington. Forty to fifty miles in an air line from the terminus of the Tacoma Eastern railroad, not very far from the Northern Pacific's mines of excellent coal at Roslyn, veins of anthracite have been found forty feet thick and two hundred deep, coal of 88 per cent of fixed carbon, and of still finer quality than the best Delaware and Lackawanna.

But the splendid water power everywhere in this favored region, generating electricity for industrial and manufacturing purposes in profusion and at low expense; the fine river systems, above all that of the mighty Columbia, which drains an area of 267,000 square miles, and the proximity to the Pacific Ocean, are also unusual advantages. And lastly, the character of the population itself must be looked upon as a great asset.

In conjunction with this magnificent provision by Nature herself in the matter of water transportation must be mentioned the railroad facilities, present and to come. For so young a country, the Pacific Coast is splendidly equipped in this respect, for beside the four great trans-continental lines with their ramifications, there are scores of smaller local roads, some as feeders to the trunk lines, others important for themselves. And plans are now maturing which will add several wholly independent cross-continent lines

to the existing ones and a considerable number of local or branch lines. Enterprises such as the one lately undertaken by the Great Northern in invading Canada and becoming the rival there of the Canadian Pacific, paralleling the latter, in fact, and the Canadian Pacific in its turn encroaching on the territory of the Great Northern south of the Canadian border, are ultimately only of advantage to the population as a whole.

In the same category of trade advantages created by human intelligence belong the shipping facilities along the whole coast. These are remarkably good and rapidly becoming still better. In fact, they are outstripping the needs of the hour. To the numerous regular passenger and freight steamer and sailing lines calling San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma their home port, and to the numerous tramp vessels plying along the coast and between that and the Orient, Australia and Europe,—and several of these lines have enjoyed for many years a deserved reputation for speed, safety, and comfort,—has been added quite recently the much-heralded line of mammoth steamers built by the Great Northern railway, and making regular trips between Seattle and the chief ports of the far East. The Minnesota, the first-completed of this new steamer fleet, during her maiden voyage, made the home run from Yokohama in only 13 days, thus establishing her reputation as the first real greyhound of the Pacific. And this despite the fact that these leviathans of the deep, each built in New London, Conn., and of a water displacement of 28,000 tons (and of 20,718 register tons), are composite vessels, that is, primarily freight and only secondarily passenger vessels, and that they have to take along on each voyage a matter of 5000 tons of coal alone to take them to Nagasaki, 1100 tons of fresh water and another 1000 tons of fresh provisions and supplies. James J. Hill, the originator of this new fleet of ocean giants, is discounting the future, as every bold and independent mind does. In a public address he said that the trade with the Orient was the oldest commercial traffic in the world, that the enterprising nations have sought it from the earliest dawn of history, and that it has built up more cities than any other trade. All this is perfectly true, and it is only a question

of time when the predictions based by him on the opening up of the Orient to our trade will be fulfilled.

Geography of the Situation.

For perhaps the greatest advantage of all enjoyed by the people of the Pacific Coast—and so far not dwelt on here—is that of lesser distance from the far East, or, as a matter of fact, the whole East. A few figures will show this. From Liverpool to Canton it is 10,090 miles; from San Francisco to Canton but 6800 miles. From Liverpool to the Amur River it is 13,550 miles, to Vladivostok, 11,750; whereas from San Francisco it is but 3900 and 5750 miles, respectively. There is a difference in favor of the Pacific Coast to all the points in the East, as against England, France and Germany, varying only in degree, all the way from 1200 to 8000 miles. In the long run, other things showing no too great disparity to our disadvantage, this difference in distance will yield us the prize. And it must be borne in mind that the ports of Portland and the Puget Sound are several hundred miles nearer to Asia than is San Francisco, for the degrees of longitude to be traversed on the journey further north are considerably shorter. This showing, then, gives the greatest advantage in the reckoning to the Northern Pacific shore.

Here we have, therefore, an unbroken chain of advantages, the most important being Nature's handiwork, partly geographical, partly productive, coupled with some others due to the wise foresight and quick resolve of man (namely, the Coast population itself, the national government, the railroad companies and shipping firms), and this unbroken chain is so strong and durable that it cannot be broken or otherwise overcome. Of course, our trade with the Orient is still in its infancy; and especially is this the case with that part of it done from Pacific ports. It is but a few years ago when it amounted to very little, and when that little was attended to by San Francisco alone. It is, in fact, only since our acquisition of the Philippines and, in a minor degree, the opening up of Alaska, especially the rush to the newly discovered gold fields, that the Northern Pacific coast has begun to loom large in the exporting and importing business with the Orient. But within those seven years and less wonders have been achieved. All, however,

that has been done so far is but a tithe of what will be.

It needs no elaborate argument to show that. The facts speak for themselves.

Leaving aside, for instance, all contention as to whether the possession of the Philippines will ultimately redound to our political advantage or disadvantage, the fact is assured that the building up of an immense trade with the Philippines will be the task of the Pacific Coast. Already it has been built up to a very respectable size, running into seven figures every year. A group of islands with eight millions of population, in the process of Americanization, with a growing admixture of whites dependent on their supplies on home markets, must of necessity yield us a large trade, if but a fair amount of common sense be shown.

Development of Alaska.

Alaska is admittedly in the initial stage of development. Her mining and forestry resources, her fisheries and cattle-raising industries are barely touched. Almost every year fresh discoveries are made. The new Tanana River gold fields, well within the zone of purely American influence, are—according to the professional statement of the United States assayer at Seattle (made to the writer)—richer and more extensive than those of California at the height of her gold fever. They alone mean an enormous accession to Alaska's white population. On the Seward Peninsula vast mines are being opened. The coal and iron fields of Alaska will yet astonish the world. Repeatedly investigations made by the United States geological survey have of late resulted in reports seemingly so extravagant in their statements regarding the mineral wealth of Alaska as to have found little credence. But it is certain that hard coal of fair quality and iron ores of a kind nearly matching the finest Swedish have been located in layers of enormous thickness. Meanwhile the fact is just as indisputable that Alaska will remain a big consumer—bigger every year—of all sorts of agricultural and industrial commodities either produced or else handled at a profit by the ports of the Northern Pacific coast, notably Seattle, Tacoma, Portland. The possibilities of this trade are as yet but very imperfectly grasped, but it will form a very large item in the near future on the roll of commercial prosperity of that section.

Trade With Japan.

The trade with Japan is likewise in the infantile stage. Out of a total Japanese foreign trade of, roundly, one hundred and fifty million dollars, the United States has obtained so far a slice of between one-fifth and one-fourth of the whole. The Russo-Japanese war has, of course, reacted somewhat unfavorably, and our imports to Japan have shown a temporary falling off. But this loss will be more than recouped after peace has been concluded. For one thing is quite certain: Japan herself stands at the threshold of an amazing commercial and industrial development. Russia has so far stood in her way. With Russia removed from her path—or, at the very least, no longer able to stop her—this wonderful nation of little brown men, ambitious, highly intelligent, craving all the material benefits of our Western civilization, will rapidly forge ahead on her indicated path. There is a striking analogy between her and Germany after the war of 1870-71, and for the self-same reasons. Japan, in the short space of 37 years (for it is only since 1868, the year of the overthrow of her feudal system, that her material advance really dates), has performed miracles; but these will be as nothing in comparison with what is to follow. The natural genius of the Japanese people lies in the direction of industrial and manufacturing pursuits. She will become the England of the East, and new Sheffields and Manchesters and Birminghams will spring up on her soil. Her industry will be unique, following the bent of her special gifts. Territorially a small island empire, like Britain, with a soil of which but one-eighth is tillable; with a crowded, skilled, deft population, she must become industrial and manufacturing in order to sustain her forty-eight millions, now growing at the rate of half a million a year.

It does not enter into the scope of this article to trace in detail this development of the future. For present purposes it will suffice to point out that, no matter whether Japan will become one of our most formidable rivals in the markets of the East, she cannot fail to become at the same time one of our best—and probably for years to come, the very best—customer for our raw stuffs not alone but also for many of our wholly or half-fin-

ished industrial products. She will consume more and more of our wheat, our cotton, and will need, in ever-growing bulk, American machines, tools, parts of machinery, etc. This will be clear to anyone who will give the matter a moment's unbiased thought. Hence Japan will become an immense item in the commercial development of the Pacific Coast.

Possibilities in China.

Ultimately, of course, China will be of greatest importance to the commerce of the Pacific Coast. And this for several patent reasons. With a population of four hundred and twenty millions (this figure is based on the latest and most reliable data); with natural treasures that are scarcely touched and yet can hardly be duplicated even by the United States; with the finest coast development along the Pacific, and a river system unmatched for navigation; with a people of intelligence and keen commercial spirit (when ever properly roused), eager to barter away their own commodities for those of the West which they demand and insist on as soon as they become acquainted with them—with all these facts bearing on the case, it would indeed be unnatural if in the end a trade should not spring up between China and the rest of the world which would run into the thousands of millions annually, instead of being, as at present, a beggarly couple of hundred millions. Trade always means an exchange of goods. The contention that China will become an enormous factor in the trade of the world, is therefore only strengthened by the circumstance that the Chinese are the most industrious and abstemious race in the world. For these qualities will be most essential in their rapid redemption from an insane system of exclusion and indifference. The Chinese are only just beginning to be aware that the West produces many things worth having. Let the knowledge spread, and it will leaven the masses of the people. This knowledge will be the best—in fact, the only efficient—antidote to their hatred of foreigners. For this hatred is born of ignorance. Trade, the great civilizer and leveler of prejudice, will destroy this sentiment.

The trade of the Pacific Coast with China has been increasing fast, it is true, considering all the facts. But it is, comparatively speaking, still pitifully small. The Briton, who has held the China trade

in his grasp so long, still holds it, despite all American and German effort. The statistics show that. The United States, last year, had but eight per cent of it, against England's fifty-four and Germany's nine per cent. Of course, the war had also an unfavorable effect.

But the policy pursued of late years by our statesmen towards China is the right one; its fruits cannot fail to appear in time. And, it must be remembered, China is only just opening her doors to the Western trade; in fact, the gate is but ajar. But the process of opening up the vast and populous empire has fairly commenced; China cannot retrace her steps. After the close of the war between Japan and Russia the process will be greatly hastened. It is to Japan's own well-understood interest to hasten it. And on Japan's part the chief issue of her war with Russia has been precisely the commercial "open door" for China. No doubt, Japan will get a large share of this coming trade, and deservedly so; and she will hold it to the best of her ability. But this coming trade will be, for one thing, entirely too large for Japan to handle it alone, even if she were allowed to do so. Then, too, China wants many things which Japan cannot supply, or only in inferior grades, such as wheat, all sorts of canned goods, hardware, cottons, machinery, etc. The United States, through her ports nearest the theater, that is, the Pacific Coast, will inevitably obtain a very large percentage of this coming trade. China will require capital to build her railroads, her factories and foundries, develop her mines, put her on a footing, in a word, to enter the field of industry. Much of this will be supplied by the United States.

The Indies From the West.

Likewise within the direct path of the coming commerce of the Pacific Coast lie the two Indies, British and Dutch. The Dutch East Indies have so far been almost entirely neglected by American enterprise, and yet they offer a very promising field. The foreign trade of the one island of Java alone—an island of unrivaled productiveness, with a population of twenty-two millions, yet barely the size of one of our smaller states—amounts to a matter of a hundred million dollars a year. Holland, owner of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Moluccas, Celebes, etc., has been conducting her trade with these

priceless possessions on the old and easy-going plan, and a goodly slice of this trade could, beyond a doubt, be wrested from her. In exchange for the tropical products of the Dutch East Indies, at present brought to our shores in non-American bottoms, we have to offer commodities greatly in demand in this island world and at present inadequately and at far higher prices supplied by Holland, such as a number of our own staple articles of export. As to the distance, that again is in our favor, the route from our Pacific ports being several thousands of miles nearer than the one by the Suez Canal for Holland and the other European nations. This condition of things will not be altered, either, by the completion of the Panama Canal.

The trade of British India is also worth having. Its imports amount to about \$500,000,000 per annum, and, of course, England has the enormous lion's share of it. But our own share is almost as small as that with the Dutch Indies. Of her imports, thirty-six per cent are cotton goods, all from Britain; another large share is machinery and petroleum. No well-directed effort has ever been made by Americans to capture that fraction of this Indian trade which, in the light of all the facts, seems naturally to belong to us.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this, then, is that while there is an enormous and profitable trade with these countries waiting for us at our very doors, the opportunity thus presented has as yet been largely neglected. It has been explained how this has come about, and it is easy to prophesy that these unenviable facts will from now on rapidly change. Our young Pacific Coast is proud, and with reason, of the big trade with the Orient built up within a few years. But in view of the immensity of the field before them, they, themselves, within another few years hence, will smile at the import and export figures of which at present they like to boast.

However, just in illustration of the fact that it pays to watch these new Oriental markets closely, and to spare no intelligent effort, a few of the latest data obtainable will serve.

Thus, while in the very midst of a death grapple with mighty Russia, Japan during the last few months has increased her imports from this country in a num-

ber of lines. Of locomotives she bought of us in 1902 altogether for \$129,352, while during 1904 she purchased for \$624,873, and during the first three months of the current year she ordered 108 locomotives, of a total value of over a million. From Puget Sound ports alone were shipped to Japan in 1902 wire nails weighing 10,000,000 pounds; in 1904, 18,000,000 pounds; of electrical machinery, she purchased last year more than one million dollars' worth, against \$129,777 in 1902. And so on along the list. In 1900, Japan bought of North Pacific Coast dealers 510,613 barrels of wheat flour; in 1904, 1,440,143—that is, considerably more than China did.

Inland Harbors No Drawback.

Against the coming commercial supremacy of the Northern Pacific Coast it has often been urged that the harbors there—Portland and those on the Puget Sound—are not to be compared with those of San Francisco or New York, by reason of their being too far inland. Much has been made of this argument, and with some it has seemed irrefutable. But the argument is a fallacy.

Land-locked and yet easily accessible harbors like those of Puget Sound or Portland, have, on the contrary, a number of advantages over those directly situated by the open sea. For one thing, expensive railroad tolls are saved for that distance, usually, too, railroad connection is better and more varied from such inland ports.

There are other pertinent reasons, but to clinch the whole argument it is but necessary to point out that many of the greatest ports of the past and that, for example, the two largest ports of the present, London and Hamburg, are located far inland; located, too, not nearly as advantageously as are Seattle, Portland, Tacoma.

Still another argument in the same line, namely, the absence of cheap and abundant fuel along the whole Pacific Coast, militating against a rapid development of manufacturing and every form of industry in which such fuel forms an important element, is now being disproved. The coal production along the Northern Pacific Coast is already very large, and new layers of a high-class bituminous coal are being laid bare almost daily, more particularly in Washington. But quite recently the

finest anthracite has also been discovered in enormous layers, and with proper railroad facilities this fact will in a short time revolutionize industrial conditions in Washington and Oregon. As for California, she has with 1904 forged ahead of every other state in the Union in the production of crude oil. With a total output of 28,423,860 barrels of oil, she has outclassed both Pennsylvania and Texas. One single district there, the Kern River, with its 17,500,000 barrels, is the richest in the world in this respect. With that, too, the yield can be doubled or trebled, as soon as the demand warrants it. And with the pipe lines created, this oil gives California what hitherto she lacked—the cheapest and most desirable kind of fuel for her nascent industries.

The effect of this, very recent as the fact is, has already begun to make itself strongly felt in the industrial field along the Pacific. To cite only two instances, the construction of an enormous steel plant at San Diego, built for the Pacific Steel Company at a cost of \$30,000,000, is now under way; and the Seattle Steel Company, the first steel plant along the northern part of the Coast, are significant. The latter establishment also comprises a huge railroad car manufacturing plant, and not only is the raw material, the ore, obtained from local mines, but the finished product, too, will supply the needs of Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, Alaska, California, and the western portions of the states east—Montana, Idaho, and others.

Thus, looking over the whole chain of facts that must be mentioned as constituting the strong commercial armor of the Pacific Coast, there seems to be no flaw in it. All the elements are present which go to make up a district holding enormous possibilities for the future in its grasp. It is but marshaling these facts and giving them due allowance, in order to make the safe prediction that the day is not far distant when the Pacific Coast will lead the world commercially, as she already does in several other important respects. To see this is not optimism; it is merely to recognize at their proper weight facts patent to all who will take the trouble to inform themselves, and yet which have, very generally, not met with that degree of attention which they deserve.



Maxine Elliott, starring this season in Clyde Fitch's new play, "Her Great Match."

THE STAGE

WE who live by the Western Sea are particularly loyal to people of the stage who find their way into our good graces, and no matter where they may roam in the pursuit of their calling they may always be assured of a hospitable welcome when they return to us.

We may or may not be more susceptible to a player's charms than another section of the country, but, however that may be, we are seldom fickle. The five actresses whose activities are gossiped of here are ones in whom the Pacific Coast feels a peculiar interest to whom the section is loyal at all times.

* * * * *

Most appropriately Blanche Bates is to have for her starring vehicle this season "The Girl of the Golden West," written by David Belasco, who was born in San Francisco, in the "golden days." Miss Bates is so typically a breezy Western girl that the part should be admirably suited to her. She is a native of Portland, Oregon, lives much of her time in California, and is essentially a woman of the big plains and high mountains.

The period of the new play is early California when it was "bonanza." It is said to be a radical and refreshing departure from Western plays recently produced and those who know and admire Miss Bates are prepared to believe this, for she is nothing if not unconventional.

Rehearsals are now progressing in New York, and the first performance will be given in Pittsburg. After a short season

devoted to the principal Eastern cities, it will be taken to the metropolis for a long run.

* * * * *

Maxine Elliott, one of the most beautiful and interesting of American actresses, is also a Pacific Coast product, having been born and having spent her youth in California. For a number of years she has been a star of first magnitude and is justly very popular with audiences both in this country and England.

During the past summer she appeared for a long and brilliant season in London with Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Her Own Way," in which she was seen in the West last season. The present season she has another Clyde Fitch piece, "Her Great Match," having opened her season two weeks ago. The play deals with the love of an European crown prince and an Amer-



Blanche Bates, for whom David Belasco has written a new play, "The Girl of the Golden West."

ican girl and the obstacles that beset them.

As is well known, Miss Elliott is, in private life, Mrs. Nat Goodwin, but she has gained her splendid reputation as a star playing independently of her husband, and is perhaps equally as well known as the famous Nat.

* * * * *

In discussing Florence Roberts we are dealing with an actress who is essentially of the Coast, for her entire career as a star, up to the present time, has not taken her east of the Mississippi. This season, however, she expects to establish herself in the East and will appear on Broadway before the winter is over. Florence Roberts

began her stage experience with Lewis Morrison in "Faust" a number of years ago, playing "Marguerite." She and Mr. Morrison were married after the first season.

Miss Roberts first showed herself to be an actress of unusual merit through her work as leading woman with the Alcazar Stock Company of San Francisco. She at once became the vogue with theatergoers of the Bay City, and when Belasco & Meyer decided to star her, she was already well known throughout the Far Western states.

Her best work has been done in emotional parts, particularly "Zaza" and "Tess of the D'Ubervilles." In many respects she suggests Mrs. Fiske, and has even been accused of imitating her.

For her coming tour and her New York engagement she will have a new piece, written for her by Paul Armstrong, author of "The Heir to the Hurrah," called "Ann Lamont." The

scene of the play is Honolulu, and great hopes are entertained of its success.

* * * * *

Minnie Tittel Brune is another Pacific Coast actress who has risen to distinction abroad as well as at home. She lived in Portland several years and made her stage debut here under the auspices of John F. Cordray, the veteran manager. She was Minnie Tittel then, having within the past few years married Clarence Brune, a well-known, legitimate actor. She starred with considerable success all over the United States, but recently has spent much time in foreign countries. At the present time she is playing in Australia, where



Florence Roberts, the popular Pacific Coast actress, who will make her first appearance on Broadway this season.

she is winning high praise as an actress of great power.

* * * *

Lillian Lawrence was not born in the West, but some of the most notable successes of her career have come to her on the Coast. She is distinctly a stock leading woman, and is probably the best in the United States. She was at the head of the Castle Square Company, of Boston, continuously for seven years, a time record never equaled by another American actor or actress. She has played leads with a number of other Eastern stock companies, and has appeared in road productions.

A year ago she became leading woman at the Alcazar in San Francisco, and her acting fairly took that city by storm. She at once became very popular and proved one of the most successful stock actresses who has ever appeared.

A short time ago she was secured to play leading parts with the Belasco Stock Com-

pany, of Portland, where she is repeating her former triumphs.



Minnie Tittle Brune, who made her stage debut in Portland, Oregon, and is now winning success in Australia.

AN AUTUMN SYMPHONY

When the wind blows thro' the poplar
trees

A mighty symphony it seems,
With chords in saddest harmony
That fall, and break, and swell again,
In yearning, agony and pain.

Till suddenly the passage dies,
The chords croon naught but lullabies
The soul lies wrapped in tender dreams.

Of hopes that spring in joyous way
And perish ere the end of day;

Ambition's dearest dreams denied;

A soul's dim wants unsatisfied;
The music's wrought on themes like these,
Life's common unsung tragedies.

But hush! the tree tops bend and sway
To melodies so faint, so sweet,
We once more at a mother's feet
Are rocked to restful isles away
A symphony in many keys

When the wind blows thro' the poplar
trees!

—Rose De Moss.

RUSSIA'S DUPLICITY

An Arraignment of the Despotism of the North for the Bombastic Attitude Taken by it in the Negotiations for Peace with Japan

By William H. Galvani

MR. WITTE'S engagement at Portsmouth has come to an end, and peace between Japan and Russia has been duly established. As the star performer, with his company of trained diplomats, Mr. Witte, whatever else he may have failed to accomplish, has never forgotten to act his part as if Japan were the conquered and Russia the real conqueror. All of Russia's bureaucratic opinion on the Portsmouth peace settlement, as voiced by the servile Novoye Vremya et al., runs along precisely the same lines. We are repeatedly reminded by them of our solemn duty to consider the Czar "magnanimous toward the enemy," that he has graciously "allowed his love of peace to triumph over his national temptation to continue the war"; that he has done all this when his "glorious army" (not a word about his celebrated navy) under General Linievitch completed all necessary preparations for a grand assault upon the Japanese under Field Marshal Oyama, which assault would have undoubtedly resulted in the total annihilation of the already "exhausted Japanese." But Japan having on August 29, "yielded all our conditions * * * my duty to my conscience and to the people entrusted to me by God, commands me * * * not to expose them to fresh and endless horrors of war in order to retain half of a remote island which Japan ceded to us in 1875." Thus in all majesty spake the Czar. However, we are told that Russia still "finds herself morally charged with the duty of becoming the bulwark of the white race against the yellow," and, since more troops are to be sent to the Far East "to serve in the army of occupation," the white race may consider itself out of all danger.

Contrary, however, to all these high-sounding declarations, the world knows only too well the magnitude of the disastrous defeat which has overtaken the Despotism of the North. The world knows, too, that the Czar's grand army in the Far East has not won a single battle, nor man-

aged to retain its grip on a single point the Japanese contested; while as to Russia's armada—it suffered complete annihilation from the mariners of Japan. The world also knows only too well that, in addition to the usually prevailing turbulent state of affairs throughout the empire, every new attempt to mobilize an additional army corps was everywhere accompanied by riots and bloodshed. Add to this the complete commercial stagnation, the failure of crops due to the withdrawal of farm and field laborers, the downfall of Russia's credit even in France, and one can easily see why Russia was obliged to bring the war to an end.

It was not therefore in response to appeals from any neutral power that Russia's bureaucracy came finally to its senses in the matter of the absolute hopelessness of the Manchurian struggle—the fall of Mukden, the destruction of Russia's armada on the Sea of Japan, and the rapidly spreading rebellious spirit throughout the empire combined to bring about the "psychological moment" of which the celebrated Cassini talked so much. Hence, it was that, before any one had taken any steps in the direction of peace, the Czar's government "promoted" Linievitch to the chief command, because it made up its mind to have this successor of Kuropatkin return with a great flourish of trumpets as the general who had neither retreated nor been defeated in a single battle. At the same time, it concluded to "promote" Cassini to Madrid, and filled the vacancy thus created by the appointment of Baron Rosen. One need but know the part played by these two diplomatists during the *ante bellum* period to realize the full significance of this transaction. Cassini was the active agent of Russia's bureaucracy in defrauding Japan of the fruits of her victories in the war with China, while Rosen, as ambassador to Japan, up to the memorable night of February 8, 1904, used his efforts to prevent an appeal to arms on the part of the Japanese.

The existing condition in Europe was such as to make a peace conference over there impracticable from a diplomatic

standpoint, and hence America had to be selected. This of necessity made the supplanting of Cassini by Rosen absolutely imperative, and herein is the actual beginning on the part of Russia to secure peace with the ever victorious Japanese. All this the government of the Mikado knew fully as much as it was known to any of Russia's bureaucrats, and Japan was therefore prepared to govern itself accordingly.

With these facts before us, it is certainly out of the question to think that the Japanese peace envoys have surrendered all that the valor and wisdom of the Mikado's army and navy have won in the far East. The only thing the Japanese envoys did "surrender" was that of allowing Russia's star performer to indulge in his bombastic display of words by which he thought he could make the world believe that his lord and master came with flying colors out of his Manchurian adventure. For let it not be forgotten that when all the terms of peace submitted by the Japanese but that of indemnity were fully agreed upon by the Russian envoys, even then peace was as far away as ever, and it was only after a secret conference between Mr. Witte and Baron Komura, lasting a whole hour, while their respective assistants and secretaries were waiting in an adjoining room, that Mr. Witte managed to emerge with his message of peace. Surely the Japanese, as the victors, had nothing in the way of terms of peace that required any secrecy. Not so with Russia. The mournful crocodile, having discovered its *amour propre* in serious danger, after repeated declarations "not an inch of territory nor a kopeck of indemnity," found itself confronted by the alternative of either paying in hard cash for its Manchurian adventure or of fighting it out. Unable to carry on the struggle, it finally secured the consent of the Japanese envoys to a secret conference where a *quid pro quo* was definitely arranged to the satisfaction of Baron Komura.

Such a proceeding on the part of Russia was made necessary by the internal conditions of the empire, and also in order to enable the autocratic government to announce to the world that the "ultimatum" of the Czar had been accepted by the Mikado. That is all there is to this supposed "no indemnity" transaction.

As to Russia's future—it is as dark as darkness itself can make it. The bureaucracy, strongly entrenched as it is, realizes that any participation of the people in the internal affairs of the great empire would mean an end to their profitable crimes and criminalities. Hence it is, while announcing in high-sounding phrases a proposed "national" assembly, they take good care to retain the hangman Trepoff in position of dictator, maintain their firm hold upon newspapers and other publications, help along the massacres of Armenians, Jews, Poles, Finns, etc., and sing *Te Deums* over the peace message from Portsmouth. Oh, the hypocrisy of it! To find a parallel to all this brutal duplicity is certainly impossible. For has it not been fully demonstrated time and again that every riot accompanied by murder and arson has been aided and abetted by the governing crew? Has it not been shown that every sorrow and misfortune of the people of Russia owes its actual origin in the despotism presided over by the Holstein-Gottorp and Anhalt-Zerbst dynasty, the supposed house of the robber Romanoffs? A time there was when neither the people themselves nor the world at large knew much of this actual state of affairs. The day has, however, come when this ignorance of the source of Russia's afflictions has been dispelled; and, whether the world at large lends its moral support to the people of that long-suffering empire or not, the day is not far distant when the implements of destruction so freely and so constantly used against the inoffensive people will be turned upon the guilty heads of the most corrupt and criminal bureaucracy that human endurance has ever permitted to exist.

To contemplate the prospective revolution which, sooner or later, must be fought out in Russia, is certainly a most terrible thing. But every people, it seems, has to pay, and, at times, very dearly, for freedom from the oppression of priestcraft and statecraft. The people of Russia are at last earnestly and courageously engaged in the struggle with its twin-monster of priestcraft and statecraft, and when that great struggle comes to an end, the curtain will drop over what has so long been in that land a constant tragedy of guilty power and murdered innocence.

September 5, 1905.

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

The Massive Santa Ana Bridge

Eastern visitors to California regard the Santa Ana River more as a joke than a reality; but although it is, on ordinary occasions, a most dignified and well-behaved little creek, it has been known in the past to do things, and many a stout county bridge has gone sailing down stream on the crest of some sudden flood. So, when Senator W. A. Clark and his associates planned the building of the "Salt Lake Route," from San Pedro, Cal., to Salt Lake City, Utah, and decided that the Santa Ana River was in their way, they looked into the future and determined that the line should be built for the years to come. Harry Haygood, then chief engineer of the road, designed and erected there a lasting monument to his skill, the biggest concrete bridge in the world.

On the 11th day of January, 1903, the first concrete was placed in position. At the west end of the viaduct was erected a battery of three Ransome concrete mixers, operated by steam, and work was pushed forward by day and night shifts with the aid of many arc lights, power for which was furnished by temporary electric plant.



Santa Ana Bridge—looking west.

To build this great bridge, one thousand feet long, sixty feet high and eighteen feet wide, over thirteen thousand cubic yards of concrete, each cubic yard weighing about two tons, were required, making the dead weight of the bridge, including the ballast of the railroad bed on top, nearly thirty thousand tons; but the structure is capable of supporting a moving load of ten thousand pounds to each lineal foot of bridge.

In digging for bedrock upon which to rest the foundation of the seventh pier, a false bottom was struck at a depth of thirty feet, and the completion of the bridge was delayed several months. Sheet



Concrete bridge at Santa Monica.

piling was finally driven, after many other methods had proven unavailable, the sand and gravel was excavated, and the huge boulders which formed the false

bottom were removed with difficulty, bed-rock being encountered at a depth of fifty-four feet.

INTO NEW FIELDS

Perhaps the most novel expedition which has ever sailed from American shores, and pregnant with a greater significance than any ever attempted before, is that planned for the steamer *Spokane*, which is to sail from Southern California in January next.

It has for its object an international fraternization which will redound to the social and commercial benefit of all the countries participating. It has received the moral and substantial indorsement and encouragement of our national officials and of those of Mexico and Central America.

Thousands of Americans have seen the Rivera and the Alps; thousands have meandered through the Catacombs and sat in the shadows of the Coliseum. Many have seen the land of the Pharaohs, and looked with wonderment upon the pyramids and Sphinx; other multitudes have reminiscences to recount of jinriksha rides beneath the cherry lanes of Nippon and excursions around pagodas and India bungalows. All of these attractions have lost their novelty, and the globe trotter now must seek new fields for diversion and exploration.

When the cliff climber of the Himalayas and the searcher for the historic and the grand is told that his passion for the far-away wonders have lured him away from the world's chiefest charms; that his restless longing for the conquest of distance has led him from the earth's quaintest composite of scenic grandeur and most transcendent historic mysteries, he looks at you with undisguised scorn. At our very doors has opened a veritable new world, or rather an old one has been unearthed. Modern progress and commercial aggressiveness have unveiled an ancient prodigy, rich in all the absorbing charm of Orientalism, overshadowing in the gorgeous relics of a forgotten civilization, overwhelming in its natural picturesqueness, and unmatched in clime and soil and all the resources that compel the

ready homage of the worshippers of Mammon.

In Mexico and Central America lie the opportunities for the congested wealth of America and the Mecca for the leisure classes, who seek romance and adventure, where health drinks in a climatic tonic and pleasure can cajole its whims.

A voyage from the southern coast of California toward the Isthmus is perhaps unmatched in the delights of marine excursions. The Pacific lies glassy and placid, and the skirting shores present a panorama nowhere else paralleled in either hemisphere in variety and grandeur. The coast line is incidentally marked with islands that vary from a mere tussock in the sea to abrupt cliffs that rise hundreds of feet and mark the evening sky-line like huge giants stalking the sea.

From the quaint port village of Ensenada all along the coast of Lower California, mountains, anchored in golden riches, create an ever-changing series of scenic surprises. The Gulf of California is famed for its marvels of marine vegetation and pictorial life. Sharks weighing over 3000 pounds and other mammoths of the deep, the manta raya, the devil fish and other unfamiliar varieties, furnish a unique source of interest. The splendid cities and growing metropolis of the coast, with ancient ruins and historic religious shrines, are subjects of incessant interest.

Off the coast of Manzanillo can be seen the cloud-like volumes of smoke from the famed volcano of Colima—the most wonderful scenic spectacle of the western hemisphere. At night the flames from the belching craters cast a glow of lurid splendor on an aggregation of magnificent scenery, incomparable with anything known to historians or travelers.

To the southward a vast stretch of serrated mountains fill in the sky-line for hundreds of miles, while the vistas are dotted with tropical luxuriance. Into the coast towns along the way the products

indigenous to this clime are brought for foreign exportation.

Farther down is the mouth of the historic Nicaragua canal, navigated so long in legislature eloquence but not yet opened to commerce. Still farther down, in the very neck of the Isthmus, the energies and efforts of our nation are now being utilized to dig out an international gateway connecting the Caribbean and the Pacific. Here is to be seen the masterful struggle between science and nature, between human genius and physical geography. Here is witnessed the most wonderful effort known to modern engineering—the build-

ing of the Panama canal.

Behind all these mountain ranges that we have mentioned, and settled in their valleyed fastnesses is land rich in precious metals and a vast repository of agricultural and pomological wealth. Its primitive resources are awaiting development, its commercial opportunities are inviting conquest.

The peoples who habit these regions are our neighbors and our friends, and Americans must claim their hospitality and their patronage now or concede the honors and emoluments to our European competitors.



Volcano Colima, west coast of Mexico; to be seen en route by members of Industrial Excursion to the tropics in January, 1906, on steamship Spokane.

IMPRESSIONS

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

To do as we would be done by is truly a Golden Rule, if we clearly comprehend that each of us wants to be let alone

Peace and Progress

In my opinion, President Roosevelt will hereafter be elected to greatness by the Muse of History because he placed ideals above sordid gain; because he gave an impetus toward private honesty and public honor, and because, as the head of this Nation, regardless of red tape and precedent, he threw himself into the breach between warring nations and brought forth peace. He taught by practice the truth of the Brotherhood of Mankind. No one doubts that he ended the useless and wasteful Russian-Japanese war earlier than it would otherwise have ended, and thereby saved thousands of lives. It would be as useless as ungracious to attempt to belittle his splendid influence, but the careful student ought to observe that the one thing which reinforced his efforts and made peace possible was that Russia was financially disabled and was refused further loans for war purposes, and Japan was close to the bottom of her military chest, and with a full appreciation of the economic drain which would leave her a victorious cripple.

War is waste. All human progress has been made in and through peace.

Japanese Indemnity

There are innumerable instances of levying tribute, but in modern international law the indemnity is new and has never been granted except where the conqueror was in a position to enforce it. It is a sort of mortgage or lien which the conquered pay as the redemption for some part of their territory held by the conqueror. In this case, Japan could not have enforced any such lien. Russia could have withdrawn her troops and left the empty outlying provinces in the hands of the Japanese with indifference. No Russian territory was involved.

Russia's Need

No one who believes in fair play can fail to sympathize with Russia's desire for at least one good and sufficient ice-free port. She ought to have it and, as with coming freedom and education she grows stronger and richer, she will have it. A man who is being choked will fight for air. Europe with England in the lead is choking a great empire away from the necessary sea, and there will be more war unless wisdom leads Europe to peacefully satisfy Russia's great need.

Economic Opposition to War

In my opinion, a question of economics lies at the root of every human problem as inevitably as food and warmth are the first necessities of life. Each war of recent years has brought the civilized world a step nearer to the realization that it is as wasteful for nations to war as it used to be for private individuals to settle their disputes by combat and feud. It is as intelligent for nations to resort to courts of arbitration as it is for individuals to resort to the courts of law, and it will some day be known to be as wise for all nations to unite in one military police protection to enforce the decrees of the international tribunal as it now is to maintain a sheriff or a municipal police. The following figures suggest the economic waste of war, and to them must be added the truth that the only justification of war is to preserve civilization and as an end to peace. Peace is the fruitful time.

1. A million dollar bills packed solidly make a pile 275 feet high. One thousand million dollars, the price which Europe annually pays for armaments in time of peace equal a pile of dollar bills over fifty-two miles high. This expenditure for the supposed prevention of war represents one thousand million days' labor at one dollar a day, and this, every year.

2. A second pile of dollar bills over fifty-two miles high represents the annual payment for interest and other costs of past wars.

3. To these inconceivably large amounts must be added the earnings of the millions of able-bodied men in army and navy who are withdrawn from productive industries and are supported by taxed peoples.

4. Since 1850 the population of the world has doubled; its indebtedness, chiefly for war purposes, has quadrupled. It was eight billions fifty years ago, it is thirty-two billions today.

The year 1900 added nearly another thousand millions to the war debt of the world. This about equals the annual cost of boots, shoes, and bread in the United States.

5 Our War Department, even with our small army, just previous to the Cuban war, cost over \$50,000,000 annually, while the total annual cost of public schools for both races in all the sixteen Southern States was less than \$32,000,000.

We paid for pensions the year before the Cuban war over \$147,000,000, about seven times the total income of all our colleges, and about equal to the annual cost of the German army.

6. Armies take the very flower of youth, not the weaklings, idiots and criminals.

Military equipments must be new. One may use an old sewing machine or reaper, but not a gun that is out of date. A new invention makes old junk of millions of costly, burnished arms.

7. The increase of standing armies and navies, accomplishing no result but increased burdens on the people, is inevitable unless the practical men of the civilized world insist upon a rational settlement of international difficulties.

Anarchy

The only well-cared-for streets in Chicago are kept clean by private subscriptions from persons interested in such streets. This leads the Tribune of that city to suggest that a police force employed by the interested sections might be efficient in preventing the hold-ups and assaults which disgrace the city. Possibly the Tribune would be shocked to know that both the street-cleaning plan and the proposed police plan are tainted with that horrible word "Anarchy," which the ignorant press has taught the ignorant mob to believe is club law, with bomb and bonfire attachment, and has thus prevented the proper discussion of that best of all theories of orderly society, the anarchistic one—which aims at self-help in the community by a voluntary co-operation of the persons interested, not that the community shall be the prey of a governing and grafting class called politicians, enforcing taxes and special privileges for their own wasteful and predatory purposes.

Police

An illustration of the absurd idea that some autocratic power mysteriously descends upon a citizen who dons a policeman's coat and star is again unhappily given in the case of E. L. McKinnon, of Denver, who shot and killed James H. Rothwell at a dance. The facts, uncontradicted, seem to be that Rothwell, a young railway engineer, was at a dance with his brother, who was dancing a two-step in what McKinnon thought was a vulgar manner, and therefor ordered him from the hall. Some discussion ensued, and McKinnon finally laid hands on him and ejected him forcibly. The brother then interfered in angry remonstrance; whereupon McKinnon, wild with rage, drew his revolver and killed him. Neither young man was armed in any way, McKinnon was not assaulted in any way; though he is now claiming that he was. The report says "young Rothwell was a fine young man and a good son. His father is heart-broken."

Is Ignorance Purity?

R. P. Goodwin, law officer of the Post Office Department, has pronounced this judgment: "Any and all discussion upon the sex question is obscene, and so unmailable. The only occasion for any talk of such matters is in the private conversation of physicians with patients."

In order that this Dogberry may not be unnoticed, I will myself write him down an Ass—"All discussion of the sex question is obscene"—A Daniel come to judgment! O wise young Judge! To the pure all things are impure. Sex is a disgrace. The mystery of life and creation are to be blushed for and not discussed. Motherhood is vulgar, ignorance is purity, knowledge which may save health and happiness is a vulgar, obscene thing. God was obscene when he made us male and female. We must ignore it; it is purity to remain ignorant; it is obscene to know. Dogberry Goodwin, you did not need a clerk. You have written yourself down an Ass.

Retreating Freedom

The censorship of the mails by such Dogberrys as Goodwin suggests whether we do not lose infinitely more in the blunting of our Anglo-Saxon sense of personal freedom than we gain by the protection of even sensible execution of censorship laws.

Of the same nature was the breaking into a hotel in Portland by the police and the arrest for gambling of a party of friends who were playing poker. It was their own private game in the room of one of their number. The entry and arrests were outrages. A man's room in his hotel is his house. His private morals are his own affair.

Some of the enthusiastic and tyrannous good believe they have a mission to regulate the universe—but we lose more by these trespasses on personal freedom than we can possibly gain.



Peace in the Orient

The Russian-Japanese war has come to an end after a theatrical peace conference at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Japan obtained no indemnity, and Russia is making a "bluff" that she came off with flying colors, but the victory in conference as well as in battle lay with the Japanese. Two of the master diplomatic minds of the world, Baron Komura, and Mr. Witte, played a great game to the point beyond which they could not move. It was a case of one throwing down his hand. Eventually they both apparently threw down their hands, but as a matter of fact, to continue the sporting metaphor, they both had cards up their sleeves. The game was never played in the open. Mr. William H. Galvani elsewhere in this magazine explains the part played by the two nations, the peace envoys and the powers. President Roosevelt took a leading part. Peace was finally brought about because Russia saw a way of agreeing to it and at the same time not making too prominent the fact that she was beaten, badly beaten. The matter of war indemnity was a stickler, but a certain amount of juggling over the island of Sakhalin saved the day. The indemnity was passed over entirely, but Russia ceded the southern half of Sakhalin.

Japan now stands with this much advantage over her position before the war: Russia is no longer a menace; Korea and part of Sakhalin is hers; and she has the privilege of certain fishing rights in Siberia north of Vladivostok. She wanted peace, as she saw immense political and commercial advantages from it and the possibility of great advancement. She was recognized as a world power and was willing to humor the bombastic Russian rather than chase him across the bleak plains of Siberia.

* * *

Chinese Boycott

The shrewd Oriental mind had more purposes in the boycott of American goods in China than is apparent to the outside world. The most that is known of it is that the movement which brought it about was political rather than commercial, and that it was suppressed by the imperial government. Conditions in China are said to be today in many respects similar to those of the Boxer uprising, and the boycott of American goods was believed the beginning of a rebellion which might have caused interior trouble. The relations between American goods and Chinese politics is not very apparent, but the Oriental mind seems to have seen some connection. The great majority of the Chinese coolies are densely ignorant and America looms up as a mighty power, a place spilling out wealth to all the world, and greedy for land. The coolie mind could be worked upon and led to believe that America was about to swallow China, and by the liberal use of false pretenses a distrust of the imperial government could be engendered. But all surmises are futile, as none but an Oriental can understand the Oriental mind and its purposes and reasonings. Viceroy Yuan Shi Kai but raised his hand in Northern China and the boycott was off. Secretary Taft said openly at a dinner given in his honor at Hong Kong that the boycott was a breach of treaty, and he was agreed with. He also made plain that the United States is not seeking to obtain Chinese territory. The boycott spread widely, but was in no great measure effective for a long period of time.

* * *

Epidemic of Cholera

Asiatic cholera, India's annual scourge, the disease which travels with wonderful rapidity, and breaks out in unexpected and deadly virulence, is spreading throughout Germany, and has threatened America for the first time in many years. Hamburg has been the port most closely watched, as that city has been visited by the disease. The lower class of emigrants being those among whom cholera would spread most quickly, the very greatest precautions have had to be taken. The first dread of cholera came with the news that in a prison in Prussia several occupants had the disease, and for the next few days particularly the spread was wonderful. It seemed to go in all directions. Big cities and isolated farm houses alike found this grimmest form of death stalking about their gates. The worst of the situation is that cholera can not be stopped. It is a filth disease and wherever the dirty sons of men congregate in noisome places it strikes a deadly blow. It has broken out in

Europe time and again and left a fearful trail of desolation behind it. In modern times, since people have become more cleanly and the sewage of cities is better, it has been less destructive than in India, but in a city like London or in the slums of New York, in a week of humid weather it could create a horror.

Common Sense at Panama

Hon. John Barrett in an article published elsewhere in this issue of the Pacific Monthly says that Panama must be made healthy before effective work on the isthmian canal can be done; that yellow fever must be killed off and malaria controlled. He wrote this in the light of understanding, having been United States minister to Panama but a few months ago. The powers who control work on the canal had not yet given their dictum to the same effect at that time, but Mr. Barrett, who is thoroughly acquainted with the facts, knew that the canal commission must come to the same conclusion. He was not mistaken. Early in September it met and said very much the same things as Mr. Barrett will be found to have expressed previously in the article in the present issue of this magazine.

This is an age in which the humane considerations take a more prominent position than ever before in the history of the world. An enlightened country like the United States will not deliberately kill off thousands of men, be they black, white or yellow, even to push to completion the greatest project it has ever undertaken. Moreover, it would be a short-sighted policy to have the canal get the reputation of a death-hole. The way chosen is the only one: to make the place healthy and keep it healthy, so that a man can work there without the fear of immediate death.

Starvation in Andalusia

The fairest province of Spain is consumed with hunger. Andalusia, the very name of which calls to mind the whole romantic history of the peninsula from the days of the Moors, has sunk into a decay that is pitiful. Count de Romanes, the Spanish minister of agriculture, tells of the condition there in colored phrases. He reports:

"The Andalusian problem is not remediable by temporary palliatives, official help or Christian charity. The problem is total; it refers to the whole life of the people which, so long idealized by the poets, was considered one of the richest and most privileged in Spain. Today, however, all is ruins: the earth and the souls. It is not that among these people a hundred or a thousand workmen are suffering hunger, misery and moral depression; everywhere one goes the despair which infects all Andalusia is cruelly apparent. Hunger, nudity, physical decay, stupor of souls; sterile, dry, deserted fields, all constitute a curse and a collective misfortune. Everything must be commenced anew. Andalusia has lost all; the fields are cemeteries; the towns in ruins; agricultural credit does not exist; the workmen have reached the limit of physical resistance, and the proprietors can do no more."

Incipient Rebellion in Cuba

Cuba has much the same political frame of mind today that America had immediately before the Civil War, and, the Cubans being more inflammable, rebellion is a probability. It is the question of state rights dragged into the political game by the personal ambition of Don Jose Miguel Gomez, governor of the province of Santa Clara. The administration in Cuba has been given too much power by the Moderates who are in control and, besides looting the treasury in a way that is liable to warrant interference on the part of the United States, is forcing itself too much upon the states. This Gomez is standing against more than any of the other governors, so that he has become the acknowledged leader of the states-rights faction in the government. The situation has taken a personal turn, as always in the Latin countries, and it is now President Palma against Governor Gomez, and the country is rapidly dividing into two political factions, the Palmists and the Gomezists.

New Viceroy to India

Lord Curzon is no longer viceroy to India, and Lord Minto has been appointed to succeed him. Trouble between the viceroy and General Kitchener, commander in chief of the forces in India, over a new plan of army administration in India, caused the breach. Lord Curzon in his message home, leading to his resignation, said: "It is apparent that His Majesty's government denies me that confidence which alone can enable me to serve it, and attach a fundamentally different interpretation of myself to the modifications, upon the acceptance of which alone I consent to remain in office. The situation, therefore, remains where it was when I resigned in June. If the government is unable to accept my views, I request the Premier to place my resignation in the hands of His Majesty." Later he wrote: "The main question is not the choice of an individual (for the position of viceroy), but one of the principles underlying a future change in our administration. I am driven to the conclusion that the policy of His Majesty's government is based on principles that I could not conscientiously carry into execution."

Lord Curzon has been considered an able, conscientious man, and something more than offended dignity caused his resignation. Lord Minto takes up the reins of government at a very difficult period, but it is believed that he will bring about peace between the civil and military authorities in India. Lord Curzon insisted upon the supremacy of the civil power in India, disregarding the fact that England's hold over India is maintained entirely by the prestige given of a large army.



By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS

Port Arthur—Liao Yang—Mukden—The Battle of the Sea of Japan—Theodore Roosevelt—such in brief is the history of the Russian-Japanese War.

Detectives

A plain, unvarnished statement of the conditions in the police departments of the great majority of American cities would be an astounding revelation of trickery, graft, dishonesty, and betrayal of public office. There are probably exceptions to this statement. The chances are that there are honest policemen and genuine detectives, who are true to their trusts, and who perform their duties with fidelity. Judging by the newspapers of this country, however (a fair criterion in this instance), the police and detective systems, especially the latter, are rotten to the core. Here on this Coast we do not even raise an eyebrow when the daily press states that such and such a "detective" recovered stolen property, placed it in the hands of the police officials, and when it is wanted by the original owner he is told that the property has "disappeared." We also take it as a matter of course for our keen "detectives" to protect the bums, thieves, and robbers of a community by grafting the public or "standing in" with thieves when stolen property is discovered on the person of the thief. Nor is it an uncommon thing for our "detectives" to allow criminals to escape, provided the hand at the back is palmed with gold. Everything, in fact, points to the conclusion that while the so-called "detectives" are in the pay of the city they are in reality "fences," "go-betweens," grafters of the most intolerable, irritating type, in league with crime and protectors of it. This Augean stable of rottenness and corruption is fast becoming unendurable.

An Unexpected Result

Only a few more weeks remain before the Lewis and Clark Exposition will close its doors, and the great undertaking will have become history. The Exposition has been a success. Whether the stockholders will receive 100 cents on the dollar, or, indeed, any part of their investment, is immaterial, though at this writing it is stated that the undertaking will be financially more successful than any other exposition which has ever been held. The peculiar conditions surrounding the Exposition, however, render financial considerations secondary to several other more important points. Two great things have been accomplished by this Exposition. First, and perhaps most important, the Pacific Coast has been more thoroughly advertised than ever before in its history. Thousands of people have come to Portland, and have taken the opportunity of getting acquainted with the whole Coast. They have returned East with an entirely different conception of the West, and it is fair to say that perhaps nine out of ten of such persons will be enthusiastic about the beauties and possibilities of this section of the world. A second and wholly unexpected result of the Exposition has been that in introducing the East to the West, the West has been introduced to itself. California had no real conception of the great Pacific Northwest, though Oregon and Washington were well acquainted with the possibilities of California. The knowledge gained will tend to unify and strengthen the Coast in many direct and indirect ways. It is a well-known fact that travel is an important factor in unifying and broadening a nation. As a result of the Fair, therefore, America is stronger in its national life, the future is more emphasized, more possible, more brilliant. A great work has been accomplished through the instrumentality of this Exposition, but it is only a part of a much greater problem for this entire region—the problem of settling our extensive arid lands, which are to be irrigated, with a desirable class of people, and of carrying to its proper conclusion the immense possibilities in the way of exploitation which the Exposition has opened up. In reality, therefore, only a beginning has been made, though, indeed, it has been on a large and successful scale. To fail, however, to harvest the results of the Exposition would be a sorry blunder. The advertising secured should be followed up in the most vigorous manner, if the greatest good is to be realized. The West needs people and manufacturers, and to get them there must be an intelligent, persistent advertising campaign of the resources and possibilities of this region, put in an attractive form, free from even a suggestion of exaggeration or misstatement. In this matter there is a distinct duty and opportunity for every community on this Coast, and as this duty is realized and performed, so, in a large degree, will the future of each community be moulded.



Exposition a Financial Success

The Lewis and Clark Exposition promises to be the first large fair held in this country in every way a financial success. Most of the expositions have lost money by the millions, but, while it is not an absolute certainty, still it is safe to say that the Portland fair is going to pay all expenses and return to the stockholders the money paid by them and perhaps a dividend. The exposition authorities announced before the gates were thrown open on the first of June that 1,000,000 admissions would mean success. The average daily attendance has soared high above what they expected, and by the fifteenth of October, the day the exposition closes, it is expected that 1,250,000 people will have passed through the gates. These admissions will not all be paid, but the average of free admissions, it is understood, has not been larger than expected. Moreover, a great majority of the concessionaires have been making money, and a part of their gain belongs to the exposition. Expenses have been heavier than anticipated, but probably not sufficiently greater to offset that additional quarter of a million admissions. At all events, the exposition will come much nearer paying for itself than any exposition previously held in this country.

To what is this due? To many things. Portland did not attempt more than the size of the city and the population of the country immediately surrounding it justified; the people of the Pacific Coast have patronized it in the "true Western" fashion, every state and every community making it as much "our" fair as Portland itself; many Eastern visitors have gone to it; the management has been in all important regards efficient; the site is one which makes the exposition unique; the exhibits are well selected; the grounds are properly maintained, and there has been no time when a lady could not go anywhere in the most perishable garments; the railroads have advertised liberally so that the exposition has become well known in every corner of the country; the press bureau has done a similar work; the art gallery has attracted thousands, and the Forestry building many more; the many unique features add together until they form a goodly array which the sightseer can tell his friends about and make them wish to see the big show themselves.

When the exposition itself is considered it is merely the result of competent men doing clever work with the money which the community, the state and the nation furnished. The chief credit for the financial success is due to the splendid spirit of the people of the Pacific Coast, who called it "our" fair, and went to it.

A Bumper Wheat Crop

All the Pacific states have good crops this year. This means prosperity unlimited in a country the development of which is still largely agricultural. In many respects the year which is now drawing on towards the close is one of the best the states west of the Rocky Mountains have ever had. This is felt more particularly in the Northwest, the original Oregon country, than anywhere else. With bumper crops of grain, particularly wheat, fruit in plenty, and all stock in prime condition, the only persons privileged to find fault are those who live in certain small communities in the inter-mountain country, where some sudden storm laid the wheat flat. But these incidents were inconsiderable, and the Northwest, according to the best calculations, has produced the largest wheat crop in its history, estimated on reliable data at 50,000,000 bushels. The amount of grain to the acre was not greater in many cases than in previous years, but the acreage was much increased. The largest yield was in the Inland Empire of Idaho and Washington, and the Big Bend and Palouse country in Washington. These are districts well supplied with railroads, and the acreage is increasing rapidly. About Pendleton in Oregon there was also an immense yield, and the Willamette Valley in Oregon, the oldest wheat-growing valley on the Coast, though not yielding as much as expected early in the season, still had an average heavy crop.

Central Oregon Suffers

The crop reports show that certain parts of Oregon suffered greatly from lack of transportation facilities. Those rich counties lying south of the Columbia River, Sherman, Wasco and Gilliam, need only a few miles of railroad to compete with any grain-growing communities in the country, but are only beginning to be opened. The Columbia Southern was built by the willing hands of these farmers a few years ago, and now the Great Southern, extending from The Dalles to Dufur, has hardly its last spike driven before the whole line is built up with warehouses. Grain was being hauled three weeks before the road was completed, and the owners see that even in this short road they have a gold mine. They plan extending the road into the rich field in Crook County, Oregon, which has been flirted with by all the railroads for several years, though none have shown very serious intentions of building.

The Columbia Southern and Great Southern

Two roads are now headed south from the Columbia River towards Central Oregon and recently there have been manipulations. The Harriman system now has control of the Columbia Southern, and E. E. Lytle, who built it, has stepped down and out from the presidency. Immediately he was free of this road, evidence was shown that he was anxious to have a hand in the Great Southern line, and his taking this interest led to the belief that, being an independent promoter, he was in a position to push a road of his own into Central Oregon or block it. But the owners of the Great Southern seemed inclined to keep their property.

The Canadian Fair

At New Westminster, British Columbia, workmen are rushing to complete an exposition, which will be kept open during this month and will be participated in by all Canada. This is a Canadian national exposition, and the Eastern manufacturers of the Dominion are contributing liberally in the way of exhibits. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada, gave the fair an impetus by being largely instrumental in seeing through the Dominion House of Commons the bill appropriating \$50,000 of the country's money to the enterprise. The fair grounds cover fourteen acres, including a race track. The site of the old annual provincial fair is being used and has been so transformed that it could no longer be recognized. Practically everything has been torn down and rebuilt and five new buildings have been erected. No feature of a thoroughgoing exposition will be omitted, the "Sockeye Run" taking the place of the "Midway," the "Pike" and the "Trail." The enterprise in pushing this fair to a successful opening is due to the citizens of British Columbia, though the whole Dominion has aided. The exposition is beautifully situated where the Fraser enters the sea, and from high points some of the most beautiful and fertile portions of British Columbia can be seen.



Washington Hotel, Seattle, Washington.



HUMOR

Written for the Pacific
Monthly unless otherwise
designated

By
HUGH
HERDMAN



read to a married man one of the love letters
he wrote to his wife ten years before.

Can you point unmistakably to the one per-
son who is to blame for having given you one
minute of real happiness?

* * *

The Small Folk's Point of View.

Little Lottie was watching her aunt pre-
pare a turkey for roasting. Seeing the pin
feathers on the bird, the little girl asked:
"Aren't you going to pull the slivers out of
him, Aunt Kate?"

Jennie, aged five years, was engaged in
making a dress for her doll; two little sis-
ters, both older than herself, were trying to
persuade Jennie to let them "show her how."
On several previous occasions, when Jennie
herself had been inclined to offer to others
advice unsought, she had been told by her
mother to be "not quite so officious," so she
turned now to her mother and exclaimed:
"Mama, I wish you would make these cheer-
lan be not quite so fizzibus!"

* * *

The Foes of Foreigners.

O'Toole—Oi see be the papers thot last year
they was four milliyons av for-reigners come
to this country.

McLeary—Is thot so, now?

O'Toole—It is thot. An' a shame it is, too.
"Twant be long before us Americans will be
run out av our own country be th' Dagoes
an' th' Dutch. Kape thim out, Oi say. Amer-
icy f'r Americans.

* * *

No Water in His.

"Yes, sah," said Colonel Corntossle, of
Kentucky, "I refused, sah, to accept the pres-
idency of that company. I inquired about
the stock, sah, and they told me it was well
watered, sah. Thereupon, sah, I refused to
have anything to do with it, sah."

* * *

His Choice.

Political Boss—You can go to either the
Senate or the House of Representatives. Now
which do you want?

Aspiring Politician—I can have my choice?

Political Boss—Yes.

Aspiring Politician—I think I'll take the
House.

Political Boss—Why not the Senate? It's
a bigger plum.

Aspiring Politician—Yes, I know. But the
House is less dangerous.

Imagination.

Imagination's a wonderful thing!
Have you sallied forth on a day in Spring,
Baited a pin with an angleworm's tail
And imagined that you should catch a whale?
Put a rainbow curve in your rod of birch
To find upon the pin a tiny perch?

Imagination's a wonderful thing!
Have you, by a pond on a day in Spring,
Fixing your eyes fast on a floating chip
Imagined you felt the roll of the ship
That bore you on widespread wings far away
To the rosy rim of the dying day?

Imagination's a wonderful thing!
Have you, on a day in a long-gone Spring
Perched up in the rear of a wagon-bed,
Feet hanging down, and with little bare head,
With eyes fast shut on the receding town
Imagined that you rode t'other way 'round?

And since to the "larger growth" you've at-
tained
And knowledge, through stern reality gained,
Does imagination riot the same,
Often aspiring to riches and fame?

Well, you know, as you muse with smile and
sigh
On childhood days, forever gone by
Fame and riches, for you, could the joy never
win
That was yours when you fished with crooked
pin.

—Katherine March Chase.

* * *

The Cynic's Snarls.

An airship is a great deal like the conver-
sation of women. You never can tell where
it will drift.

How rapidly the world becomes better!
Boddlers, who flourished so abundantly a few
years ago, have been completely transformed
—into grafters.

The surest way to insure disappointment
for yourself is to hope real hard for some-
thing.

The perfect way to commit suicide is to

HUMOR.

Rural Justice.

The workings of the law in rural communities are sometimes marvelous to behold. In a certain village in the South, several men were on trial for fighting and disturbing the peace. The encounter had grown out of bitterness engendered by the decisions of the umpire of a baseball game, and included many of the well-known residents of the neighborhood. After great difficulty, the constable had succeeded in stopping the fight and arresting five or six of the bruised and bleeding combatants. They were placed on trial the following day before the justice of the peace, a hard-headed, irascible, but fair-minded old Confederate veteran. After the somewhat maimed rites of opening court had been complied with, the first defendant was called to the stand. The justice did the questioning.

"George Wilson, you are charged with fightin' and disturbin' the peace of this community at a ball game yestiddy evenin'. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"What!" shouted the justice in surprise.

"Not guilty," the defendant replied.

"Don't you lie to me, sah," the justice roared, his face purple with indignation. "I was there, sah, and I saw you fightin', myself. I fine you ten dollahs and costs."

The other defendants, seeing the trend of events, pleaded guilty and escaped with a fine of five dollars and costs each.

During the night, however, the justice's judicial mind became disturbed. He pondered the question for a while, and finally concluded that he had exceeded his authority. He got out of bed, saddled his horse, and spent the rest of the night riding from plantation to plantation, rousing the sleeping defendants from their beds, and nullifying his proceedings.

* * *

A Hopeless Task.

Binks—I see that the Russian plenipotentiaries have tried to float a loan in this country.

Jinks—Have they succeeded?

Binks—No, of course not. Why, they couldn't even float a navy.

* * *

The Girl of Today.

You may talk of the girls of other days,
Of their modest mien and winsome ways;
But the girl for me, I desire to say,
Is the girl who's here, the girl of today.

You may fondly recount sweethearts of yore,
All the Mauds and the Mays, score upon score,
All the Tessies and Bessies, as sweet as a fay;
But the girl of all girls is the girl of today.

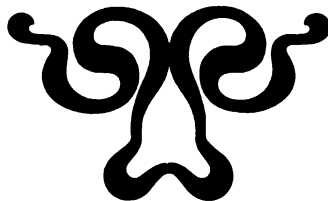
I regard not her station, fame or name,
Be it Annabell, Patience, or Mame.
If she's my girl, to all I just say,
She's the best of all girls, is my girl of today.

PREFERRED STOCK

IS

Perfection in Canned Goods

REPRESENTS FORTY YEARS' ACHIEVEMENT. ***** YOU CAN GET **PREFERRED STOCK** FROM ANY GOOD GROCER



ALLEN and LEWIS
Portland, Oregon

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Aunt Lavinia and the Railroad Train.

Riding on the train was a new experience for Aunt Lavinia. She was an old-time, plantation mammy, and had seldom been beyond the bounds of "The Retreat," where she had been born, reared, and married, a slave, and where, after the war, she and old Uncle George had continued to live with their numerous progeny. As the children grew up and married, however, the old plantation was not sufficient for them, and they drifted away. One of their daughters married and went to Washington to live, and now, after many years, had succeeded in inducing Aunt Lavinia to come to the Capital and make a visit. The chief objection she had was that she would have to ride on the train, but her fears had been calmed, and she started.

When the train got under way, however, and she saw the trees, fences, and houses gliding by her, her terror returned with double force. She couldn't whistle to revive her courage, but she could sing, and sing she did, at the top of her voice.

Describing her experience afterward, she said: "I jes' sung de bestes' hymns I knowed as loud as I could bawl 'em. De odder folks in de cyar dey all laughed at me, but, Lordee, I didn't care none 'bout dem. I jes' kep' on er-singin', 'caze it done my heart good. It ca'med my soul, an' I was pow'ful sceart.'"

* * *

If wishes were autos the undertakers would be working over-time.



THIS little 2-oz. bottle (35 cents) will make two gallons of delicious Maple Syrup at a total cost of 52½ cents per gallon.



Write for sample to Dept. P, Crescent Manufacturing Co., Seattle, U. S. A.

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HOFFMAN HOUSE COFFEE

Embodies every essential point of perfect Coffee—the color, the body, the aroma, the flavor—they are all there. It's the best

HOFFMAN HOUSE COFFEE

It's our desire to have everybody use and appreciate Hoffman House Coffee. It is now universally used in the Middle West, and, knowing its unsurpassed qualities, it only needs to be tried by the consumer (who appreciates good goods) to create a desire on the part of everyone who tries it to get it. We offer it free of all retail profits and expenses, at the following wholesale quotations, delivered to you by express or mail. (We pay the charges):

1 lb. tin can, per lb.....	\$0.30
3 lb. tin can, per lb.....	.29
5 lb. tin can, per lb.....	.29
10 lb. tin can, per lb.....	.28½
50 lb. tin can, per lb.....	.28

There is a great difference between wholesale and retail prices on Coffee.

You must not be surprised at the price of this high-grade Coffee and Tea because you buy it from us at wholesale.

It will pay you to buy this famous Hoffman House Tea and Coffee from us at wholesale and sell it out at retail price.

FREE DELIVERY

We are going to, for the next six months, deliver Hoffman House Tea and Hoffman House Coffee, either by mail or express, to every part of the United States and foreign countries where there are no duties.

Under the Hoffman House brand we have the very finest uncolored Japan Tea, sun-cured Japan Tea, Spider Leg Tea, Oolong Tea, Pin-Head, Gun Powder, Ceylon, Orange Peco, and Yang Hyson Tea.

In order to give you an idea of the value of this grade of Teas, we wish to state that the retail price on them is about \$1.00 per lb. and some high grade, long-credit grocers sell it as high as \$1.50 per lb.

The wholesale price on them in one-lb. packages is 43 cents per lb.

5 lb. cans, per lb.....	\$0.42
10 lb. cans, per lb.....	.41
60 to 70 lb. chests, per lb.....	.40

Send your money by express order or P. O. money order; it costs but a few cents.

In order to have the above Tea or Coffee delivered to you free of charge, cut out this paragraph and enclose with your order, and we will prepay the delivery charges.

We deliver these goods simply to get our Coffee better known and in this manner test this magazine.

F. R. YERXA & SONS
WHOLESALE GROCERS
MAIN AND OCCIDENTAL STS.
SEATTLE

The Flirt.

He was young and tall; he was also handsome, and knew it. His hair was dark, almost black, and slightly curled. His eyes were large and blue. He bore himself as one accustomed to admiration. In fact, he seemed to expect it.

The train had pulled slowly out of Union Station and was well under way when he made his appearance in the Pullman sleeper. He came slowly down the aisle from the front of the car, carefully scrutinizing the passengers as he proceeded. The men came in for only a passing glance, but each woman received a careful inspection. Most of those who felt his gaze upon them looked up and then turned their eyes elsewhere. His look was more than kindly, but it stopped a little short of insolence.

When he reached his own section, which was the last in the car, he stood for a moment looking all about him. Finally his gaze came back to the occupant of the section across the aisle from his. She was young and pretty. A blue tailor-made suit set off her trim figure to advantage and intensified the glossiness of her abundant black hair. She rested her elbow on the window sill, with her chin in her palm, and looked steadily out the window. For a long time she appeared unaware of his looks, but presently she shifted her position and saw him looking straight at her. For an instant she returned his look, but as he became even more intent, she lowered her eyes and turned back to the window. But the knowledge that he continued to watch her made her uneasy, and she did several meaningless things in rapid succession. One thing, however, that she did not do was to look at him.

A faint smile appeared on his lips, and a twinkle of merriment in his eyes. He sought in several ways to attract her attention, and seemed not at all disconcerted by his failures. She had rung the bell for the porter, but as he had not appeared, she undertook to raise the window. It stuck fast. The next second he was bending over her, offering his assistance. She looked up at him, and her face flushed with annoyance. She tried to decline, but he seized the window vigorously and raised it. She thanked him as coldly as she could without being rude and turned to the open window. He stood for a moment looking down at her. Then another smile parted his lips, and he returned to his seat.

For the next two hours he tried every way he could think of to attract her attention and get the least vestige of an excuse for talking to her. But she resolutely ignored him. His good nature, however, remained unruffled, at least to all appearances. At last he ceased his efforts and went forward toward the smoking compartment. When his back was turned, she looked up and watched him swing along the aisle. The next moment she was blushing furiously, because she saw that he had been observing her all the time by means of the mirror in the front of the car.

In the smoking compartment he met an acquaintance. After comparing notes as regards destinations, he of the ardent eyes said:

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

"Good-looking girl in this car, old man."
"That so? Which section?"
"Twelve, right across from mine."
"Still at the same old game of flirting, eh?"
"Well, what's the use in being lonesome when there are attractive people around?"
"None. Know her?"
"No. I've tried to break the ice, but the more I try the thicker it gets."
"Hard luck. Opened the window for her?"
"Yes."
"Shown her a pretty scene?"
"Yes."
"Offered her magazines?"
"Yes. I've played all those old chestnuts, but they don't work. She won't even look my way."
"Cheer up. Perhaps you're in too big a hurry. Give her time to recover from the effect of your good looks."
"Don't get sarcastic."
"Here, I'll tell you what I'll do. All bet you ten dollars I can go back there to your berth, and in fifteen minutes be in conversation with her. Is it a go?"
"I've got a notion to take that bet."
"You think you're such a lady killer. I'm willing to bet I can beat you at the game. What do you say?"
"I'll go you. Shake."
"What number did you say your section is?"
"Eleven. Hers is twelve."
"All right. Here goes. But you are to stay here and not spoil the play by butting in, do you hear?"
"Yes; I agree."
"All right. You may stroll back in fifteen minutes. If I'm not talking to her the ten is yours."
They were fifteen minutes of pleasant anticipation for the man of the ardent eyes. He considered that bet already won. He thought he knew an impressionable young woman when he saw one, and he was certain that this was not one. Accordingly when, at the end of the time allotted, he rose and started back, a smile of triumph wreathed his lips. But when he turned the corner of the passageway, the smile drooped, for there beside the unimpressionable young woman sat his friend, and both were talking and laughing. He was game, however, and walked back to his own section. He pretended not to see that they were watching him. Just as he was sitting down, the other fellow leaned across the aisle and caught him by the sleeve and drew him around.
"Smith," he said, "I want you to have the privilege of knowing—my wife."

* * *

A Complaint.

"Say," croaked the floor to the kitchen stove, "can't you keep your legs to yourself? I haven't room to move."—Almira P. Deming.

* * *

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1905

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of
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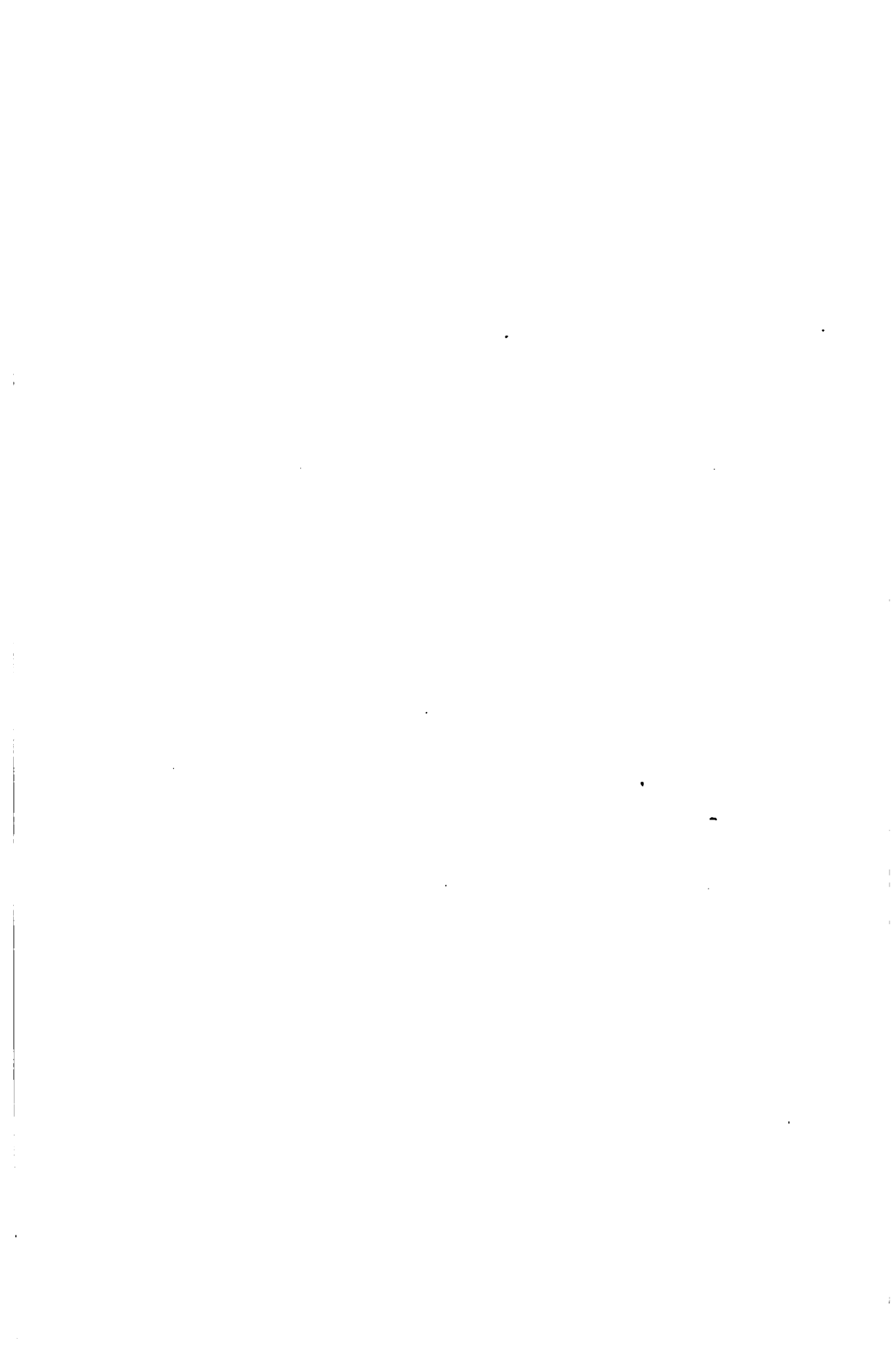


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Volume XIV

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 5

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF HOMER DAVENPORT

An Interview With the Famous Cartoonist

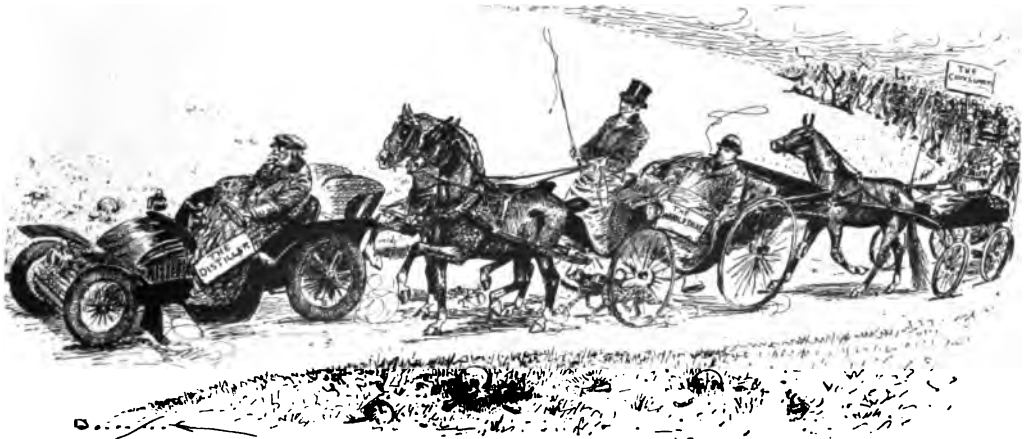
Part I

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the November and December issues of *The Pacific Monthly* Homer Davenport tells in his easy-speaking way of his life, his work and his pastimes, his cartooning, his lecturing, and the incidents which make his career peculiarly picturesque. The great democrat, who was born and raised at Silverton, Oregon, has again become closely identified with the West through the "farm" of wild fowl and Arabian stallions he had on the "Trail" at the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

I BEGAN drawing as a child. I have drawn all my life. My mother died when I was three and one-half years old, but even before her death they had a little straw tick made for me which fastened around my

neck by a collar, and served as a cushion to lie on so that I might draw all day.

All my boyhood I was drawing, and when I was pretty well grown one day I drew a horse on a pine board—I was always drawing Arabian horses—and the



"The Whisky Parade." The dignified man in the automobile is the distiller, the one in the carriage is the wholesaler; the retailer follows in a buggy, and all that tarong behind, some with chains hanging on them, some with handcuffs, are the consumers."

townspeople of Silverton said it was so good that I ought to copy it and bring it to Portland. Now I couldn't copy anything, so some wise philosopher suggested that I saw it out. I brought it to Portland and took it around to Mr. Samuels, editor of the West Shore. When he looked at my drawing he asked me if I was on a farm. I said, "Yes." "Well, then, you had better stay there," he answered. The criticism hurt. If I hadn't been such a big boy, it wouldn't have hurt so badly, but I was proud and it cut me. That sort of thing hurts you and you don't show it, but it grinds all the way in. I was discouraged and went out on the Morrison street bridge and threw the picture into the river.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

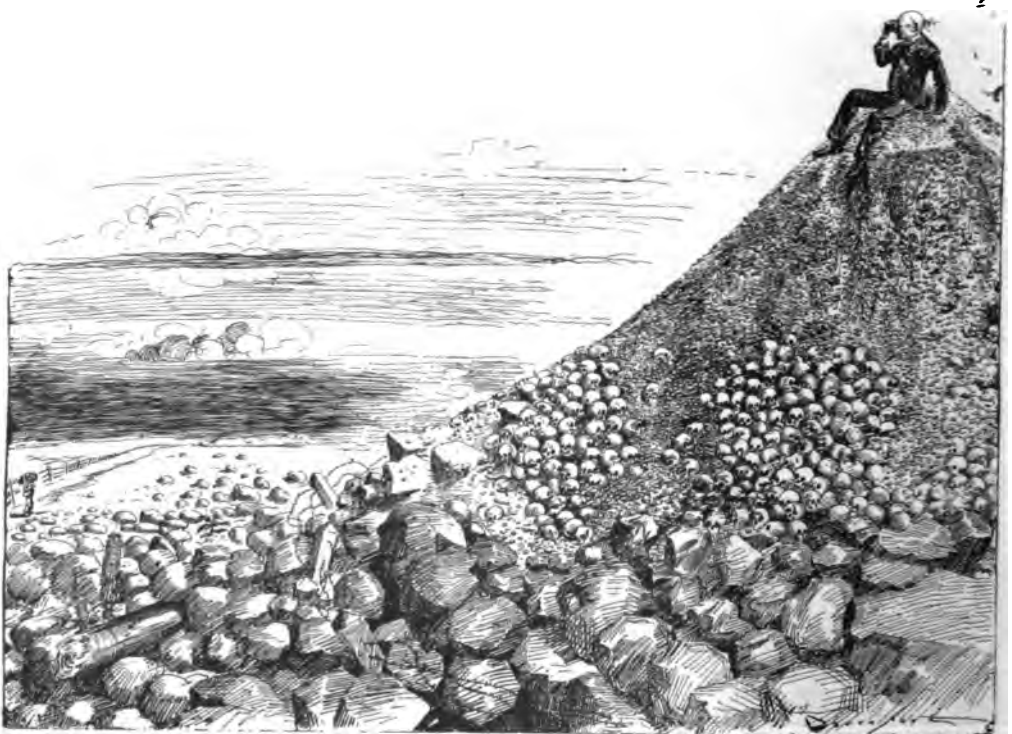
I had given up drawing then, given it up from discouragement, and started into railroading, intending to work carefully up from wiper to a possible run. But in 1892 C. W. Smith, now living in Pasadena, Cal., came to Silverton to visit my father. Father sent me word that Mr. Smith was coming, and said I had better

take a lay-off to see him. I came with the purpose of getting transferred to an Eastern road, as I was getting tired of the landscape here.

Seeing Mr. Smith there visiting with my father and talking over boyhood days, I drew his picture just for fun two or three times, and when we showed it to him, that turned the conversation. He said: "Tim, I want to talk about this boy. You say he is railroading. Well, he will never railroad another day." He sent a telegram off that night to C. P. Huntington resigning from the Southern Pacific for me, and said in it that if I ever drew another day's pay he would hold Mr. Huntington personally responsible. I tried to stop him, but there was no doing it.

JOURNALISM VERSUS RAILROADING.

He asked father to send me to San Francisco and he got me a pass. Just one month later on the second day of February, 1892, I walked into the office of the Examiner. When I got to San Francisco I had a letter from Mr. Smith to C. M. Palmer of the Examiner. I



"The Two Lonely Men—Rockefeller and the tramp, one as badly off as the other."

met Mr. Palmer in the art department of the paper. He read my letter and remarked that if I were coming in any other capacity of journalism he wouldn't recommend me to go on with it, but in the line of drawing he would recommend it.

I was so excited I couldn't eat breakfast before I went to call on him, and once there I saw George Lyons draw the first picture I had ever seen any one draw, and it looked to me so real that if you let it alone it would speak. I had some samples of my work with me, but I reached down then and shoved them clear down into the lining of my coat—

clear into the coat. When Mr. Palmer asked me if I had any samples I told him a lie; I told him that I hadn't. They introduced me to Mr. Lyons as the greatest artist in the world. Mr. Lyons said: "What is your name?" I told him and he looked down with a smile.

I wanted to explain to Mr. Palmer how painful it was to me to be there with such great artists. I took him aside and said to him: "I come from Oregon, and just because I have grown up there and drawn ever since I was a baby, they think I am the greatest fellow going, and that no one can draw pictures as I can. My father had those same foolish ideas, and



The forerunner of the present-day cartoons on the trusts and the people. Davenport's first cartoon of this kind.

if I try to tell him that I am no artist he thinks that I don't try to work. Now I wish you would write to him and tell him that I am attempting too much."

ARABIAN HORSES TO THE RESCUE.

"These men," he said, "have got you handicapped so far it would be hard to start you in against them. I will write a

after me waving the brown paper in his hand and exclaimed:

"I thought you had no samples! Did you draw those horses' heads?"

I said "Yes."

"You didn't draw them while I was writing that letter?"

"Yes."

"You don't mind if I take them into



"Parker, Hill and Belmont when asked for Parker's views on the money question."

letter to your father explaining this." So he wrote a very nice, long letter and, while he was writing this, there was a pad of brown paper lying there and I commenced to draw Arabian horses. When he had finished I took the letter and started out the door to take it back to Oregon myself.

But he came running down the hall

the art room and show them to the people there?"

"No."

So he went off with them and finally when he came back he said: "Those young men in there are all right, they mean all right, but they don't believe you did this; in fact one of them said you were a liar. They say you copied them



"I don't believe this 'Tottering Throne' will stand very long; the foundation is not good."

from Rosa Bonheur." Now I didn't know anything more about Rosa Bonheur than I knew about any artist.

"Now I will tell you what will prove you drew those horses' heads," continued Mr. Palmer. "Could you draw another one?"

"I could ordinarily, but I don't believe I could in the presence of those people."

So I drew another, but I was very rat-

Now when I saw that book full of original drawings, I never wanted to be left alone so bad in my life. He left me there, saying: "You look over these and come around to-morrow and see me, will you?"

EXCITEMENT CAUSES BRAIN FEVER.

I remember bringing a chair and finally noticing that the electric light took the place of the light that had been furnished a little before, and it didn't seem many



One of the many cartoons in which Davenport associated McKinley and Hanna.

tled with those men looking on. I drew two or three of them, and finally Mr. Palmer took some of the artists aside and had a little whispered conversation with them in the hallway. When he came back he said: "I will ask you to give me back the letter to your father and you stay around here a few days. In the meantime come in here and I will show you the scrap book."

minutes before an old negro said: "Boss, I guess you will have to get out, we are going to close up."

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Three o'clock in the morning."

I started for the door and missed it by six feet. I ran right into the wall, and knocked myself down. The negro helped me up. I told him I felt very dizzy and he helped me out, down-

stairs, and over to the Russ house, and there he left me when I was out of the trance. I got to bed with the greatest difficulty. There wasn't a soul about and I hadn't had anything to eat the whole day long. They called a doctor for me, and that doctor sat right at my side while the fever lasted. I was lingering there two or three days between life and death, and the pillow was constantly wet with perspiration from my head. I don't know who that doctor was, as he never put in a bill.

I got out in about a week and walked down to the Examiner office. Every time I put down my foot I felt as though the top of my head would come off. When I appeared every one in the room looked up surprised. They thought I had gone back to Oregon. When I told Mr. Palmer what had been the matter with me he could hardly realize that it was possible for any one to become so intensely interested in those drawings as to stay there until three o'clock in the morning.



A typical Davenport cartoon of Hanna.

AN IMPORTANT MAP.

So they set me to work, and the first thing I did was to draw a map, a very important one it was to have been; it wasn't a very important one the way I drew it. It had to do with a town up the bay in which Mr. Hearst was particularly interested. I thought I had made a pretty good map. The next day Mr. Chamberlain, the managing editor, stuck his head in the door and asked: "Who drew that map in this morning's paper?" Mr. Palmer thought there was a compliment coming for me, and spoke up so I could get the benefit of it. He answered: "Our young man from Oregon, he has just commenced with us." "Well, it's a damned shame he didn't stay there and keep sheep. Tell you what he did. There were six words on that map, and he misspelled five of them, and he put the town ten miles out in the bay." Mr. Palmer told me not to be worried. "I thought it was going to be a puff," he said, "or I wouldn't have told him who drew it."

Well, after that I drew along and along. Mr. Palmer told me that Mr. Hearst didn't want original men; that he wanted a good copyist at \$15 a week, and that I would be wise to take a tip and work steadily along those lines. So I spent my first week's salary to buy a machine to copy pictures with. I never tried to use it but once, and I didn't have any success with it then.

DISCHARGED FOR BEING ORIGINAL.

One day I was sent out to a ball game. There was a fellow in the field soaring up into the air after a fly. The ball showed no inclination to come down to him, so he had to go after it. I drew a sketch of him and turned it in. Mr. Palmer asked: "Where did you copy that?" "I didn't copy it, I made it." I had just been there a year and had asked for a raise in wages and they fired me, partly for the original picture, I suppose, and partly for the demand for a raise.

I went over to the Chronicle then and drew for them for a while. A little later I went to the Chicago Herald. I got there in April of the World's Fair year. There I went on with indifferent success until the hard times of '93, when I was discharged. So I came back to San Francisco and went to work for the Chronicle

again. Later on I went back to the Examiner, and in '95 was sent to the New York Journal.

NEW YORK.

Three of us from the Examiner went East together to the Journal. On the way we sat and flattered ourselves about how fine it would be for us in New York. We didn't know about the conversation that Mr. Hearst had had with our managing editor. He had asked Mr. Chamberlain if he had any men who would do for New York City, and Mr. Chamberlain had answered him that there were three who were not half bad. He told Mr. Hearst that if we didn't do to ship us back to California. I thought I was to cartoon daily, but instead I was sent out to the morgue and on other ordinary assignments just as I started in San Francisco.

Mr. Hearst a little later gave a retaining fee to several of the cartoonists in New York City who were each to get so much for submitting designs for a cartoon. One day I overheard a conversation about cartoons to be submitted on the Venezuelan question. That night, when my hours were over, I worked until nearly dawn drawing a cartoon entitled, "Getting the Old Gun Ready," which I was going to submit with the others, unasked. When Mr. Hearst saw that cartoon, which was of Uncle Sam cleaning an old musket, he said that I needn't go to the morgue any more. But it wasn't until the '96 campaign that I made my first hit. That was when I sprung the dollar mark clothes on Hanna.

THE ROOSEVELT EDITORIAL.

There is a very peculiar streak in me about politics, and it was politics that made me leave the Journal. I wrote an article one day about Roosevelt changing the White House. I believe I said he put the picture of Lincoln in the cellar, and that he was a man who could see no beauty in the oak until it had been felled, and lots more. They had come to me and told me that I was the only man in the world that could write that editorial right. I think they thought I was the only man who was a big enough fool to write it. I didn't really think they would publish it, but, when they did, I went to Mr. Hearst and said: "We are a combination that shouldn't be together."



Davenport originated the portrayal of the trusts as titans.

And then to think of Roosevelt sending me his photograph with his name in his own hand writing on the back. When I go back East I am going to see him and take his advice on my future.

Roosevelt is a great man trying as hard as he can to do what he thinks is right, even if it is not just what some of the rich people think it ought to be. He is really the finest example of what Mr. Hearst himself thinks ought to be in the White House. Just because he wasn't going to give the trust magnates the contracts on the supplies to be used at the Panama canal, they are running him down, but when he is done, you watch him. The public will be shouting for him. To me he is the easiest man in the world to understand, but, because there are so many people who are imitation men, when such a one as he, so plain and simple, appears, they say he is a soap faker.

ARABIAN HORSES A LIFE-LONG DREAM.

I have dreamed of Arabian horses all my life. When I left home the piece of baggage that I regretted leaving behind most was an old can of liniment upon which there was a picture of an Arabian horse being treated. I have always drawn the heads of Arabian horses, and, mind you, I had never seen one of the animals until I first went to Chicago. It was just before the opening of the Exposition there. I had started out on a detail one day with a reporter. I heard weird music and, looking down the street, I watched the crowd run to get a view of something. I saw there were some horses and, as quick as I saw them, I knew that they were Arabian—the same that I had always been dreaming about, and the white stallion Abeyan, which I now own, was ridden by an old sheik in advance. I excused myself from the reporter, and that was the last he saw of me. I think I followed right along with the horses, just letting the detail go. I must have followed them twenty miles as they marched around Chicago and back to the place where they were staying.

Of course it is hard to impress you how seriously I felt about this Arabian horse question. I was afraid I would lose my mind over it. If you get your mind set on anything hard enough, you know,

you can go insane over it. For days I couldn't do anything just because of these horses; on any other paper but the Herald I would have been fired.

SHEIKS INSULTED.

I read in some paper one day that the horses would have to go back to Arabia dead or alive. I had to do something about it, and I thought I could content myself if I had a bridle. I went to the Arab camp and drew a large picture of Abeyan as he stood in his stall. At that time, of course, I didn't understand anything about what the finely curving tail meant. I showed the picture I drew to a friend of mine, who is a horse trainer, and he said the picture was so good that the Arabians ought to give me at least a poor horse for it, not alone a bridle. He went with me and we got to the sheik's camp just as they were getting ready for a parade.

I showed my picture and they recognized it instantly. One of them cried, "Abeyan!" and some fellow uttered a hideous hiss and a curse and cut the picture in two with his saber. We escaped as best we could, and found out afterwards that we did well to get away, for I had drawn Abeyan with his tail down and they supposed I had done so to insult them. The greatest insult one can give an Arab is to say that he rides a horse with a low tail. I didn't know this, and had drawn Abeyan in his stall when his tail was flat.

SEARCH FOR THE ARABIAN HORSES.

All those Arabian horses were sold at Chicago after the Fair, and were not sent back to Arabia. I was in San Francisco at the time and lost track of them. But when I came East again, the first letter I wrote was to try to find out where they had gone. I hunted as hard as anybody could hunt for several years, but I didn't find them until late in '98. They belonged to a man in Massachusetts. I bought one of them, which was all I could get, as the owner at that time wouldn't part with any of the others. I got the rest of them from him last year. I bought Nejdran last year at public auction without seeing him for \$8,500 and, when I got him, he looked the money. I could have sold him for \$20,000 at the Lewis and Clark Exposition several times.



"The spirit of motherhood is stopping that girl from drinking any more champagne. The light in her eyes and the expression of her lips show that she has gone far enough."

THE ARABIAN HORSE'S TAIL.

The way the Arabian horse holds his tail is looked upon as the finest point of breeding. The Arabs believe that the spirit of God is shown there. No man living can account for the way they do it. It equals the arch of the neck and balances the horse. Mr. Bailey, of Barnum & Bailey's circus, tells me that they have tried everything to get their horses to carry their tails that way. But the Arabian horse is the only one that does it.

Another thing about the Arabian horse is the tremendous width of the jaw. Nature didn't intend an ordinary horse to run far; his windpipe is too small. The blood runs cold in his veins and he quits. I noticed the other day in the paper of a great race horse that choked to death on the track and dropped dead trying to win. My horse Nejdran, standing fourteen and one-half hands high, is three times as broad across the throat as a wonder of a horse standing nineteen hands high with which I compared him.

That is where the Arabian horse gets his endurance. He has the ability to run. He is the only horse which, looked at from behind, shows both barrels of the ribs; he has big lungs.

The Arabian horse is absolutely thoroughbred. You may tire one so that his legs would be run out from weariness, then apply whip and spur and he will make a desperate effort to respond. You tire out another thoroughbred and then whip him and he will fight you like a dog. That was shown in King Richard's Arabs which were brought to this country in 1860. King Richard, who was a very wealthy man, took an artist to the edge of the desert and captivated the Arabs with pictures and bribes until he induced them to part with four or five horses. These were taken to Kentucky.

During the war two men who were trying to escape from Kentucky to Virginia were mounted, one on one of these Arabs and the other on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse. They ran them until



"This is not a cartoon, but a mathematical problem. Cards and whisky and the gun to bring relief. The problem will work out every time."

the Kentucky horse stopped and refused to go. Then the two got on the Arab and made their escape. From this strain descend many of the Kentucky saddle horses which carry their tails in the pre-tentious manner of the Arabs.

The Bedouin believes that if his horse passes to one of our dress that he will be deprived of his place in the Hereafter.

LOVE OF HARMLESS ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

I was born with a love for horses and for all animals that do not hurt anything. This fondness showed itself very early in me. Father tells me that I always placed a high value on anything pertaining to animals. He tells me that once when I was a little bit of a fellow another little chap came down to play with me. I hit him with a stick and he was going to go home crying and tell on me, but I said, "Don't go home; if you will stay here, we will go down and get a big goose egg and you can take it home with you." So he compromised and we went down and hunted a goose egg.

Father tells another story to the same effect. We had a dictionary which would always open to the same spot if he threw it down. On that page was a picture of a golden pheasant and a beaten trail led to it where I had been poring over it so often.

I didn't start my pheasant farm at Morris Plains, New Jersey, until I had been in New York some time, but I had been buying pheasants here and there and sending them to Oregon. My wife said

when we came to New York that she was glad I had got away from the incoming Japanese steamers, so I couldn't get any more birds. I took that for truth until my first book of cartoons was published, and a friend of mine came to me saying that a gentleman in Antwerp, Belgium, had bought a copy and wanted my autograph. I thought I ought to inquire about a gentleman who took such an interest in me, and found that he was the owner of the greatest zoological gardens in the world.

"Got any pheasants?" I asked.

"Finest in the world."

BEGINNING OF THE DAVENPORT FARM.

In that way I was brought into connection with his system of agents placed all over the world, whom he placed at my command. At Antwerp at that time they had seventeen varieties of pheasants, which was the largest collection in existence. I have to-day thirty-eight varieties. I have the rarest birds of the kind in the world, the Fork Tail Jungle Fowls, the only specimens living in captivity and the only pair that have ever lived at the same time in captivity.

I feel happiest when I am with these birds and animals. I am a part of them without anything to explain. I have always been told that I would have been a greater cartoonist if I hadn't have had these animals to take up my time. Other cartoonists have only one thing to think of. Of course I have been very fortunate



"I once wrote to my father asking him how he thought I was doing. He answered: 'Never write to me to find out that. Just make a miniature of yourself and set him in your hand. Ask that man all the questions about yourself and answer them.' That was the origin of this cartoon."

in being able to compete with these men, considering the fact that I have had other interests to look after.

MULTIPLYING THE FARM.

My birds have led me into the greatest undertaking of my life. The culmination of my labors has come; I can see it. I never had any aim in collecting these birds; they were just dreams, but now I have a big scheme. I have had many talks with shrewd financiers, who told me I couldn't keep this going, but the farm I had on the "Trail" at the Lewis and Clark Exposition proves that they were mistaken. You should have been there and heard the enthusiasm of the people. Several people, some of them showmen, suggested to me that I make a number of "educational farms." Following out their idea I have about decided to put one in Florida, another at Atlantic City, and after awhile I might have one in London, and I could just as well have one in Japan. The one on the "Trail" will go to Los Angeles.

These harmless animals and fowls are good for people to see. It doesn't do children or anybody any good to see animals that are just dying to get out and

destroy them. Bolossy Kiralfy, who had the Carnival of Venice at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, a man who has produced many famous spectacles, came into my farm on the "Trail" one day with his wife. He stood on the little bridge over the creek and cried: "Oh, my! Look at this! Oh, why didn't you tell me this was here! This is beautiful! This is great! I am so sick of seeing tights, tights, night and day, that this is fine." Then he turned to me and said:

"Mr. Davenport, I want to give you a business idea. People in big cities go to the country just to get a touch of Nature. Bring it to them. If you put this where they can reach it, you couldn't build a place big enough to care for the people."

He was the first man who suggested the idea to me. Since then I have had a proposal from Los Angeles to put in a farm down there. If I build these farms I will have a room filled with my cartoons in each one of them just as in the one I had on the Trail.

THE FAMOUS DUCK STORY.

One of the ways in which I am repaid for the trouble and expense of collecting

these animals and pheasants is through the stories, true stories, that are acted by animals and birds that don't know they are repeated. There is a story I often finish my lectures with about a wild wood duck and his mate who were on my farm at Morris Plains.

The wild wood duck is the most beautiful of all the ducks of North America. It migrates in winter to Central and South America, where it is trapped and taken to Europe, and it is easier to procure there than in its own country. I got a pair once from abroad and sent them out to the farm. There the foreman counted off seven feathers, including the flipper joint of the wing, and clipped them off with a stout pair of shears, according to his custom. This sounds cruel, but it doesn't hurt very badly and seldom bleeds much, and they can be the more readily caught. The wings of the male duck were not properly clipped, so the feathers grew out again. He had full wings, but his mate, a beautiful bird, had not.

There were at that time four professors from the Smithsonian Institute at my house studying these ducks. I used to hurry home on the four o'clock express to be with them, and one evening one of them said: "Do you know there is one duck there with a full wing." It was along in the fall of the year, and we walked down to the edge of the pond, twenty or thirty feet from the house. We could see that the migratory season was impressing itself on the male. He was restless and nervous. He would fly up and disappear in the direction of the south. Each time he returned his mate's happiness seemed to have increased a lot. We watched him as he took her to the highest point of a log, as much as to say, "Now, when I count three, come with me and don't stay here." At the given time he rose up and soared away, and she

turned a somersault and fell into the water. This took place many times before he left for good.

In November I noticed that she was lonely and her plumage had apparently taken on a darker cast. There were many other varieties of ducks there, even other wood ducks. These would sweep by her and try to get her to notice them, but she didn't pay any attention. This sort of thing went on all winter. She wouldn't have anything to do with any of them. We even had to feed her alone.

Spring came and on the 10th of May the ducks gave a cry of "Hawk!" We looked up and saw a speck in the sky, which turned out to be a duck giving particular attention to this one pond. As he came closer we discovered that he was a wild wood duck. We had forgotten about the incident of the fall before until we saw this very fair widow scrambling towards him from about an acre and a quarter away with such demonstrations of affection as you never saw even in a human being.

They were the happiest couple in the world. They went from nest box to nest box, around and around, before they found one that suited them. Then a new idea came to the male, and he turned in and whipped every other duck and goose in the pond just as if to show her how easy it would be to win her in the South.

"The little widow" had become famous in a small way, and people coming to the farm often wanted to see her. Once when I went out to point her out I couldn't distinguish her definitely, but I was satisfied she was the one whose husband was bowing so politely to her. I tossed a small clod and the male flew eight or ten feet into the air, but came back quickly as if to apologize for leaving her. There is no outward sign that she has ever questioned him.

(To be concluded in the December issue of The Pacific Monthly.)





Photograph by Henry Fair, Lewiston, Idaho.
Clouds over the Snake River hills opposite Lewiston, Idaho.

THE TRIUMPH OF "THE PALOUSE"

By Arno Dosch

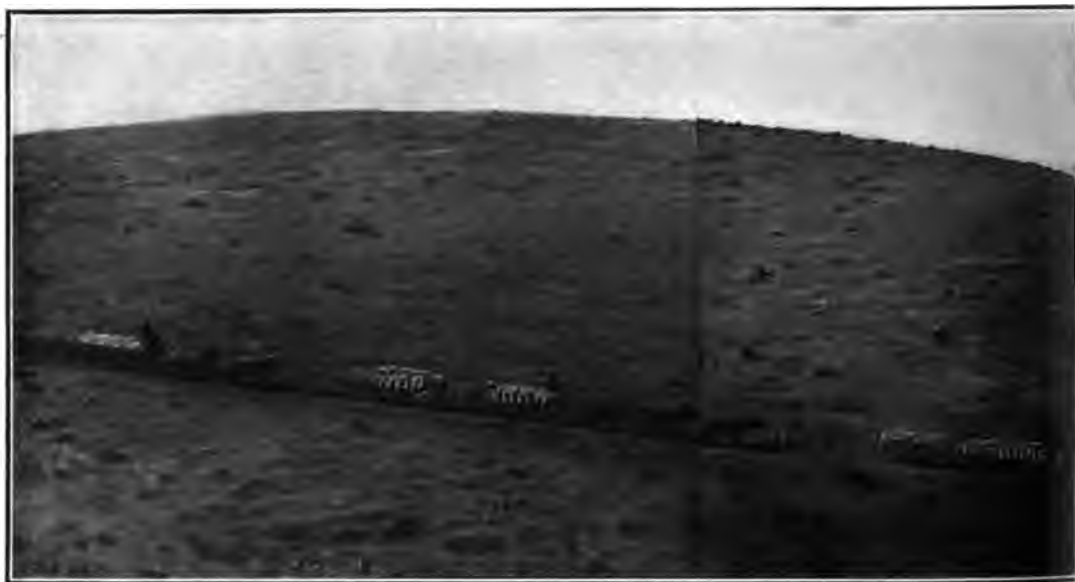
THERE used to be a superstition in the Pacific Northwest that the "Palouse Country," a term very loosely used, was going to "pan out." The thousand rolling hills of the Inland Empire were believed to be too light of soil to last, and, though excellent crops of wheat were being produced each year, those who did not live upon and cultivate the land, thought they saw ruin spelled somewhere on the horizon of the next harvest season. There

may be some who think that way yet, but any man who travels through the Inland Empire, the rolling prairie and plateau region of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho along the Columbia and Snake Rivers and their tributaries, can see for himself that all the arable land is being put under cultivation and somebody is sure to give him the correct information that the greatest wheat crop on record has been harvested there during the past season.

Wheat is the leading fact in the In-



Harvesting wheat in "the Palouse."



Six-horse teams with "trailers" bringing wheat down the

land Empire, and will grow in importance even in the future. For all those maligned light lands have yet to be plowed. The end has not been reached. Each year lighter and lighter land is sowed and no failures of crops have been known. Experience has not yet marked the limit beyond which it will be useless to plant. This harvest just past was not remarkable in the amount of yield to the acre, and was largest simply on account of the increased acreage. Next year will probably bring a larger crop, for the farmer is still pioneering with his plow on lighter lands than have ever before been planted.

This summer's harvest has been notable for one thing, however, and for that reason should be accredited with a "bumper" crop. In spite of the long months without the accustomed summer showers, the wheat grew, swelled into maturity, ripened and, when the sacks were counted, measured many more million bushels than the average, and as dry and hot a summer is not likely to happen again in ten years. In this record is the triumph of the Inland Empire. Its lightest lands stood the test of an exceedingly dry summer and produced their share.

It is only within the last four or five years that the really light land in the Inland Empire has been placed under cultivation; previously it was considered use-

less to sow. But when the country began to fill up with farmers from the Dakotas and portions of California where wheat growing encountered very adverse conditions, these men saw the possibilities of the soil. They were able to buy land in the Horse Heaven country for a dollar and a dollar and a quarter an acre, land now selling for \$40 to \$50, and some of it yielding 35 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. They were scoffed at when they planted, and among the scoffers were those who croaked about some "dry year," which would be fatal to these lands. The year they predicted has passed, but the lands gave their regular yield and now the scoffers are silenced.

Mr. E. W. Wright, who is the statistical authority on wheat in the Pacific Northwest, annually compiles for the Portland Oregonian an estimate of the year's yield in the great wheat belt of the Northwest. This has been published for 1905. In the following table he includes all the Northwest in his estimate of the wheat crop, but the greater part of the yield was in the Inland Empire:

State—	Bushels
Oregon	12,400,000
Washington	32,800,000
Idaho	4,800,000
Total	50,000,000



grade off the plateaus to the level of the Snake River.

Copyrighted by Henry Fair, Lewiston, Idaho.

Crop of 1904.....	44,096,000
Crop of 1903.....	34,785,000
Crop of 1902.....	41,600,000
Crop of 1901.....	46,600,000
Crop of 1900.....	37,000,000
Crop of 1899.....	30,200,000
Crop of 1898.....	36,400,000

There is no question of crop in the Inland Empire and never has been. Though a prairie and plateau country, the extent of it is not great enough to lay it open to the late cold storms, as in the Red River Valley of the North, or to the withering blasts from the south, as in Kansas. It is a broad, rich country, sure of a crop. The question is one of railroads. The Palouse and the Clearwater districts are pretty well favored in this way, but Gilliam, Morrow, and Wasco Counties in Oregon have been much neglected and are only now receiving any attention. How badly they stand in need of even more attention is shown in the rate at which wheat warehouses sprang up these last few months along the Great Southern Railway south from The Dalles before the line was completed.

A few more railroad lines, the limit of light lands reached, and the production of wheat in the Inland Empire will be reduced to the point everywhere of two years' planting and one year summer fallow. The Willamette Valley in Oregon

reached a similar stage years ago, and then the farmers began to diversify. But the Willamette Valley never had such possibilities in this direction. Irrigation has never been used to any extent there, because there has been no need. In the Inland Empire there is plenty of semi-arid land where the only natural crop is bunch grass and sage brush. Irrigation has only begun there, except in a few cases inconsiderable compared with those enterprises even now being pushed through. Along the Snake and Columbia are the greatest possibilities and the greatest successes. On these lands fruits and vegetables can be raised, and the Eastern markets are many hours nearer than to points along the Pacific Coast.

The land lying high, the climate of the Inland Empire is salubrious and enlivening. Down along the Palouse River the farm houses generally stand at the bottom of a little coulee, where there is a spring and a patch of farm yard and the only trees on the landscape. Each farm looks like a home, and the fields on the rolling hills in the fall of the year take on a golden hue that is of many long, sunlit days.

On the Clearwater and the Snake the country has more character; there is not the endless horizon of rounded hills, but somewhere on the skyline is always a mountain. The rivers being sunk in



Sunset on the Spokane River.

canyons below the level of the country, the fields are often fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the railroads, and on the Clearwater this has led to the necessity of running tramways from the plateaus to the railroad, sliding the cars loaded with wheat down a cable sometimes a mile and a quarter or more in length.

What the ground is going to produce in the way of crops can be estimated with more or less mathematical certainty, so the Inland Empire knows as a whole just how big a future it is going to have, and the people there are laying hands on and securing title to everything in the way of land, but just what there is in the mines of Idaho, in the mountains which shut in the Inland Empire to the northeast and southeast, is problematic. The Coeur d'Alenes are long past the prospecting stage and are producing more and more, so Spokane knows something of the future, but down in the unquestionably rich, but barely touched, Seven Devils'

country there is yet to be mined untold wealth. This in the future will mean to Lewiston what the Coeur d'Alenes meant to Spokane.

Lewiston has had a valuable business for many years, since the earliest mining days, and has grown rich on the crops of the Clearwater and of Asotin county just across the Snake in Washington. Just now it is growing more rapidly than ever before, and has been receiving a new attention from the railroads. The Northern Pacific and Oregon Railway & Navigation Company are pushing through rapidly a joint line from Lewiston to Riparia, the conjunction of the Snake and Columbia. This means fast freight to the Coast and a close connection with Portland. The building of the north bank route down the Columbia by the Northern Pacific will also aid Lewiston's growth.

An open river to the sea has been the cry of the Inland Empire for many years. It now has not only that in prospect, but



Photograph by Henry Fair, Lewiston, Idaho.
Cable tramway a mile long used to bring wheat down from the plateau to the Clearwater River
in Idaho.

will have competing railroad lines much sooner.

Spokane is showing the effect of the general prosperity in the Inland Empire, particularly in its growth. It has the double advantage of being the metropolis for an unusually rich wheat belt, and an unusually rich mining district. Its growth

has been inevitable, and its enterprising citizens are not overlooking any opportunities of future development.

Figures speak for themselves in this connection. Spokane was founded in 1873, but in 1880 there were only 500 people there. The latent power in Spokane Falls had no value as yet. Then came the boom, and in 1890 there was a population of 10,222; in 1900 the city had grown to 36,848 inhabitants, and in the last five years it has almost doubled. An unofficial census gives Spokane a present population of 65,000 or 70,000.

Spokane owes its prosperity chiefly to the cataracts of the Spokane River, which falls 132 feet within a quarter of a mile. The electrical power generated there will do even more for the city in the future than in the past. Transmitting of electric power for long distances is becoming practicable, and the spread of electric railways is following as a matter of course. A network of electric lines in the Inland Empire will come as surely as it has in Indiana, only the cost of producing power will be much less on account of the Spokane Falls.

The Inland Empire was never in so flourishing a condition as now, and it is growing more rapidly and more steadily than in its greatest boom period. Every one is prosperous and well dressed, business conditions are based on the ideal of the bank of open credit, and the man who is not a freeholder has not been in the country long. Business men can get all the money they want for the asking, and mortgages are not so common a collateral as honor.

The financial stability of the country is shown by the fact that the banks of the Inland Empire "move" a large part of the crops themselves and what extra money is needed to buy the wheat and handle it until a bill of lading can be drawn upon is readily obtained from Portland and the Sound cities. Banks in which the farmers of the surrounding country are the stockholders and directors are common everywhere, and at the present time are greatly on the increase. It will not be long before the Inland Empire "moves" its whole crop.



Lower falls of the Spokane River.

THE NEW SALTON SEA

The Story of How the Colorado Came to Pour Its Waters into the California Desert

By Frank G. Martin

AN anomalous situation exists in the heart of the great desert region of Southern California in the creation of the Salton Sea. It is a vast sapphire gem set on the inhospitable breast of the arid waste, the gift of the Colorado—a tragic yet a marvelous gift. A great salt industry which has flourished there for years is irretrievably ruined and the responsibility for the devastation wrought by the waters has been made an issue for the courts to decide. The works have been swept away by this silent marauder which rose like a mirage in the desert, while to the southward, approaching the Mexican line, the Imperial Valley—literally made to bloom as the rose, reclaimed from desert and dotted with thriving towns containing an aggregate population of eight thousand souls—is menaced with an overflow.

The diversion of the waters of the Colorado into this great basin which lies far below the level of the sea and resembles the valley of the Jordan in Palestine is taking place through the headgates of the immense irrigating canal of the California

Development Company, which is reclaiming the whole Imperial Valley region, and lies about four miles beyond the international boundary line in Mexico. The river, as it recedes, is likely to flow entirely into the new channel, thus changing the boundary between the United States and Mexico for some distance, as the present channel of the Colorado marks the boundary.

Still another issue looms as a possibility. The War Department is charged with the duty of maintaining the navigability of streams, and the Colorado will not be navigable unless its present bed is used. The War Department has no appropriation with which to undertake this work, and can do nothing at present. An international boundary commission may have to be invoked, should the river permanently desert its original channel. The perplexing question would doubtless arise as to where the responsibility lies, as the point of the diversion of the waters is in Mexico and the development company is operating under a Mexican charter.

While giving rise to these puzzling local and international situations, the encroach-



The salt works at Salton before the new inland sea was formed.



All that remains of the great salt industry at Salton.

ing waters of the slowly rising and ever-expanding sea have put the brightest engineers of the Southern Pacific Railroad to their wits' end to devise means of escaping the overflow and of damming up the great stream which flows like a Nile freshet into this desolate region. Already the railroad track has been rebuilt three times over a stretch of fifteen miles which had been inundated and, finally, by a detour, the track over which the overland trains have been compelled to move at snail's pace, has been laid on a level eight feet above the present surface of the swelling sea; but as the water is rising at the rate of from one-half to one inch a day, it is only a question of time, unless the inflow is checked, when the waters will again dispute with the Southern Pacific engineers this higher right of way.

A few years ago a vast deposit of almost pure salt was found in the desert, and a company was soon after formed, known as the New Liverpool Salt Company, to commercialize it. Great salt works were built and the town of Salton, which has been submerged and abandoned, was established. G. A. Durbrow was the moving spirit in the venture, and was amassing a fortune when this stealthy enemy swept down upon him and his business. Durbrow, who came to be known as the "salt king," is now a nervous wreck from the loss of his business and his valuable plant. Not only did Durbrow lose his salt works, but his handsome home, which he had built in the desert, has been washed away, and here and there in the vicinity of the works pieces of costly furniture and bric-a-brac to-day float upon the sea. The largest

building of the plant stands two hundred feet out in the water with the aspect of an old blockhouse of frontier days, while other buildings have disintegrated and their debris is floating about on the waters.

When the waters first began to encroach upon the salt works several months ago the salt company instituted suit in the courts for heavy damages against the irrigation company, and prayed for an injunction restraining the irrigation company from diverting any more water from the Colorado through the intake which was causing the havoc. Neither the damage nor the injunction suit has been finally adjudicated yet.

The outcome of the suit for damages will be of great import, for upon the decision, it is believed, will hang the fate of the whole Imperial Valley irrigation scheme as now conducted. Should the courts hold the irrigation company responsible for the losses resultant from the overflow, a multitude of other suits would be inevitable. The irrigation company contends, however, that the overflow was unforeseen, unforeseeable and hence unavoidable, and is confident that the courts will so decide and absolve the company from liability for damages.

Last November the California Develop-



Inundated tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

ment Company made the cut in the banks of the Colorado which has wrought such ruin. This cut was sixty feet wide and seven feet deep originally, and was designed to carry an immense volume of water to supplement the canal supply of the Imperial Valley. At first the great water course filled with silt, and then the

river began to rise and the cut to grow larger. The cut continued to widen and the volume of water diverted increased. The report of the United States Government hydrographer shows that at present thirty-seven thousand cubic feet of water per second is flowing through the cut, constituting eighty-six per cent of the river's entire flow. Unless heroic measures are taken, it will only be a question of a short time until the entire flow of the river will forsake its old bed and flow in the new channel.

Overflowing the canals in great quantities and running wanton over the desert wastes far below the level of the sea, the wonderful Salton Sea has been formed, sprung up like Jonah's gourd almost in a night, and is now a rippling sheet sixty miles long and thirty miles wide, covering an area of eighteen hundred square miles.

Even should the engineers succeed in staying the flood which is feeding this vast basin, it is thought by hydrographers that it will always retain the bulk of the water which it now holds. It is believed that what will be lost by evaporation will be constantly regained by seepage from the Colorado River, which never can be stopped altogether.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, in conjunction with the irrigation companies, has undertaken to build a jetty some thirty-five hundred feet long at the in-

take to try to force the waters of the Colorado into a channel flanked by heavy timbers and steel girders, and endeavor thus to control the current and stop the inflow into the Salton basin. It will require months to complete this work, and it is at best but an experiment. The total cost will be one million dollars.

The waters of the Salton Sea are unique in one particular. The waters of the Colorado River, when they are discharged into the great basin, are fresh and muddy. For ten miles from the point where the river disgorges into the new-made sea the waters are fresh and the fresh water fish that come in from the Colorado are at home there. Some ten miles west from the inlet the waters begin to get brackish, increasing in saltiness and clarity as the southeastern shore is approached. At Salton the water is as clear as that of the Pacific and even more salty. It seems almost uncanny to be able to cruise about in skiffs and launches over places that a few weeks ago were barren.

Marked influence on the climate is ascribed to this aqueous marvel of the desert. In all the region for a hundred or more miles in every direction from the Salton Sea dense fogs have prevailed almost every morning during the last Summer, greatly tempering the heat and, through the moisture thus precipitated, appreciably lessening the amount of irrigation needed



The only boat on the Salton Sea.



"The man who makes millions juggling stocks must surround himself with the dignified fear and dread of kings."

GRAFTERS AND FAKERS

By Arthur A. Greene

GRAFT is not the exclusive prerogative of those in high places. The humblest among us may indulge in the gentle avocation of appropriating the unearned dollar until he gets caught at it. There are degrees and varied fields of activity in the world of graft, but whether in the cloistered precincts of an official inner room (marked private) or in the broad publicity of the streets, it is pretty much the same, differing, it is true, in corporeal quantity and quality, but in the spirit of the endeavor, identical.

There is an aristocracy in the world of graft, and the man who makes millions juggling watered stocks must surround himself with the dignified fear and dread of kings. He must not fraternize with the man who sells bottled cure-alls on the curb, for the laws of caste are not lightly to be outraged; but after all the one is brother in cupidity to the other. The spirit is a catholic one, and in various generations has been variously designated. In all times since Eve veiled herself with fig leaves it has been assiduously cultivated, for it comprehends most of the forbidden things to which that ancient matron became "wised up" through her acquaintance with the serpent.

Just now we call it graft and understand that its many shades of meaning include the cheap speculations of the street faker along with the gigantic swindles of our "captains of finance." Jacob, of blessed memory, put goat skins upon his hands and the smooth of his neck that the blind Isaac might be deceived and the hairy elder son be defrauded of his blessing.

In its primitive estate graft was and still is a flagrant matter of street traffic, which phase after all is the best, for it has the virtue of picturesqueness.

We have conferred with it in the council chamber of the great and found it dull, monotonous and unbeautiful. Let us go down into the streets and see its happier side.

There is a crowd on the pavement.

Within its radius is an open "hack" in which stands an impossible figure in a buckskin hunting shirt. The figure wears much jewelry, his hair falls upon his shoulders, and he is of distinguished presence. The gift of voluble oratory is his and a personality that lacks little of being fairly hypnotic. The "doctor" is a blend of Cicero, John Law, J'Artagnan and Buffalo Bill. He needs must wear his long hair and buckskin, for he discovered the boon, which he is conferring upon mankind at so much the boon, while striving mightily as a scout with Miles in the Sioux campaigns. This much he admits, that it is made from simples, the secrets of which were made known to him by a dying medicine man of the tribe. He agrees that his nostrum will alleviate every suffering which ranges from home sickness to appendicitis.

At this psychological moment and just to prove his good faith, he orders an impossible "nigger" minstrel with a banjo, who is part of his stock in trade along with some gross of precious bottles, to burst into song. The nigger executes "Way Down in My Heart I've Got a Feelin' for You." This sentiment establishes his position as a public benefactor, and the most reticent of his audience is won over. When the song is ended and the "Doctor" "introduces his remedy" for sale, he finds need of all his ambidexterity in giving out his goods to his suffering fellows and accepting their grateful cash equivalent.

The "Doctor" is a great man. He would have elbowed Napoleon off the Bridge of Lodi had he been with the Grande Armee.

He has an arm gone at the elbow, but that is no justification. It is not clear just why this particular fraud should go into the streets and "work a graft." On-armed men before now have become useful citizens, and if he has sufficient acumen to use his affliction for profit, he should be smart enough to do something better than sell lead pencils in a doorway. He is young and vigorous looking, he has all



"The 'doctor' is a blend of Cicero, John Law, D'Artagnan and Buffalo Bill."

his other limbs and his faculties intact, therefore why should we be asked to buy his pencils at quadruple their value when we don't need lead pencils in the least? When one thinks of Helen Keller he loses patience with a man who "throws up the sponge" when he loses an arm. The good-for-nothingness of such a creature is a sad commentary on the civilization presumably grown decent. However, the man with the pencils is a logical development of the silly sentimentality upon which beggars thrive. Pity is a curious emotion, and has become sadly perverted. The man with the pencils cajoles the passer-by into believing that his wares are

presented for legitimate barter and trade, yet he knows right well he is plying the nefarious traffic of beggary. The mendicant class in this country is growing and threatens to become as graceless and as irrepressible here as in the south of Europe.

From a block farther down the street comes the doleful sound of a concertina in distress. It is there that a blind creature, created in God's image, crouches on the sidewalk and craves a coin from the passer-by. There is some mitigation for his offense, but it seems downright vicious of him to lay violent hands on



"When one thinks of Helen Keller he loses patience with the man who 'throws up the sponge' when he loses an arm."



"The reprobate at the curb, who draws his custom by fondling snakes about his neck."

"The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls" or a good old hymn of the Methodist persuasion. It is a bad matter as it is, so why make it worse? Not content with making capital of his sightless eyes, he needs must tinge his appeal with offense to the ear. By so doing he lists himself among the grafters of the streets. Of course we concede the charitable dime, but

we cannot forgive him that concertina.

Now, as if our other troubles were not enough, we come next upon the reprobate at the other curb, who draws his custom by fondling snakes about his neck. What significance the snakes have is past finding out, for this brawny individual is selling a worthless silver polish to the credulously curious crowd around him. If there is

any connection between the charming of snakes and the selling of polish, it is not apparent, yet he combines the two prosperously. It is an effective trick of the trade, a feature of the graft to which no self-respecting beggar would subscribe. The part of wisdom is to hurry past him and his snakes, for we are all but human, and, being human, have a weakness for the charming of snakes. We must hurry lest we be prevailed upon to buy of his wares and so contribute to the immortality of the age.

Hello! Here is the dancing toy vendor, a merry rascal, who appeals to the child-spirit that never quite grows up in us. He may be halt or lame or blind or all three. His afflictions do not matter so long as his toys dance. He gets his pittance because the automatons dance, and we older children leave his place on the street side with happy memories of the meeting. The man with the dancing toys has a graft after our own hearts, and is very wise in his day and generation.

"Crowd up a little closer, friends." Did you hear that? No need to tell us the meaning of that invitation. To those of us who know the streets, the language of the spieler needs no translation. His siren song is as simple as a one-finger exercise on the piano, and he would have it appear as guileless. Alas, it is not so. It is deep and malign, and deliberately devised for our undoing. The leather-lunged orator has something in that mys-

terious covered wagon before which he stands and lures. There is a freak in that wagon the wonder of which he is explaining to the uninitiated. It may be a sea serpent, most likely it is. Possibly, ah, let us hope it is, a mummy, which he almost convinces us was once the clay tenement of a Pharaoh of ancient Egypt, when we know right well it was made in a Connecticut papier-mache factory.

A graceless grafter is the man with the peep show. He brings his employment almost to the confines of the learned professions. The scientist who discovers an elixir of life or holds the secret of making gold nuggets from oyster shells is such as he. He waxes plethoric of purse, and with sublime assumption takes to himself the airs of respectability. He belongs to the non-toiling, non-spinning class, and deserves no longer shrift than the crook politician or the crook financier.

The graft of the streets takes on multi-form shapes. There are so many kinds that only a strong man, indeed, might have strength to recite the names of them all. The "system" encompasses so much that the brain reels in trying to contemplate its vast dimensions. It is spread before us day by day, and night by night, and none of us escapes its ramifications. There may or may not be profit in studying it, but we cannot avoid observing its workings. No, it is not necessary to look in high places for such as thrive on the unearned dollar.

THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN

An idle fellow—the morning breeze
Comes fresh from the meadow clover,
And he gossips long to the listening trees
That laugh and whisper the shameless
breeze
That wanders the tree-tops over.

With sweetness laden from flowery lea
As the afternoon is waning,
The south wind comes and in accents free
Speaks honeyed words to the trembling
tree
That answers with sweet complaining.

Over the mountains with noisy glee
The north wind rollicks shouting,
And with arms tossed free
Does the noisy tree
Reply to the north wind's shouting.

The night wind whispers the sombre tree
A story of deepest sorrow;
Mournful and sad is the weary plea
That the night wind sighs to the listen-
ing tree
That sighs at the night wind's sorrow.

—H. H. Metcalf



Gentleman Jim.

SHORT STORIES

The Short Story Department of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY has been contributed to almost exclusively by Western writers, who know at first hand of the life they depict. Manuscripts of short, picturesque stories are solicited.

GENTLEMAN JIM

By Charles Lorrimer

THE spring "round-ups" were over on the cattle-runs and with them, the most active weeks of the cowboy's rough year passed into comparative idleness. The animals, strayed far off their ranges, were collected, the young cattle branded, and the little calves which had mysteriously acquired a mark upon them other than that of the owner whose brand their mothers bore, separated from the herd.

Wages having been paid up, the cowboys were bound with one accord to a barbecue at Secret, a town straggling on the edge of nowhere. After the long, forced silences; the solitary weeks of the broad, wrinkled plains; after the whirling dust, the plunging, huddling and dodging of the corrals, the men found the "talking part" of them suddenly awake and calling aloud for entertainment and relaxation.

Secret in every day life was a very poor place to look for entertainment. I have called it a town, but that was, after all, nothing but a courtesy epithet, applied because there is no word yet in our language which fits it more closely. It was really a collection of human habitations, marooned in a sea of unending, featureless plains. There were twenty buildings huddled together like castaways in a little stronghold of semi-civilization. One was a general store, another a billiard saloon, a third an eating-house, and the rest a group of miscellaneous little frame skeletons bordering, all of them, on the white ribbon of a road that went wandering aimlessly away, dipping with the long ground swell of the desert, and reappearing in the crest of ridges only to slide gently down again out of sight into a world without end, bathed in opalescent light.

Out of the vague cattle-land the cowboys gathered—all sorts and conditions of men under the shell of their outer picturesqueness. The fringed leather chaparajos, the bright shirts, the handkerchiefs knotted carelessly around their throats, the worn sombreros, served to accentuate the fascination of their youth, strength and dare-devil courage, as no sleek-fitting orthodox clothes could.

By sunset the merry-makers were nearly all in, their boots white with the dust of many horizons, their bronzed skins shining through a coating of alkali powder like polished oak. The eating-house attracted a group of loungers who idled about comparing notes in a neighborly fashion on the various "runs" where they were working. Someone inquired loudly for "Tom."

"I reckon Tom oughter to be comin' along soon," said a tall, toasted, ungrammatical son of the soil.

"I reckon he ought," answered a second.

These little neighborly visits, which they spoke of as though they were a question of sauntering around the corner, were in reality journeys of a hundred miles or more—matters of two days' hard riding. A hundred miles, it seemed a long way to come to Secret. However, the attractions of a barbecue are great and this one was conducted in no mean fashion.

Certainly the entertainment was in right round-up style with enough whisky—good whisky, mind you—to welcome the whole country-side and good food, too, provided by the eating-house whence a smell of dainties wound like a lariat from the kitchen where they were being prepared. Outside a steer was roasting whole over a huge bed of flame, with big bundles of saplings and armfuls of chaparral piled beside it ready to be thrown on later when a roaring blaze would be needed “to make the darkness visible.” Near by, the cowboys had a great camp in the open, the sky being the lightest roof and the earth the softest pillow. And stacked in a corner was abundant fodder for the horses.

The dark crept stealthily over the lowlands, soft-footed as a panther. In an elastic circle around the fire sat Buckeye Jim, Dakoty and Prairie Bill with others, enjoying the occasion; but Prairie Bill was enjoying himself most. He had an audience, and he was reciting to them anecdotes racy and spirited, original and quite unprintable, scattered with glowing and fantastic oaths, just as the prairies were scattered with glowing, daring flowers. It was not a land of delicate, pastel shadows but of sharp contrasts cut out, as it were, by the rough chisel of experience. The audience laughed and swore joyfully, drawing appreciative comments to itself, and Prairie Bill was in the seventh heaven, being a man whom the approbation of his fellows pleased monstrously. The under-currents of feeling mattered little enough to him; but he appreciated the pleasant ripple on the surface.

Presently breaking into the attentive circle, elbowing his way through the outer shifting fringe of audience to the ring of nearer faces lit up sharply by the flickering firelight, came a cowboy head and shoulders above the rest. He was a splendid specimen of a man, straight as a young eucalyptus and handsome as Adonis—Adonis sunburned. He was the living epitome of his life and associations. All these men, and he better than any embodied the type, were lusty men and young, with hot passions untamed. If they looked often on death, they looked seldom on the artificial vice of the older civilized East. Tried in the fire of courage and endurance, their natures were tempered to a true nobility of spirit, as ready, if more deeply hidden, than the next man's.

Greetings are short in cattle-land and amid half nods, Gentleman Jim—they nicknamed him so because of his Adonis face—took his place near the fire, while the conversation, uninterrupted by polite and formal salutations, continued serenely. Somebody called loudly for the “booze.”

“Jim, bet I've got a twenty-dollar thirst,” commented Prairie Bill.

“No wonder, you keep your jaws so well exercised,” answered Dakoty with a dry smile.

Sardines were then called for, and potted meats and deviled ham; which sophisticated nourishment was intended as an appetizer before the “heavy work” began on the beef. The saloonkeeper's wife brought the cans over from the store. She was a “fine-looker,” buxom and strong with a little grace and a head of splendid hair—no peroxide make-believe but real fine-spun gold. The sunshine seemed caught in its meshes and quite content to stay there. She had, too, a certain reputation among that not over-nice company, a reputation that followed her like a lurid streak from the last mining-town in which her shiftless husband had kept a saloon. But she had never justified it. Everyone of the cowboys, as they expressed it in their own rough and ready speech, had “tried their hand with her”—and been disappointed; all except one who was too careless or too indolent to enter any such competition.

She sent the cans with a deft, quick turn of the wrist to those who asked for them. “Ham,” somebody roared and she gave the tin a successful “shy” across the fire. Then came a call for “sardines,” followed by a growl of “You son of a sea cook,” as the can was intercepted on its journey by some artful dodger.

After all were given out, she walked the round of the fire to where Gentleman Jim sat staring gravely and quietly into the flames that danced and coquetted and hissed and snarled according to their several dispositions. In his hand he held his sombrero, with a long sprig of Golden-Rod stuck through its cord, and he was crumpling in the soft crown as she stepped up close to him.

"I don't doubt but you'll miss me when you're back on the ranch," she whispered with a note of tender pleading in her voice. He nodded his head slowly without taking his eyes off the fire.

"I'll be most too busy for them luxuries respectin' women there," he said.

Her only answer was to stoop and take the Golden-Rod from his hat-band.

"D—n you, get some more whisky," ejaculated Prairie Bill between anecdotes, as he caught sight of her standing there idle. Without more ado, she stuck the bright flower in her brighter hair, and sank into the darkness in the direction of the saloon.



The sunshine seemed caught in the meshes of her hair and quite content to stay there.

The talk turned sharply to the bronco, pride and delight of the cowboy, companion of his lonely journeyings; friend, confidant and trusty servant combined. Wonderful stories of horses were contributed, like bits of mosaic added piece by piece to the great pavement of discussion the central, deep-lying motive of which was to prove each man's "hoss" the best.

"My hoss can travel seventy miles a day and finish fresh as paint," ventured one man, diving boldly into the personal waters where all longed to be swimming.

The steer had long ere this been subdivided into vulgar fractions. The whisky was circulating freely now, and the emptier the barrel grew, the more wonderful the stories became.

Gentleman Jim broke the long silence: "I guess every man thinks his own hoss best," he said. "I guess I know mine is," he boasted good humoredly, and then continued with some drawling comments on broncho character in general. "Every man thinks his friend is best and hosses are pretty much like humans. Some are trustworthy with everyone and some with only one. There are kickers, too that you just can't cure—no one could—and, mind you, the kicker is always the hoss with the Sunday expression."

"Yes, and there are handsome high-flyers, too, with a box of fancy tricks so fine and elegant, promisin' to keep fresh for a hundred mile and goin' lame the first ten. Oh, yes, hosses are just like humans," sneered Prairie Bill back. He was jealous of Gentleman Jim, of his good looks, his easy, boastful, good-humored, superiority, and Public Opinion agreed with Prairie Bill. The landlord's wife was an additional thorn in their sides.

"Goin' out tomorrer?" ventured one of the timider spirits, addressing Gentleman Jim, who felt the damp, clammy breath of trouble in the air.

"Reckon I may."

"How'll you get across Rattlesnake Ford? It's plumb full since the rains," continued the timid man.

"Reckon my hoss'll jump across."

"Reckon he won't," snapped Prairie Bill. "It's a good eighteen foot and gold-darned slippery."

The younger cowboy flushed a deep red, and little sparks of anger seemed to strike out of his eyes, but he did not answer.

"Well look here, I guess you're a bit boastful," continued Prairie Bill in a soft, conciliating tone with a thorn hidden in its velvet. "D'you mean to say your hoss can take you over any eighteen foot jump?"

"Now, I bet you drinks for the crowd that he can't take you over a ten-foot jump right close to home, over this here campfire," he finished insinuatingly and gravely measuring the distance with an irritating, critical eye. "D'you take the bet?"

Gentleman Jim might have been deaf. He sat immovable. A slow wave of pallor, creeping up over his face like a flag leisurely unfurling, was the only sign of his anger, roused more by the patronizing tone than the actual taunt which was simply an excuse to pick a quarrel. Presently, very quietly and slowly he drawled out, "Done."

The circle half-gasped. It was a theatrical moment, and no one is quicker to appreciate good "blood and thunder" melodrama than your average cowboy. Perhaps if the whisky barrel had been full instead of three-quarters empty, Gentleman Jim would have thought twice before taking up a wager so evidently made to rid the camp of the handsomest man in it. But anger and whisky have never kept company with prudence. Moreover, Prairie Bill, in launching his malicious suggestion, deliberately chose to touch on the most vulnerable spot of youth, when an implication of cowardice is the most unforgivable insult. Gentleman Jim had his reputation as a dare-devil to keep up. If he refused the bet, that reputation was lost justly or unjustly.

The circle broke into little groups of quiet talkers. "I reckon Gentleman Jim's hot as summer," somebody whispered to his side-partner.

"I'd rather be hit by a rattlesnake than jump this," said another.

Gentleman Jim said nothing further but sat staring placidly into the flames, apparently as cool and unconcerned as if in half an hour Prairie Bill was to risk his life over them. Yet he knew, this silent man, the uncertain, undependable disposition of the bronco, which varies from lamb-like sedateness and docility to the wildness and freakishness of all furies together.

Soon the population of Secret in some voiceless way became aware that things were happening at the campfire. One by one its legitimate inhabitants strolled

over to "see the fun," as they would have expressed it—but not in the cowboys' hearing. Personal comments on a man with a gun are usually made out of hearing or under the breath.

Both the audience and Gentleman Jim had a proper sense of the dramatic moment. It could not be forced. The desultory conversation going on in the interval was lumpy like uneven knobs of sage-brush on the desert, shrunk up by a similar tense dryness. Only the eye of Prairie Bill was fixed on Gentleman Jim with exultant malevolence. He had driven his rival deliberately into a corner; and his narrow spirit, into which the breath of the plains had never succeeded in blowing any sense of wide horizons, was delighted.

"I guess he'll be afeerd to try it," whispered he boldly to his neighbor.

But Gentleman Jim, if he heard, took no notice. He was staring stolidly into space, this man of few words. The company, vaguely uneasy, hurried their last mouthful and drank, in great gulps, the remains of the whisky.

"Like a torch light procession goin' down your throat," some one cried and the group laughed. The loudness of it was too loud to be quite spontaneous or enjoyable.

Still Gentleman Jim sat there silent and sombre, almost as if he had no mind to fulfill the ridiculous, half-impossible bet. Some of the older men, the conservative section of public opinion, might have veered to the younger cowboy's side and prevented the wager—except for that unwritten law in cattle-land, which forbids a third party's interference with cards or horses or between man and man. And, after all, Gentleman Jim's attitude, his slow reluctance, was like as not laziness rather than disinclination, for no one could doubt that he was a brave man. He had ridden near death too often to fear it.

Yet, had they but known it, he felt a shivery, creepy feeling, not quite fear yet, but near enough to travel with it in double harness. The first faint streak of morning was creeping in like a thief to steal night's coat of darkness. It seemed strange, all these men there before him easy and comfortable, finishing their supper, and far away the mountains just touched with a faint, gray dawn, the promised golden glory of which he might not see. He was after all a brave man, though he was afraid. But he did fail in the supreme test of courage; he was not brave enough to confess his fear.

So while the man in him was melting away into the boy frightened by the unknown, his companions believed him the coolest of them all, just as he had always been the steadiest to deal death justly. They looked at the glow of his black eyes and, mistaking the light therein, even taunting Prairie Bill let the cowboy take his own time.

One youngster broke into a song, a cowboy version of a familiar air. It had twenty verses, nineteen broad and coarse, one decent and plaintive. By a strange freak, whisky drove him to choose the one clean verse and his young, unworn voice rose true and sweet:

"Last night as I lay on my pillow
And gazed at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to the sweet bye and bye."

As the song ended, Gentleman Jim rose abruptly to his feet, lithe as a young jaguar, and stretched himself. He walked off to fetch his horse, tethered behind the saloon, and straightway a whirlwind of conversation struck the diminished circle.

"I guess it was the yaller-haired peach he's been havin' a vision of," sneered Prairie Bill.

"D'you figger he'll do it?" asked another irrelevantly.

"He ought 'ter, he's so d—d boastful," said a third. "And Lord! how he fancies himself!"

"'Taint for nothin' he wuzz named 'Gentleman Jim' with those fancy, assorted eyes o' his," said Prairie Bill.

So they went on piling up sneers and taunts, using his solitariness, and his success with the "yaller-haired peach" as pegs on which to hang their petty jealousies. Prairie Bill threw more wood on the campfire, which was burning low.

Before the last log was fairly alight, Gentleman Jim reappeared, coaxing and soothing and gentling the "hoss," which was certainly a pretty specimen of a bronco, as broncos run. He was "talking soft" to the creature, rubbing its velvet nose and caressing its small, pointed ears. Then he cinched his girths up tighter and jerked the stirrup leathers to see that they were firm and had not been tampered with. The crowd was on its feet now watching intently the silent grave preparations.

"I reckon I'm ready," said Gentleman Jim, quietly leading the bronco a few paces farther back from the fire, which burned and crackled merrily now with the new wood. The bronco smelled the resinous saplings, and sniffed inquiringly, though he had smelled that pine odor often enough in many a solitary forest camp. But that is just the nature of the bronco. A dozen times he will pass with equanimity what on the thirteenth occasion will give him nervous prostration.

Gentleman Jim patted the trembling animal, and led him around to the best approach for the jump. A pin might have dropped and been heard by the crowd if they had not been too excited to listen. Prairie Bill was well in front with an unpleasant smile on his dark face. The saloonkeeper's wife joined the crowd, and two of the cowboys, with a rough courtesy, made place for her in the front rank. Gentleman Jim was looking the "hoss" over slowly, holding him loosely by the bridle.

"I reckon he's the only hoss in the country could do it," he said with a flash of pride.

"We'll judge of that presently," some one answered.

"He's a lady's pet, warranted tame," snorted Prairie Bill, referring sarcastically to the docile attitude of the creature, who stood there now as quiet as a woolly lamb.

The saloonkeeper's wife stepped forward a pace or two. Gentleman Jim was just about to leap into the saddle. The reins were gathered in his hand low on the bronco's neck. The silence was tense as a fiddle-string. He hesitated a moment to hear her message. It was quick and to the point. She drew her right hand from the folds of her cotton skirt where it hung naturally, and a small, shining barrel flashed in the cowboy's face.

There was a sharp report which tore the stillness in shreds. But before it had done raising echoes in the still night, Gentleman Jim had struck the pistol harmless from the woman's hand, and horse and rider, centaur-like, had cleared the blazing logs, disappearing in the darkness toward Rattlesnake Ford, followed by the admiring yells of the crowd, who were quick enough to recognize a hero when they saw one. The woman threw herself sobbing on the dry turf, and Dakoty's voice drawled softly, "'Pears like the drinks are on you, Bill."



FROM THE HEART OF A ROSE

By Elizabeth Vore

THE blazing sun filtered through the dusty windows. Inside the air was moist and heavy; the throbbing of machinery was the only sound that broke the stillness. The man bending over the whirring wheels, straightened up, and setting the oil can down for a moment, wiped the humid drops from his forehead.

He looked what he was—a part of his surroundings—a mere cog in the wheels of a mighty enterprise, an adjunct in the great shops in the shadow of which he had been born and raised; where his father had worked before him, and his own work had begun at the age which was a crime against childhood.

He was nothing outside the works. His education was the merest rudiments gained at night school, and such general knowledge as might be obtained from laborious and desultory reading of the newspapers. He never had any youth.

It was characteristic of this man that he seldom spoke. What could he have to say? When the superintendent or foreman came around, or perchance the owner of the shops, he listened in stoical silence, and did as he was told. Counting by years he was young, measuring by the days of his servitude he was very old.

Uncommunicative, the other hands fought shy of him. "Stupid, but faithful," his superiors called him, a man who did his work well because it was second nature. A valuable man whom it was not necessary to advance, since he had been identified with the works too long to be useful anywhere else.

Nature had given him a man's full heritage of magnificent strength and vigor, a broad shouldered young giant, but cursed by the brand of servitude out of all semblance of manhood.

Up to this time he had only existed.

As he reached out his hand for the oil can, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Someone was entering the room. A silvery laugh rang out behind him, the delicate perfume of attar of roses came to him. Something went through him like a faint shock from an electric battery.

He remained with his hand extended, again that soft laugh rang out, this time nearer. It was a girl's voice—such a voice as he had never heard before. Others were with the owner of the voice, a gentleman and the superintendent, who was evidently showing them around.

The man did not move nor turn. The soft swish of skirts was behind him, so near they brushed against him in passing. The faint perfume that seemed a part of the laugh, a part of the clear, pure-toned voice rolled over him like a wave; it got into his blood, and a strange dizziness swept over him.

He remained motionless; something held him in its grasp. A new, strange sensation of awakening pride forbade him to turn his head—even when they had passed out through the door he did not look back. But as their footsteps receded, his hand, which had fallen to his side, clenched unconsciously, and he turned slowly. As he did so his eyes discovered something.

A rose, lush, white-petaled and perfect as the hand of nature could make it, lay on the floor at his feet.

To the man it seemed like a living thing, symbolic of that invisible presence that had touched him in passing. As his eyes rested on it something entered his face that had never been there before. A new life stirred in him, awakened and struggled for existence.

He bent down and with trembling fingers picked up the rose. Some strong emotion shook him, evidence of the throes of birth within.

"Oh God!" The words were wrung from his twitching lips.

What message had the rose brought to the man. It was not the clod that had

spoken. That exclamation forced from him held the agony, shame and torture of a soul that had heard the rattle of its chains for the first time.

Suddenly he stood erect, squared his broad shoulders, and threw back his massive head. In that moment something had been born in him that would never die.

He laid the rose down gently, and washed the grime from his hands. Taking his hat and coat from their nail, he brushed them carefully, an act he had never before deemed necessary. When he finished he put them on and pinned the rose tenderly to the lapel of his coat.

A few moments later he walked into the superintendent's office. That gentleman was talking to the owner of the works. He looked up with annoyance as the man entered, frowning at the irregularity.

"Well, what's wanted?" he asked impatiently.

"I have come to tell you to get someone else to supply my place," said the man.

"What does this mean?" asked the superintendent sharply.

"What have you to complain of?" It was the owner of the shops who asked the last question.

"I have not complained," said the man quietly. "I asked you to get some one to fill my place. I am going to leave."

There was something in his bearing that amazed his superiors in office—a new dignity strange and unfamiliar to them.

"You know our regulations," said the owner coldly. "If you leave before our regular pay-day without a week's warning, you forfeit your wages."

"I have not asked for my wages," said the man.

The owner eyed him uneasily. What had come over this fellow, who spoke to him as an equal, yet without insolence. Something in the man's eyes caused him discomfort. He counted out a small roll of bills hurriedly and tossed them angrily toward him, saying harshly:

"Here, I make an exception in your case; you have been with us—er—some time."

"Since I was old enough to work," said the man calmly.

The owner's brows came together. "We want no kickers here, nor complaints outside—you have been treated well here—do you understand?"

The man regarded him with a singular light in his eyes, until he had finished. There was a smile on his lips. Stooping down, he picked up the money and threw it at the feet of the man he had served for fifteen years, and without a word turned and left the office.

When he had reached the street he walked rapidly, with a strange buoyancy. His face was toward the outskirts of the town, and presently the town itself was far behind him. He did not ask himself where he was going, perhaps he did not know. He felt a strong exhilaration, a new life was in his veins. His full manhood and all that it meant to him was upon him.

He was now in the country, where the sky was blue, the air fresh and pure; wide fields stretched away as far as he could see. He seemed a part of Nature, he belonged to it.

The world lay before him and somewhere in it was SHE. It seemed natural and befitting that she should be a mystery.

A silvery laugh, a girlish voice, a breath of perfume—an exquisite dream swept over him. The memory of it was strong upon him; he removed his hat and stood with bared head under the evening sky. He did not ask himself if he would ever hear that voice again; at present he was content to know that it existed somewhere. The influence of that invisible personality which had awakened his soul from a lifetime of sleep, still held him in its spell. It seemed to be drawing him on, by some intangible power, on and on, to what purpose or end he did not know.

For days the man traveled onward, sleeping in open fields, under the broad expanse of starry skies; when his small horde of money was gone he earned his food by a few hours' work at some wayside farm house.

His whole face and bearing had undergone a change. His eyes were alert and

glowing with the joy of existence. His exuberant spirits and mental exhilaration showed itself in his face—in his very walk. He was a man, standing under the broad heavens, as free as when God made his first counterpart and placed none over him save Himself.

During the night he slept in open fields, the sleep of vigorous health and a clear conscience. He awakened when the sun sent its first rays aslant the stirring world, and stretched his long limbs in the meadow grass, and wiped the dew from his disheveled locks.

A week went by, and the man grew as his soul grew—under natural influences and conditions. He had lived a week. Back of this brief, happy life he refused to look. He ignored the past, and built between it and himself a wall so high that it might never be scaled.

As he traveled onward he whistled for very joy. His heart was full of song, his face was full of laughter—the unconscious laughter one sees in the faces of little care-free children.

It was mid-afternoon that he strayed toward a country villa, half-hidden in shrubbery and blossoming vines. Suddenly a happy snatch of song, a gay little song, sung in a girl's clear voice, greeted his ear.

He stopped short and drew back among the sycamore trees along the road. Something had struck him like a shaft of light, blinding him. The California sunshine radiated, wavered before his eyes, and became a whirling, swirling sea of yellow gold. The blood, throbbing in his veins, sounded in his ears like the surging of the surf on the beach.

Directly opposite him, a girl was leaning over the gateway. Clambering roses covered the high posts on either side of her, her fair head rested carelessly against their snowy-petaled cups.

She was very young with the first promise of the heritage of womanhood dawning in her face, still shadowed by the innocence of childhood.

The same spell that had caught and held him in its grasp a week ago, yet magnified an hundred fold, was upon him. Was it the charm of the child, or the woman? Or did some Invisible Force, embodied in that mysterious meeting of innocence, touch him as with living fire?

"Yes," said a man's voice, approaching nearer, "I think we may call it settled, Metta," addressing the girl, "I take a part ownership in the shops we visited last week." The speaker came in sight as he finished speaking. He was accompanied by another man, the owner of the shops referred to, the former employer of the man who was watching them as one watches the pictures of a changing panorama—the man to whom time and place were forgotten, or had resolved themselves into one Great Momentous Moment.

He drew in his breath sharply as his eyes rested upon the girl's fair face.

"It is she!" he said in a hushed voice, and realized suddenly that he must have known it from the first moment.

The men passed out at the gate and took their way toward the distant shore, where the sea lay shimmering in the afternoon sunshine.

The man behind the screen of sycamores lingered, his wrapt eyes upon the girl's face. As he looked, the light in his eyes grew, his lips parted unconsciously, in a smile as sweet as a child's. He raised his head fearlessly and advanced to where she stood, lifting his hat with the unstudied grace of natural instincts, the homage of manhood to purity.

"You dropped this," he said simply. Stooping as he spoke, he picked up a rose that had fallen at her feet and handed it to her. The smile was still upon his lips.

She could not know that he was thinking of another rose—the symbol of his awakened manhood—the rose which had been against his heart as he lay under the night skies, thinking of her—and now the face of his dream had become a reality. The vision that had haunted him waking and sleeping, in the open fields, with the sweet winds of summer fanning his face and the stars shining down upon him, had suddenly appeared before him—a living, breathing presence.

The girl took the rose shyly, with a surprised, questioning glance and twirled it idly in her slender fingers, thanking him with a simple frankness. Her wide, questioning glance met his own with a childish curiosity. He looked the incarnation of youth, strength and happiness. Involuntarily she smiled in sympathy.

Unconsciously her eyes scanned him, noting the shabby, dusty clothes and worn shoes, and then were raised to the massive head held proudly as a king's, the high, white forehead, from which the tawny locks were swept back carelessly. Little wonder she was perplexed. He looked like a prince and dressed like a tramp.

Involuntarily she voiced her wonder.

"Are—you—a—tra—?" she broke off abruptly in embarrassment, a deep crimson flooding her fair face.

"Am I a tramp?" he asked smiling and unashamed. "If sleeping in open fields and under the shade of trees is being a tramp, then I am one."

She studied him with childish gravity and growing interest.

His smile attracted her, the radiance of youth was in it, in the glowing light of his eyes, in the fresh brightness of his clear-cut face.

"You—are young to be—without a home," she said.

"I have lived a week," he replied musingly. "It is a week since you awakened me." He broke off abruptly, at the look of wondering surprise on her face.

"Forgive me," he said gravely, "I was thinking of other things. You asked if I were a tramp. A week ago I was a slave—now I am a man."

The curiosity in the girl's face changed to swift earnestness. She held up her hand with a childish jesture.

"Ah, now I know what you are!" she cried eagerly. "You are a genius."

He threw back his head and laughed mirthfully.

"A genius!" he exclaimed, his eyes alight; "a genius is some one born to do great things—what great things can I do?"

"You would have to find that out," she said slowly. "If I were a strong man like you, I would do something great," she added with conviction.

"What are great things?" he asked humbly. "Where shall I find them?"

"I cannot tell you that," she said simply. "When the right time comes, God shows them to those who must do them."

As he listened, the light in his eyes grew stronger, something arose in him and impelled him to move onward. He knew with sudden pain that the moment had come when that presence which had given him life was to pass out of it. Would it ever return? He lingered and hesitated.

"I—must go—I cannot stay here?" he asked wistfully.

"Stay?" Her eyes widened in surprise. "You could not stay, I think. Where—are you going, now?" she asked falteringly, as he turned from her.

He halted, and looked back, a smile of indescribable sweetness was upon his face.

"Perhaps I am going—to find great things to do," he said gently, and turning, walked away toward the distant sea. He did not look back again.

"He was not like other men," said the girl, musingly. "He must have been a genius."

* * *

The man lay full length upon the beach. The sun was crimsoning the sea. The western sky was one gorgeous sheet of flame. But he did not see it, he had been lost in thought for a long time.

A cry rang faintly out upon the air. It did not penetrate to the world in which the man's soul had entered. Some one else heard it. Someone who had been sauntering leisurely along the beach, watching a form far out in the surf. This man stopped short in horror, and threw up his hands with a hoarse cry.

"My God! he is drowning! Merciful heavens! he is drowning, and I cannot help him!"

The man lying on the sand heard this cry of terror and sprang to his feet.

He saw the frenzied man on the shore, and recognized him. It was her father. Instinctively he knew who it was who was out there alone battling for his life. It looked a hopeless case, for a strong tide was running out.

Again a faint, despairing cry rang out over the water. The man heard it this time; he heard also another voice saying: "When the time comes, God will show the things to those who are to do them." Something like the glory of the night sky had entered his face.

"For God's sake, don't go—it is too late! Your own life will be lost!" It was her father who spoke.

But the man was already in the water, swimming for life—the life of the man he had believed he hated.

On the beach the man who could not swim waited in helpless agony, watching that awful battle being fought in the water. Again and again the mocking waves seemed to close for the last time over both heads—again and again the treacherous tide swept them onward.

But there was a power there that defied the elements, that would not be defeated, that arose superior to the forces of Nature, and triumphed.

They lay upon the sand, side by side, the man whose life had been saved at such tremendous cost and the man who had gone out to search for great things to do. His eyes saw not the glory of the evening, for death had kissed them.

Reverently, with hushed voices, when the last rays of the sun had departed, they bore him through the rose-decked gateway of the villa he had left so short a time before. Up the broad drive they carried him in state—an equal, an honored guest—a hero.

In the great drawing-room, dim with the night's long shadows, he slept his last sleep. The only light in the room was in the dead man's face. Those who looked upon it marvelled at its radiance.

Back in the shadows a girl stood weeping.

A book, fallen from the dead man's pocket, had opened in falling disclosing a faded rose.

The girl stooped down, and taking up the flower, laid it reverently upon the pulseless breast.

"Let it—lie there," she said brokenly. "Perhaps—it belonged—to some one he loved."

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

By A. Lawrence Gnitchtel

"DOES yo' lub me, Letty?"

The tawny-haired little figure, busily engaged at making mud-pies in the road, did not deign even to turn her head toward the boy who stood beside her.

"Letty, does yo' lub me?" he repeated.

"Oh! sho' 'nuff, I lak yo', 'kase yo' help me drive de cow home fum pastur', an' play wid me, an' make mud-pies, but yo' kan't 'spect me to lub yo'."

"But why doesn't yo' lub me?" he insisted.

"Why? 'Kase you' iz blak," the girl answered, in her soft voice, carelessly patting a mud-pie into shape, and still without turning her head.

"I kno' I'se blak, Letty, whil' you' iz almos' white——"

"Almos' white," the child fairly screamed, springing to her feet and furiously facing her playmate. "I iz white, Danny Jenkins, I iz white, sho' 'nuff, an' doncher eber agen dar' to say I iz almos' white."

The boy fell back, abashed.

"I kno' you' iz white, Letty," he hastened to concede, "but yo' mammy's blak, an'—"

"She's not my mammy; she jes' foun' me in de woods, an' she sed I kame fum de Norf."

"I 'spects yo' did, Letty," said her companion in a penitent voice. "But why," he added, with boyish thoughtlessness, "why doesn't de oder white chillun 'sociate wid you'?"

"Kase I 'fuse to 'sociate wid de oder white chillun, dat's why."

There was a slight quaver in her voice as she said this, but the tawny head went up defiantly.

It seemed a strangely assorted pair, this black boy of twelve and his younger play-fellow, with her shock of brownish-yellow hair and dark, heavy-curtained eyes. Her face was flushed with excitement, and the red blood showed clearly through the velvety skin. Suddenly, she threw herself face downward in the dust, sobbing violently and repeating over and over, "I iz white; I iz white," with such vehemence that her companion, who was bewildered by the violent outbreak, for which he held himself responsible, ran quickly down the road in the direction of his home.

* * *

Letty, at sixteen, had developed almost into a full-grown woman. and Danny's devotion to her had never wavered. He was her constant companion and champion, and finally, when Letty's mammy died and she was left alone in the world, his constancy was rewarded and she consented to be his wife. A year later Danny himself was fatally stricken with a fever, and the sole heritage he left his wife was a baby boy with hair as kinky and a skin as black as his own, but no mother could have been more devoted to her child than Letty was to her little Danny, as she called him. All day long, as she sat sewing beside his cradle, she dreamed golden day-dreams of her boy's future, and during the long, lonely hours of the night, when he was sick or restless, she crooned him to sleep with the negro lullabies she had learned from her mammy. Visitors to the village, and even her neighbors, commented upon the contrast between the mother and her "ugly duckling," as they had good naturedly dubbed the child, but they could not help admiring her care and devotion to it, and sometimes they stopped at the open window, and listened, as she sang, in her low, sweet voice:

"De little stars am winkin',
Dey 'bout ter go to sleep;
De pale moon now am sinkin',
An' daylight shadders creep."

Danny was still a child when his mother took him to Richmond, where she found employment as a seamstress. In spite of all the care and affection she lavished upon him, he developed into a wayward boy, leaving her for long periods at a time, until finally she lost sight of him altogether.

After making every effort to find him, Letty drifted to Washington: there she secured a place in the chorus of a small theatrical company, where her peculiar and striking beauty attracted much attention. She became ambitious and studied hard in order to make up for her lack of early education, and succeeded so well that in the course of a few years it would have been difficult to recognize Letty Jenkins, the former wife of an ignorant Tennessee negro, in the celebrated Mlle. Letitia, the leading lady of the Star Opera Company whose marvelous voice and great beauty crowded the theatre nightly, and won for her a not insignificant position in the theatrical world.

* * *

The opening night of the new theatre at Waynesville, Mlle. Letitia, in her latest success, "The Island Queen," filled the house to the doors.

The curtain fell on the last act, and the star, tired out but pleased with the applause that still rang in her ears, was tripping along the narrow passage leading

to her dressing room. The door of the room was slightly ajar and in the dim gas-light she saw the figure of a man bending over the drawer in which she had placed her valuables. She threw the door open and as she did so the intruder turned and confronted her. For a moment she stood motionless: then, with a piercing shriek which echoed loudly through the now almost deserted theatre she uttered the one word "Danny," and fell fainting to the floor.

With a terrified look on his face the young negro dashed into the hall, but already hurried steps could be heard approaching, cutting off his escape in that direction. Hastily re-entering the room, he stepped over the prostrate body of the actress and raised the window. It was a clear drop of thirty feet to the ground, but the sound of the footsteps in the hallway were becoming more distinct, and in desperation he sprang through the open window and almost into the arms of a crowd of young men who were lounging about the stage-door of the theatre. These fell upon the boy before he had an opportunity to rise, and at the same moment a man appeared at the open window and shouted, "Hold that nigger; he's a thief and murderer."

In an instant the greatest excitement prevailed. The street, until then almost deserted, became alive with people. Cries of "murderer" and "thief" were echoed in all directions and suddenly some one screamed "Lynch the nigger" in a voice so loud and piercing that it was plainly heard above the din and clamor. Instantly the cry, "Lynch the nigger," was taken up by others, and repeated over and over. Rough hands were laid upon the crouching, cowering boy, and he was half-dragged, half-carried in the direction of the Court House, while those within reach showered him with kicks and blows.

Before the Court House yard was reached, the excitement had risen to a fever heat. The mob, which was constantly augmented by new arrivals, excitedly discussed the various reports that were bandied back and forth. "Had he murdered one of the actresses in the theater, or only robbed her?" "Was it the leading lady?" "Had he been caught trying to set fire to the theatre?" These, and even worse rumors, spread like wildfire, and found ready credence.

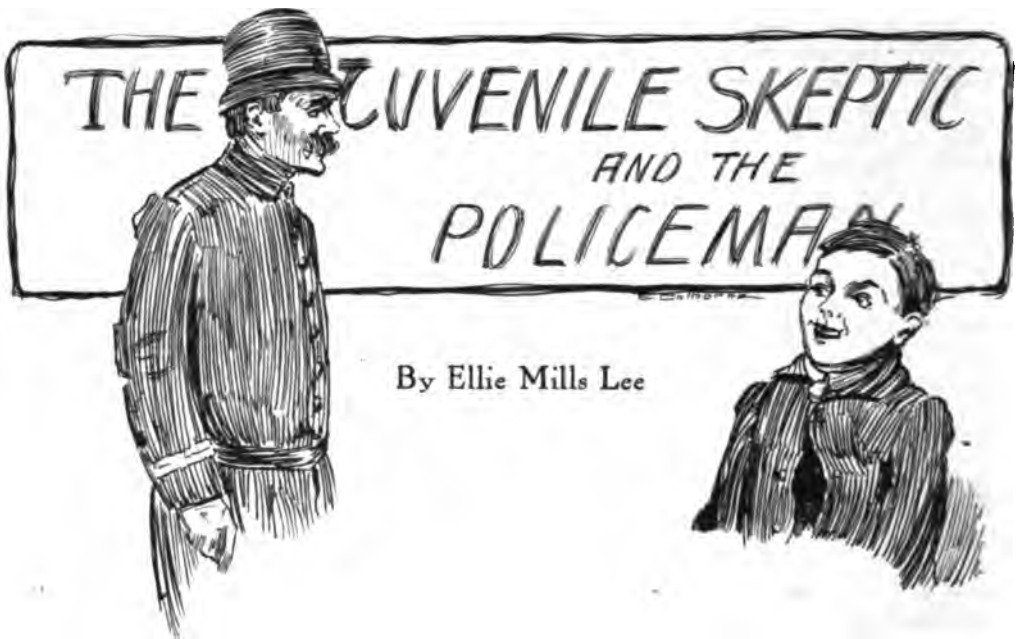
Several of the cooler heads in the crowd advised against taking extreme measures, and a prominent lawyer mounted the Court House steps and made an impassioned appeal for the upholding of the law. He was quickly howled down, as were others who spoke in a similar strain.

With a plow-line around his neck, the almost fainting negro was dragged to the south side of the Court House yard, where the other end of the rope was thrown over the limb of a convenient elm tree. Several men lifted the negro from the ground, while the end of the rope was held by members of the mob.

"Now, then," shouted one man, a mill-worker, who had assumed the role of ringleader. "Altogether when I say pull."

Suddenly the crowd, now quieted into a state of awed expectancy, parted as though swept by a cyclone. The figure of a woman dashed through the human wall, and gathered the quivering body of the black boy to her breast. It was Mlle. Letitia, the leading lady. Although still in her gaudy stage attire, and painted and powdered, she was no longer the play-actress, but a tragedy queen in real life, towering over them like an avenging mother. The mob fell back, silent and amazed.

The woman did not even deign to glance at her astonished audience. She saw Danny, her "onlies' one," and to her he was still the tiny "pickerninny" she had crooned to sleep, night after night, in the lonely cabin among the mountains of northern Tennessee. She did not see the traces of his wayward life on the bruised and bleeding face; she saw only her little Danny, and spurning the cultured language of her recent life, she spoke to him softly, soothing and quieting him, as she did when he was a baby. "Doesn't you' kno' me, darlin'?" she repeated, over and over; "Doesn't yo' kno' yo' mammy? We'll go bak to ol' Tennessee, 'kase its de sweetest place in de whol' wurl'. Don' yo' be oneasy; no one iz a goin' to hurt yo'. Didn't yo' kno' I wuz a cumin' to save yo'? Sho' 'nuff, we'll go bak to ol' Tennessee to liv' jes' lak we useter do, and we'll nurver go way enny mo'."



THROUGH the wide portals of the Union depot poured the suburban crowd just off the ferry-boat. Among them an excited boy squeezed his way. He was intent on knowing why the crowd hurried, and he pushed forward in the hope of discovering. Perhaps there was a circus in the street. Pausing, he addressed the man nearest him.

"Say, what's going on up front?"

The man passed on, unconscious of the fact that some one had spoken to him.

Finding himself unnoticed, the boy continued his strife to get ahead. He thought his progress good, but found himself in front only as the crowd broke and disappeared on the various car lines. The endless chain of cars and the never-ceasing procession of large wagons prevented his seeing anything. The noise of the gongs and the heavy rumble of the drays were very confusing.

A louder and more persistent clanging caught his ear. He looked around to discover what it meant, when he felt himself seized by the collar and removed from in front of an on-rushing car. As his feet again touched the ground, he squirmed and twisted in an effort to escape.

His captor had no timid mother's grip, and he found his freedom curtailed. The blue sleeve and brass buttons informed him that they were the arm of the law.

Aunt Sallie's oft-repeated threat had come true—the policeman had got him. The boy looked up at his custodian with an impish smile as he drawled:

"Say, you hold on tighter'n Aunt Sallie."

"So, ho! you got lost from her, did ye?"

"Naw; didn't get lost, just got away."

"Is that so?"

"If I hadn't taken you from in front of that car, you'd never had another chance to get away."

"Do you mean that car would have run over me?"

"Yes; little ranchero, that is exactly what I do mean."

"Aw! I guess the man that runs it would have stopped, all right, when he saw I didn't get off the track."

"Well, don't you ever try to stop a car that way, sonny. If you do, the people down your way will have to take the horses from the plow to go to your funeral."

The boy watched the car for some minutes before he asked:

"Would they run over anybody that was in the road?"

"Yes; and they always like to catch loose-roving country boys. Say, are them your folks?" as two anxious women his Aunt Sallie—and the boy realized hurried toward them—his mother and that for the present there was no further chance for adventure.



"How could you, Roy?" his mother peevishly chided, while Aunt Sallie looked the indignation she did not express. Roy regarded them with an exasperating smile; he did not mind family remonstrances. They were the oil that lubricated the machine of his mischievous invention.

A car was boarded and they were quickly borne to their destination in the pulsing heart of the city.

A few hours later a cautious Roy came down the steps of a quiet rooming house and paused undecided which way to turn. He soon resolved to go back as nearly as possible over the route he had come. One thing was certain—he must be quick, for they would soon discover his absence.

There was so much to see that his fleeing feet were robbed of much of their intended haste. His curiosity about the cars increased. If he could only see some he decided to watch them.



When the next car was half a block away, he arose, dashed quickly to the track, and fell prone upon it.

"Hi, there!" fell on his ears as he was traversing a crossing. He stopped to see who was addressed.

"Git out o' the way there, you. What ye gawpin' at?"

He felt the snorting breath of a horse drawn back just above him and caught the eye of an irate driver. The realization that he himself was the cause of the disturbance did not serve to quicken his footsteps. The mocking light glinting from his half-shut eyes and the impish grin were as derisive as a distortion of features in the average urchin. The driver pulled his team a little further back and, making a slight turn, drove on with a noise that obliterated his string of decorated language.

The boy, considering himself far enough away, proceeded in his normal slouching gait until he came to a public square. He discovered a group of boys on the further side and concluded to join them, when he heard the familiar clang of the cable car.

"Whoopee!" and a pair of lazy legs flew with a haste they had not shown before.

He would now ascertain if they really would run over people. The policeman said they would. He went to the corner and watched, hoping that some pedestrian would be caught while crossing. Everyone was very careful; even the drivers pulled up when they heard the sound of the gong.

He saw it would be impossible to determine by watching. An idea came to him and he became alert with its quickening power.

"Whew! I think yes." To punctuate his opinion, he turned a few hand-springs on the grass. He sat down while one more car passed.

When the next one was half a block away, he arose, dashed quickly to the track and fell prone upon it. The warning gong sounded. The boy lay inert. Persistently rang the bell. The little limp figure gave no sign of life. Slowly the gripman brought the car to a stop and prepared to alight, sympathetic concern in every feature.

Suddenly animation seized the prostrate figure, and the boy looked into the man's eyes with supreme insolence.

"Whoopee! the policeman said I couldn't do it." And with lazy unconcern he rolled out of the way.

Roy felt the intoxication of victory as he again obstructed the track. He did not lie down, but sat in the middle, contentedly hugging his knees. As before, the car was brought to a stop. Roy felt serene in his consciousness of power. He pictured himself stopping every car until Aunt Sallie found him.

In the midst of his dreaming he was seized by the collar and jerked from the track. He again saw the blue sleeve and the brass buttons and recognized the face of his captor.

"Ye said I couldn't do it."



"Ye said I couldn't do it."

BIG BOB AND DIANA

By T. Shelley Sutton

"BIG BOB" BURROUGHS—the pioneers of the West all know him. He was one of the characters of early days in California; he was known in Oregon as a scout in the Rogue River Indian war; and in Idaho when the gold fever took thousands of penniless prospectors to Florence and Warren's Diggings, he was among the first to seek the new camps. For a year he drove stage out of Walla Walla; but he was not always a stage-driver. Some knew him as a hunter, or trapper; others as a miner; others as a "bold, bad customer"; but in reality Bob Burroughs had a heart in him as big as a barn. Brave, daring, venturesome—probably consuming more than his rightful portion of bad whisky—he always had an honest handshake, a good word for a friend, a bit of "dust" for the needy. Charity, it is said, covers a multitude of sins. "Big Bob" was charitable.

Burroughs had an innate antipathy for the gentler sex. Putting it plainly, he couldn't tolerate a woman. Some said that as a lad, before leaving the East, he had been disappointed in some fickle school-girl, who had played him as an easy mark; others said he had been married, and that his wife deserted him for another. Whatever the truth may have been, it is certain that Big Bob always ducked into the first building when a woman of his acquaintance started toward him. "It's like playin' with a rattle-snake," he said, "when you get too familiar with women. They like to make fools of men. I once had a friend who got the worst of it—a young fellow over in Arizony. He was all tied up in a woman as come down from Frisco. She was a good looker, an' knew it. The boy had a gold mine, a reg'lar bonanza, an' blast my hide if she didn't get him to sell it. The woman got the money; the boy—well, the last I hearn on him he was to be buried at Tucson. Put a six-shooter to his head an' tickled the trigger."

This experience of Bob's friend must have left a lasting impression on his mind. I was well acquainted with him, and he used to talk of it a great deal, though he never gave me the particulars. I knew only the young man's name—Jack Bledsoe—and the fact that he had killed himself over the woman. Her name, I believe, was Jenny McCoy. I heard, long afterward, that she had been a trapeze performer with a circus.

Bob was a genial character, well liked by all who knew him. It was only those who had never met him who really feared his acquaintance. He was rough, ready in a moment to show his colors, and his untamed frontier nature caused many to regard him as dangerous; but Bob would not harm a chicken if the chicken behaved itself. "I believe in bein' squar'," he said; "that's all thar are to it. People that ain't squar' ain't got no business sneakin' around my hangout." And he meant it.

If there was anything that would make Bob's heart get warm and full of friendship it was a crack shot. He was a lover of the rifle and six-shooter, and nothing so appealed to him as superior marksmanship. I knew him once to go from Ashland to Jacksonville, Oregon, to meet a man who had shot a hat three times in the air before it fell. This man and Bob became intimate friends, and Bob never tired of saying what a shot he was. Bob, himself, was a clever one; there were not many men in Oregon as quick of eye, as cool of head and steady of hand as he. If he ever drew a bead the mark had a hole in it. He was as good a marksman as he was a man, and as a man he was a model—for his kind. His life, his calling, his friends and environments would not permit him to be better than he was; otherwise he would not have been a frontiersman. The only objection I ever found to Bob was his aversion for women. This I could not fathom. But I felt sure that in his past there had been a tragedy, something of such a nature as to turn his natural chivalry to acid. Love will sometimes do it. Yet I could never form a picture of Bob being in love. It seemed impossible. I used to try to think

to myself how he would look with his arms about a woman, telling her how much he loved her; but the picture always faded in a veil of impossible ridiculousness before completed. Bob was just a hunter, a miner, a trapper, that was all. He was not constituted for a Romeo.

I told him once of the marriage of a friend of his. He used to think he was going to marry that McCoy woman. She made him believe used to think he was going to marry that McCoy woman. She made him believe it. I guess the boy found out—"

"Did you ever see the woman he was gone on?" I asked.

"No, I didn't want to," he replied. He paused a moment, chewing his tobacco, thoughtfully. "They say she was good looking, though," he continued, slowly. "Let's go get a drink. It makes me thirsty."

In spite of this unnatural dislike for the gentler sex, Big Bob Burroughs was destined to have his day—two or three days, in fact—before he died. In the latter eighties we went together to Blackfoot, down in Southern Idaho, to investigate a mining region which was then comparatively unknown. The state asylum is at this place. North of it, and in other directions, too, there is some good country. Hunting, fishing and mining can be profitably indulged in.

About three miles from Blackfoot, on the stage road leading to Challis, and the Lost River country, we pitched tent, staked out our horses and settled down to the quiet and seclusion of camp life. Bob had a .30-30 Savage and also a .22, which he used advantageously on grouse, rabbits and smaller game. About a mile to the south of us lay a fine stretch of timber, and large game was there to be found with little effort.

A few days after our arrival in the new district word was given out of a rich strike in the Thunder Mountain and Buffalo Hump countries, so the state was soon filled with nomadic prospectors who went hither and thither in quest of the golden pocket. Our camp attracted a number of these prospectors, and before we could realize it a little village had sprung up around us. It was one of those settlements characteristic of early days—like the tent villages of the Arabs, which disappear in a night. Few of them ever make permanent cities.

We called the new town "Big Toe," a name suggested to one of the party by the shape of a near-by mountain, and by the fact that Blackfoot was but a short journey distant. In less than a week a man named Texas Tim had built a log cabin saloon, filled it with liquor from Blackfoot, and started things booming with a general public "jag," "wetting" the new camp.

Of course women were a scarce commodity outside of Blackfoot. I think Bob was the only one who didn't miss them. When someone suggested that we import a lot from some eastern marriage bureau, Bob called for another drink and looked for his six-shooter. But the suggestion seemed to be prophetic. The day after it was made one of the boys returned to camp announcing that a lone woman—"as pretty as a peach"—had camped in what was called "Jackson's Gulch," about a mile to the west of us. There was an old log cabin there, and she had patched it up, he said, as if for a permanent residence. There was no man with her—nothing but just a plain, scrub dog with a crooked tail and ticks all over him. Our informant had not met her, so did not know her name. He was told that she had come from the East—to hunt and prospect. This statement caused Big Bob to look cross-eyed at the door, take another chew of tobacco, and give vent to his opinion of a blamed fool woman that actually thought she could hunt! He had never seen one, he said, that could even look at a rifle without exploding it, to say nothing of being able to hit the mark. Naturally, we laughed at his remark. None of us disputed him.

Several days afterward Bob and I tramped across the hills in quest of some large game. It had been frequently rumored that deer and mountain lion were to be found in the timber about us. Bob was hungering for a shot at something worth while—especially a mountain lion. But our hunt was without results. When two whole days had been wasted, except for the bagging of a few grouse and

sage hens, Bog concluded it was time to return to camp. Our homeward journey took us by the girl in the gulch. It was Bob's fatal hunt.

The sun was nearly setting when we came to the woman's cabin. It stood at the bottom of the gulch, amid a grove of fir and pine, and looked as though it might contain anything but a pretty girl. It was the last place in the world that one would expect to find a woman—alone. But as we approached the cabin Bob's ears suddenly became pricked, and I saw an expression in his eyes that was quite inexplicable. He could scarcely believe his senses. The outside of the cabin and the roof was literally covered with lion, deer and cinnamon bear skins—all of them evidently fresh, and two still dripping with blood. On the outside of the door she had stretched the skin of what we took to be a wildcat. There was plenty of evidence of her marksmanship.

"Eat me for a centipede!" Bob exclaimed, eying the cabin sharply. "I believe thar's a man thar. No woman ever shot them!"

I suggested, to satisfy our curiosity, that we stop at the cabin for a bite to eat. We would offer to pay for our suppers.

Bob, much to my surprise, agreed; and a moment later we were introducing ourselves to one of the prettiest women it has ever been my good fortune to meet. She appeared to be of foreign origin. Her hair was dark, rich and luxuriant; her eyes large, of a deep, pensive brown, and teeming with life and coquetry; her teeth were as pearls, her mouth exquisite. In face and figure she was a veritable Circe, with a voice as soft and musical as the flow of a cataract. In brief, she was beautiful; and Big Bob Burroughs was not utterly immune to it. For the first time since I had known him I saw a trace of admiration in his features.

As I had heard, the woman was alone. A rifle and several hunting knives greeted our eyes as she opened the door, and at these she frequently looked while talking to us. We were strangers, and she wished us to understand that she could use her weapons of defense. But she was hospitable, and bade us sit down among the pines while she prepared our supper. She motioned, pleasantly, to a wooden bench directly across the gulch, not far from a huge fir tree, and in the shadow of a pensile cliff which towered fully a rod above our heads. Here Bob and I repaired to await our suppers. Five, ten minutes, passed, and the daylight was gradually giving place to the darkness. From where we sat we could hardly see the cabin, so thick were the trees around it, but she had told us of having some fresh venison and we could hear it sizzling in the frying pan.

How long we had sat there I cannot say, but I was suddenly conscious of a faint, cracking noise above our heads. Almost at the same moment the shot of a rifle sounded from the cabin window, and Bob and I, with guns in hand, sprang forward from the shadow just in time to escape being struck by a huge mountain lion that fell from the cliff—struggling at our feet. It was dead in less time than is required to tell it, and the woman, with the rifle still smoking on her arm, came smiling from the cabin.

"He was just preparing to spring on you" she said, laughing, "but I happened to see him, and took a shot at him. It was quite dark, but—" She kicked the animal's head with her dainty boot. "Yes, I hit him in the head all right. Sit down, gentlemen. The venison will soon be cooked." And with that she hurried back in the cabin to finish the evening meal.

Bob just looked at me. And I—well, I just looked at Bob.

"Beat anything I ever seed!" he finally exclaimed, biting a huge chunk off his plug of tobacco.

That night the whole camp sat up till midnight discussing the girl in the gulch, a designation by which we always referred to her. Needless to say, everyone was dumbfounded by Bob's expressions of admiration. But the biggest bunch of surprises was yet to come. It was no time before Bob got the idea in his head that there was a gold mine in Jackson's Gulch, and the way he began to prospect in vicinity of the cabin would have knocked Romeo sky high. Quite frequently

he repeated to me his opinion that there was a ledge some place in the vicinity, and one day, laughingly I hinted that the woman was the ledge.

"Well, I ain't trying to stake out her heart," he replied, soberly "but she's a blamed fine critter. But say, did you know that shooting was her business?"

"Her business?"

"Yes. She used to travel with a circus as a crack shot. She's got Bill Cody skinned a mile when it comes to hitting glass balls."

"Watch out for these circus girls, Bob!" I rejoined, banteringly. "You remember that old story you have told me about your friend, Jack Bledsoe."

He started, visibly affected.

"Jack Bledsoe and Jenny McCoy—yes. I had not forgotten."

He said no more, but my words made a deep impression on him. Nevertheless, the big fellow continued to "prospect" in Jackson's Gulch. But he never located—the mine. One day, toward the approach of evening, he hurried into camp with a look on his face that I shall never forget. It was several months after the killing of the lion, and Big Bob and the girl in the gulch had to all appearances become—shall I say—lovers? That was what gossip said of them; but to me Bob had spoken no word of his love, or of their recent associations. He had talked to me too much about the fickleness of women to admit that he loved her. But now—I could not imagine what ailed him—but his face was almost white, and his lips were pressed together so firmly that I knew he was laboring under a strong mental strain.

"Bob, what's wrong?" I asked, going up to him.

"Nothing—nothing," he replied, "only—say, pal, that woman in the gulch—that's the one that made a fool o' Jack Bledsoe."

The denouement was unexpected, and of course I was surprised, but I smiled, casually.

"I told you to be careful, Bob. You were not cut out for a lady's man, so why do you try to be one?"

"But she has told me all about Jack. It wasn't her fault, for he wouldn't stay away from her. She never encouraged him, and the idiot just up and shot himself."

That was Bob's excuse. It seemed to satisfy him, and during the weeks that followed he continued to haunt the log cabin in the gulch. One day I went with him to round up the grouse which he reported plentiful in that direction. We both took six-shooters, but our rifles we left behind. Bob had only his .22 and I a shotgun. The woman, I suppose, did not expect us that day.

We were within a hundred yards of the cabin, on the brow of a hill overlooking the gulch, and in a position to command a clear view of the woman's domicile, when Bob suddenly nudged me with his arm. My eyes followed his, just in time to see a man, wearing a cowboy's hat and a flannel shirt, enter the little cabin. I looked wonderingly at Bob.

"That's one privilege she never granted me!" he said, in a low, smothered voice. "Curse her! I wonder if she is playing me for a fool!"

"Look," I said, pointing to a wagon and team in the valley at the end of the gulch. "He has just come up in that rig."

Bob was in a moment all excitement. I had never seen him so affected as on this occasion.

"Let us go down where the wagon is," he said, hurriedly.

We were soon within a few rods of the wagon and team, and at Bob's instigation I lay behind a log, at his side, where we could await developments. We did not have long to tarry, for shortly afterward the man, followed by the woman, came out of the cabin, carrying their personal effects. Two or more trips were made, and when skins, bedding, cooking utensils, etc., had finally been loaded into the wagon the man and woman mounted the seat and started for Blackfoot. In an instant Bob had raised his shotgun and commanded them to halt.

"Tell me whar you're goin' first?" Bob said, approaching the wagon and looking the girl squarely in the eyes. "Thar's been enough foolish work; I want facts this time!"

The girl paled, but endeavored to smile, pleasantly

"I—I forgot to tell you that I was married, Bob," she said. "This is my husband, Mr McCoy."

Bob was dumbfounded. He just stood there, toying with his shotgun, and looking at the man beside her.

"You seem to be a square sort of a fellow," the man said to Bob, glancing at the girl beside him. "I suppose you will expect an explanation. Several months ago I was wanted in Butte for a crime which I never committed. My wife and I fled here, to this cabin, to remain hidden in the mountains until such time as we could venture safely to better quarters. Every day that you were at the cabin I was sitting inside, but did not dare reveal myself, nor could my wife tell you that she was married, without arousing a suspicion. I heard yesterday that the crime for which I was accused has been positively fixed on the guilty party, so I and my wife are now returning to Butte, where we will join a circus. That is all, Mr. Burroughs. Good-day."

And with that the man whipped up his horses and started across the valley. Bob looked after them for many minutes, and then turned, silently, and took my arm.

"The mine has all petered out," he said, smiling painfully, "but I think if you'll go up that next gulch thar, with me, we kin find some good birds."

GRANDMOTHER FLINT

By U. U. Picken

MR. WINSTON was the lion of Mrs. Davis' tea table. The others were indifferent persons, but he was a man of the world, of forty or forty-five, and entertained the youthful-hearted Mrs. Davis exceedingly.

"So you have married Grandmother Flint," cackled Mrs. Davis, and all laughed.

Mr. Winston seemed for a moment a little embarrassed, but his tormentors being his near relatives, it was necessary to answer; and at length, making up his mind to what could not be avoided, he pulled a desperately grave face, and began to tell them about it.

"You may wonder," said he, "that at my mature years I had fallen so completely into my uncle's power as to give him the almost absolute disposal of my hand; but such was the fact. I was brought up, you know, to the very worst thing under the sun—expectations; and consequently I was good for nothing else but to keep on expecting. I spent many years as a walking gentleman of society in Washington, and many more in wandering to and fro in Europe; but at length, when actually within hail of forty, I found myself once more with my legs under the mahogany of my club; and with nothing to pay for the good things about it, but what came out of the pockets of a tough and somewhat peremptory old man.

"He had never before insisted upon my marrying, for he had remained in constant expectation of the occurrence taking place through my own connivance.

"Indeed, it had been his business for many years to interpose gently between me and the catastrophe, suggesting now that I did not know enough of the lady, and again that I knew too much, and so forth. The fact is, I had never been without expectations of that sort; always voluntarily abandoned, till my first crop of gray hairs appeared. After this the difficulty was on the side of the lady, and I was at length so much disgusted by the unreasonableness of the sex that I determined to live and die a bachelor.

"Just after arriving at this conclusion I received a letter from my uncle, which I can repeat from memory, as it was short, and to the purpose.

"Dear Nephew: I am glad to hear of what you call the vacancy in your heart, as you will thus have no difficulty in fulfilling my wishes and obeying my solemn injunctions. You have promised several times to marry, and you must now do so. I never interfered with your choice, and you are not to interfere with mine. The widow and heiress of my old comrade Flint is in the market. Our estates run into each other in such a way that you might comprise them both in the same ring fence.

"She is a healthy woman, and not too young, and the arrangement is that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy you."

"If she could fancy me! The widow of old Flint, and a healthy woman indeed. That touch was horrible. I thought my uncle must have intended it to try the extent of my loyalty, and I do not know that I had ever a fit of more bitter reflections than while conjuring up the idea it conveyed."

Here the lion paused and wiped his forehead. An old maid bridled and tossed her head as much as to say that in her opinion the like of him was not so mighty a catch for ladies beyond their girlhood; while a young maid trusted, sympathizingly, that as aged men have sometimes youthful wives, the case might not have turned out so very dreadful after all.

"That," said Mr. Winston, "did not fail to occur to me, and it gave me considerable comfort, for owing, I suppose, to the idle life I had led, I had not yet got rid of the ideas of romance that are so unfit for mature years like mine. It was one thing to indulge my despair in old bachelorhood and quite another to carry my broken heart into the domestic society of an old woman. I confess I did hope that Mrs. Flint owed her good condition at least to some lingering remains of youth; but a second letter from my uncle, in reply to my remonstrances, dissipated at once the fond illusion, by informing me that the widow's family could be no possible objection, the only daughter being well married.

"There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditations from the lady to the estate; and if I thought of the ring at all, to fancy it within a ring fence. But the affair could not be slept over any longer, and I set out for my uncle's residence, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans. In due time I arrived at the little town of Lennox, distant only a few miles from my destination. And here—"

"Never mind the little town," interrupted the old maid. "Come to the residence at once, and let us hear about the introduction and how the lady looked."

"Healthy, I hope," said the young maid with a sneer, fixing her eyes of beautiful contempt on the lion.

"Ladies," said Mr. Winston, in a tone of depression, "it is natural that I should wish to linger for a moment at this crisis of my fate, and besides it was at Lennox I heard—and with cruel suddenness—of a circumstance connected with my intended which made me at first determine to rush back to Washington, and, if necessary, take to street sweeping, authorship, or any other desperate resource rather than marry that Mrs. Flint.

"I was passing a half-open door in the hotel when I heard a female voice addressing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising generation.

"It shall go," said the voice, "and so it shall, to its own gran—granny—grannyma; to its own—own—own grannyma; that it shall, so it shall—won't it, I wonder?—to its own Grannyma Flint!"

"Only think what my feelings must have been on thus learning, and the fact was confirmed the next minute by the landlord, in reply to my hurried questions, that my intended, old, and healthy bride was an absolute grandmother—Grandmother Flint.

"I intended to have gone on at once to my uncle's place, but that was now impossible. My agitated mind demanded repose. A night's reflections were

necessary to arm me with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace; and engaging a bed at the hotel I went out to walk. The direction of my walk was not chosen without a motive, for I knew that from the summit of a low hill, at a mile's distance, I should obtain a view of the residence of my intended, and I felt that if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widow, it would be the spectacle of her imposing mansion, seated in a park which is a very paradise of beauty.

"Every step I advanced reconciled me more and more to the old lady; and when I saw the glancing of a trout stream through the trees, I thought even of a professor without disgust. But just at this moment a sound broke upon my senses which disturbed me with recent and disagreeable associations; it was the squeal of a child, and whisked off my thoughts at once to a hale, hearty, long-living grandmother. Visions of canes and snuff boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ear, and, worse than all, the glances of matrimonial love from the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood.

"How different were the sights and sounds of reality as I turned the corner of a clump of trees. The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grassy knoll, fighting up with its little clenched fists and crowing with all its might, while bending over it, with eyes brimful of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching kisses from its brow, and seizing its neck with her lips as if she would throttle it, there knelt a young woman. And such a young woman! I did not think she could have been quite thirty."

"Thirty! The old creature!" exclaimed the young maid.

"The girl was probably a nursemaid," remarked the old maid.

"She was neither an old creature nor a girl," said the lion in a "king-of-the-forest" tone, "but a woman in the very prime and glory of her years. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her dishevelled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders; but a visible diadem sat on her queenly brow, just as a voice of peremptory command was felt in her light, joyous, leaping laugh. There was a fearless self-possession in her manner, such as years superadd to the feminine softness of youth; and her features, originally moulded in wax, were now as firm, yet as exquisitely fine, as if they had been cut in the semi-transparent marble of Paros.

"While feasting on the beautiful picture formed by the mother and her child—surely that must have been the relationship?—a little incident occurred to disturb its grouping. The child, with a louder squeal of delight, and a more vigorous kick of its limbs, suddenly rolled down the knoll, crowing as it went; and the lady, with a playful yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod. Before she could get up I had sprung from my ambush, caught up the truant as it lay half smothered in clover and buttercups, and presented the prize to the flushed and startled mother. Such was my introduction to—to—"

"Not to Mrs. Flint!" said the old maid with severity. "You forget that you are now a married man."

The young girl was tearing absently the petals of a narcissus, and, looking up with a forgiving sigh into the face of the narrator, said softly: "But you were not married then."

"To describe the conversation of this fascinating woman," continued the gentleman, "is impossible. She was not a woman of society, yet perfectly well bred. She had spent the greater part of her life in the country, inhaling health of mind as well as body from the pure air of heaven, yet with occasional visits to, and occasional visitors from, the great cities, enabled her, with the assistance of books, in the good old-fashioned sense of the term, and the magazines of the day, to keep pace with the progress of the world.

"I do not know how it was, but our acquaintanceship seemed to be ready-made, and when at last I mentioned my uncle's name she had no difficulty in remembering that respectable friend of Mrs. Flint. At the word I started as vio-

lently as if she had thrown the old lady's grandchild at my head; and the beautiful stranger looked at me with surprise and curiosity.

"You know Mrs. Flint?" said I.

"Yes."

"What—old Mrs. Flint?"

"Yes."

"Grandmother Flint?"

"Yes."

"How do you like the individual?"

"I sympathize with her, for I too—"

"And breaking off with a sigh, she held up the fairest hand in the world, so as to show a widow's ring. I had not observed the peculiarity in her slight mourning, but now saw that she, too, was a widow—a young and charming widow—and that the infant (which was now alternately in her arms and mine) was the pledge of a love extinguished in the grave. She was free—this lovely young woman; and I was about to be chained for life to Grandmother Flint. She saw my agitation, but of course could not comprehend its cause.

"Come," said she, with an angelic smile, 'I see you do not like my venerable friend, but I am determined to reconcile you to her. She is a grandmother; it is true, and therefore not so young as she has been; but she wears well—she is indeed particularly healthy, and thus, if you form a friendship for her, it is likely to last for many years.'

"That is the misery," said I; 'that is the misery! If she were but like other old women—if she were but liable to the common diseases of grandmothers, my fate might be endurable.'

"Your fate? What has your fate to do with the longevity of Mrs. Flint?"

"I am only going to be married to her, that's all," and the absurd announcement was no sooner out of my lips than the fair stranger broke into peals of laughter, that to my ears, at the inauspicious moment, sounded like the screams of an evil spirit.

"Pardon me," said she, endeavoring to compose herself; 'I am far too giddy for a—' and the widow kissed her orphan child. 'But the idea of a marriage between you and Mrs. Flint is really too ridiculous. You appear to be compelled to the sacrifice by circumstances; but has the old lady given her consent?'

"Her consent! oh, let her alone for that; it is not so often that a fellow like me comes in the way of a grandmother. There is no hope of her refusing me; and if I refuse her, I may as well hang myself up on one of those trees.'

"Why adopt such an alternative? Although probably dependent on fortune, you are not too old to work and to struggle. If you will not allow poor aged Mrs. Flint to enrich you, there are fortunes in the world still to be made by the adventurous and the industrious.'

"Give me a motive," cried I suddenly, 'and I will both dare and suffer. I can not toil for so poor a meed as fortune, but place in the distance something worthy of my efforts, something rich enough to reward them, something—'

"What?" said she innocently.

"Love!" cried I in desperation; and before she could prevent me I had caught hold of her hand and covered it with kisses."

"Upon my word!" interrupted the old maid. "This from a married man—from the husband of Mrs. Flint!"

"But he was not married then," whispered the young girl softly.

"Since you are displeased with such details," pursued the gentleman, "I shall pass them over. Let it suffice that I spent several hours with the lovely widow; that I saw—clearly saw—that in a little time I might gain her affections. At last I bade her adieu, extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs. Flint, and that when I called at the house she would see me alone, that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and me."



The child, with a louder squeal of delight, and a more vigorous kick of its limbs, suddenly rolled down the knoll crouching as it went; and the lady, with a playful yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod.

"Pray what was the lady's name?" said the girl, as the lion paused.

"I never thought of asking."

"How could you tell that she lived with Mrs. Flint?"

"I don't know. I took it into my head, and it happened that I was right."

"Under all circumstances you seem to have made wonderful progress in so short a time."

"Time is merely a relative word. An hour is occasionally as long as a day or a month; and a month, under other circumstances, passes as quickly as a day or an hour. The widow and I became better acquainted during the single interview I have described than we should have done in the course of a hundred meetings in ordinary society. But to proceed. I found my revered uncle in a very bad temper, as he had expected me the day before; and matters were not mended when I mentioned frankly some misgivings I had on the score of domestic happiness.

"Domestic fiddlesticks!" cried he. "What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife—and a healthy woman to boot—come of a long-winded and hardy race, and as likely as not to lay you beside my old friend Flint?"

"She is a grandmother already; does not that look well?" I laughed nervously.

"You do not think her too young?" and the old gentleman grinned. I made another spasmodic contortion.

"Then what ails you at her—more especially since you tell me that there is a vacancy in your heart? But here comes a letter from the ancient one.' And tearing open a large old-fashioned missive, presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:

"My Dear Sir: I am told that your nephew has arrived, and as he has been reported upon favorably by one who saw him yesterday, and on whose taste and judgment I can rely, I am tempted to say, with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. I am truly grateful for the many flattering things I am told he said of me, and I hope one day or other he will find them all realized. My dearest grandchild sends a pretty little kiss to you both, and with best regards, I remain as usual,

'GRANDMOTHER FLINT.'

"There!" cried the old gentleman with odious triumph. "There is a spirit for you. Why, you donkey, you will be as happy as the day is long."

"I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were brooding bitterly over the treachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise, and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embarrassing by persuading the wretched grandmother that I had been such an ass as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness, and infirmities. It was clear that she was a jilt; that she had only been laughing at my admiration, and that she was now determined to extract further amusement from my calamities. I resolved, however, to die game, and telling my uncle that, although well acquainted with Mrs. Flint from report, I desired to see her personally before coming to a final decision, I threw myself on horseback and galloped straight to my fate.

"It was my intention to have asked for Mrs. Flint, but the wily widow was on her guard, for as the door opened I heard her call to the servant, in her silveriest tones, 'Show the gentleman here,' and in another minute I stood once more in the presence of the unknown of my recent adventure. I found her more beautiful, better dressed, younger than the day before; and as I saw, with keen appreciation, the treasure I was about to lose for ever, my resentment died away, and deep choking grief took its place.

"You forgot your promise," said I; "you made a sport of my misery."

"What could I say when questioned?" replied she sweetly. "But what misery do you allude to? The misery of marrying a grandmother?"

"When my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you, for you are as incapable of passion as a statue. You could never have loved even your husband."

"You are in some degree wrong; yet I was so young when I was married—only sixteen—that I looked upon my husband more as a guardian than as a lover. I was not quite seventeen when I became a mother."

"Is it possible? That is not a great while ago."

"Greater than you perhaps suppose, for a sound constitution and salubrious air are very deceitful. Would you take me to be well on to thirty-five?"

"What became of your child?" cried I suddenly.

"We all marry young in our family," replied the widow, hanging her head. 'It was my daughter's child,' she continued, looking up at me with the most beautiful blush that ever flushed the cheeks of a girl, 'which you gathered yesterday from among the clover and buttercups; and I am Grandmother Flint.'"

THE DISCRIMINATION OF ST. JOSEPH

By Miriam Cruikshank

"IT'S a beastly hole," said Miss Endicott. She poked the fire savagely, and a flame shot up, lighting for an instant the odd little room, with its rough, dark walls, and scanty furnishings.

"Possibly," agreed Mrs. Farnham, politely, "but please don't set fire to the cabin. Consider the discomfort of being houseless in this weather. Besides, Carol, you know I warned you."

"Oh, I know. You told me you had bought a two by four cabin, on top the mountains. You said that it was quieter than the proverbial grave. You hinted at a neighboring boarding house, where there were women—the sort of women who find their back hair an encumbrance; enjoy lectures and belong to the Chautauqua Society. You mentioned that the view was unusually fine—and I never look at views. You declared that there were no men under seventy who were unattached, but I didn't believe you. I never believe that sort of thing until convinced by my own eyes. Then you see I had staid at the Fells' as long as decency permitted; I had to go somewhere, and—" wheedlingly—"I always enjoy being with you; but I didn't know, I didn't dream it was like this."

"You will feel better when it clears," said Mrs. Farnham, resignedly.

"I do not think it will ever clear," said Miss Endicott. She moved languidly across the narrow floor space, and stopped in front of the window. The wind lashed the tree branches against the side of the cabin; the vines clambering over the high veranda, were sagged and dripping, while torrents of muddy water gushed down the mountain roadside. "Does that look like clearing?" she went on tragically. "Really, Meg, this last whim of yours is beyond me. A woman with your complexion, and the prerogatives of a widow to be buried in a hole like this! I don't believe all the patrons of matrimony in the saint's calendar could help you out."

"Ruth," said Mrs. Farnham to a flaxen-haired bit of humanity cutting paper dolls, "don't you want to make tea for Cousin Carol and me? It's too stormy to expect any one to come in, but we will enjoy it."

Ruth slid, obediently, down from the window seat, and Miss Endicott watched the little departing figure, with a faint gleam of amusement in her hazel eyes.

"Are you afraid for your daughter, Meg? I had an idea that I had succeeded in placing my words a trifle beyond the comprehension of a baby—even when that baby is yours."

"Ruth is ten," said Mrs. Farnham, "and having spent her life with older people, takes in more than most children do. Then you must admit that you say awfully queer things, Carol. As for getting married, I am perfectly contented

as I am, and if you are so anxious to enter the rather doubtful blessedness of that state, why not accept Aleck Harrington? He has been ready and waiting, to my positive knowledge, for the past five years, and you would at least be saved the necessity of counting pennies, and spending your surplus time in the cabin."

"It isn't matrimony I am courting," said Miss Endicott, "at least not in the sense you mean. It is easy enough to get married, but it isn't easy to marry the kind of man one would like. Money isn't everything."

"You are the last woman in the world I should suspect of being romantic," said Mrs. Farnham, as she drew the tea table closer to the fire, and began setting out the cups. "You surely haven't any idea that you will meet the right man up here, have you? Remember, I warned you that there wasn't a young man in the place, unattached, except Simon, who brings the water. I am sorry, however," she concluded, hastily, as Ruth, tea kettle in hand, appeared in the doorway, "that you don't like the cabin. I think it is a dear little spot, and then—" sighing faintly, "it is so cheap."

"Oh, I don't object to the cabin," crossly, "though I think if it were plastered and weather-boarded, it would suit the climate better. It's the everlasting rain, and the society—or rather lack of it. I—there are two people at the gate, and one—yes, it is—one is a man. Blessed be St. Joseph!"

"It's Miss Elsie Landis," said Ruth, her flaxen head stuck under Miss Endicott's arm. "Who's St. Joseph, Cousin Carol? Mr. Willard is with her, Mother, and they're just soaked. I'll let them in." She darted across the room, with a swift bird-like motion, and opened the door, letting in a gust of wind and rain.

Miss Endicott shivered and turned away from the window, just as the sound of footsteps was heard on the veranda, and a gay girlish voice called out: "Have you any shelter for tramps, Mrs. Farnham? We started out, thinking clear weather was due, and got caught in this awful downpour." The speaker, a little elfish-looking thing, in her short, drenched skirts, and stout walking boots, stepped into the fire-lit houseplace, holding out two small, cold hands for Mrs. Farnham's welcoming clasp.

"I trust we are not intruding," came a deeper, more hesitating voice from the veranda. The owner of the voice lowered an umbrella after a brief struggle, and entered the house, closing the door carefully behind him. "I hope you have not forgotten me, Mrs. Farnham," he continued, a shy but brilliant smile illumining for an instant his dark rugged face.

"Indeed, I have not." Mrs. Farnham had released the girl's hands and turned toward him. "Mr. Willard is not so easily forgotten. Come right up to the fire, both of you. Ruth was just about to give us some tea. I want you to meet my cousin, Miss Endicott. Carol, you must let me present Miss Landis, who is one of our nearest neighbors, and Mr. Willard. You admired one of Mr. Willard's pictures at the Academy last winter, I remember."

"And rejoice now in the opportunity to tell Mr. Willard how deep that enjoyment and admiration were," said Miss Endicott, extending a gracious little hand. Her greeting to Miss Landis had been of the most conventional sort. This little storm-draggled creature, who did not possess a good feature except her big, heavy-lashed green eyes, was not even a worthy foe, but a man—and that man an artist of no mean repute, was a different matter.

She went back to the low easy chair at one side of the hearth, conscious that she looked better in a lounging attitude than most women. She put up a Japanese fan to screen her face from the firelight, and rejoiced in the graceful folds of her white woolen gown, and the lissom curves of the figure it displayed to so much advantage. There were worse things, after all, than leaving Newport in early September, to come to a quiet little mountain resort, she mused, watching Willard furtively from under her lashes. Meg always made a delightful chaperon, she remembered, with belated gratitude, for Mrs. Farnham was chatting volubly with Elsie Landis on the other side of the fire, interrupting herself now and then, to call instructions to Ruth, who, delighted with the addition to the party, was pouring tea, with much enthusiasm.

Willard leaned awkwardly against the side of the mantel-piece; he was a tall man, who gave one the impression of never having got used to the length of his own arms and legs; he stooped slightly, and just now his head was thrust forward, while his big, bright brown eyes peered near-sightedly at Miss Endicott through his huge gold-rimmed glasses. She was very handsome, he thought. He liked the contrast between her hair that was more red than brown, yet took on dusky tints in the shadows, and the dead white of her skin. He would have liked to paint her as she sat there, but he would never have dreamed of telling her so. He took the cup of tea, that Ruth brought him, and stirred it reflectively.

"Are you up here working, or simply getting atmosphere?" asked Miss Endicott softly. Willard started so that he nearly dropped his cup. He had been thinking of her as a study for the past five minutes, and it hadn't occurred to him that she would talk. He was not much given to conversation, and Elsie Landis, whom he knew better than most women, made few demands of this nature upon him.

"I am s-supposed to be working," he said in his halting way. "I s-stay here most of the t-time, you know. It's a beautiful place, and I live out of doors." He did not add that Elsie Landis was usually with him; somehow he hesitated to talk about Elsie Landis to this stately young goddess. He let his eyes wander for an instant from the clear profile beside him to the little wind-blown figure opposite.

Elsie had taken off her hat and the firelight played on her tumbled dark hair and small, pale face as she chatted merrily to Mrs. Farnham over her bread and butter. She had lost some of her elfishness in the warmth of the room, still—Willard made an impatient movement, and Carol Endicott's soft voice fell soothingly on his ear.

"Then I actually have a chance to see you at work. It's a piece of good fortune I had never dared hope for," her smile was almost caressing. "There's a bit of valley down this way," she moved her head ever so little, "that I should love to see on canvas."

"I wish you would show it to me," said Willard. He was startled at his own temerity; strange girls usually frightened him. Mrs. Farnham, glancing across the tea-table, frowned. It was too bad in Carol, she thought. She would do anything for admiration, and she and Willard could scarcely have an idea in common. She wondered if Elsie Landis noticed how things were going; Elsie was no fool, and it was generally conceded that she was very much in love with Willard. She wondered if Willard realized that he was being drawn out. He had apparently forgotten his shyness and his stammer, and was talking in low, enthusiastic tones, while Carol, with her white lids drooping, smiled, and listened.

"It's wonderful how she does it," Mrs. Farnham made the admission grudgingly, "but I wish she would let him alone." Miss Landis put her cup on the table, and got up suddenly.

"There is a lull in the storm, Fred. Don't you think we had better take advantage of it?" There was a new sharpness in her tone, and she began tugging fiercely at her damp jacket, putting Mrs. Farnham's feeble protests aside.

"I am at your s-service," stammered Willard. The glow and fire were gone in an instant. He politely assisted her with her jacket, and went obediently for their umbrella and sticks. As he opened the door, a great wave of light broke through the grim blackness of the afternoon, and touched the dew-tipped trees on the neighboring peaks and distant valleys with a pale yellow glow. Willard stood as one transfixed, then his eye sought Miss Endicott's. Her lips were parted, her cheeks flushed. "Oh!" she breathed, and they smiled, as if in perfect understanding.

Mrs. Farnham watched her visitors out of the gate, then she went back into the cabin, and shut the door with some unnecessary vigor.

"That's such a suitable thing," she said, and the line of her lips had tightened, "he's not the sort to get rich, but she has plenty for both, and then they are so congenial." Miss Endicott raised her eyebrows.

"Where did you get that dear little Japanese print, Meg? I am sure I have never seen it before," she said.

* * *

"It will last another week or so, I suppose," said Mrs. Farnham. Ruth was

putting her paper family to bed in the corner, and Miss Endicott was pinning on her hat in front of the mirror.

"I tell you, Meg, you are entirely mistaken. He is different."

"So were they all—at first," murmured Mrs. Farnham.

"I have never known any man like him," said Miss Endicott. She turned away from the mirror, her eyes were dreamy, her cheeks pink.

"You met him on Tuesday," pursued Mrs. Farnham, stonily. "You showed him a view on Thursday, which I am positive you had never looked at yourself before. Sunday afternoon you sat on the lawn with him and discussed aerial and isometrical perspective—whatever they may mean, and I don't believe you know light from shade. This is Tuesday again, and you are going driving with him. What do you suppose Elsie Landis thinks of it all?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Endicott, and she picked up her gloves.

"He has been attentive to her for five years. Most people think they are to be married at Christmas—or they did think so before you came."

Miss Endicott fastened the clasp of her glove with a snap. As she moved toward the door Ruth, who had tucked in the last paper child, looked at her admiringly.

"You always have such pretty things, Cousin Carol," she said. "I do love that dear little chain." The dainty bauble hung over Carol's blouse, and she looked down at it with a guilty start.

"Oh, that," she said, "I meant to put it inside." She caught at it nervously, and the chain snapped and fell at her feet, while a small glittering object flew into space. Miss Endicott gave a little gasping cry—

"It's my 'St. Joseph.' Do catch it, Ruth."

"Your what—?" said Mrs. Farnham.

"My 'St. Joseph.' I have it to help me find my affinity. Oh! Ruth don't say you can't find it. It must be among your dolls. Please look again, dear." Carol was down on her knees among the heap of papers, with Ruth, wide eyed and interested, beside her, while Mrs. Farnham exclaimed:

"For a grown woman, Carol, you are simply absurd. I never heard of such nonsense except among school girls."

"You are always sneering," Miss Endicott was almost tearful. "There is Mr. Willard now. Ruth, dearie, if you will only find it—"

"What's a finity?" queried Ruth.

"I will give you that little blue ring, you like so much, and—"

"Mother won't let me wear it; she says I am too little for rings. What's a finity, Cousin Carol?"

"If you please, Miss Carol, Mr. Willard's waitin'." The small mountain maid, frowzy and interested, stood in the doorway.

"What's a finity, Cousin Carol?" repeated Ruth.

"Oh, some one who—Yes, Meg, I am going down, and I'll ask him in for tea, so please have it hot, and—good-bye."

"You look like the spirit of the hills," said Willard abruptly, about an hour later. They had been driving almost in silence for several miles along the hard mountain road, skirted with gorgeous autumnal foliage. At his words Carol turned toward him, a great light in her eyes, but she did not speak. Few women knew so well when not to talk as she. "I should like to paint you, just as you are, in your white dress, with the yellow glow on your hair, and all the great wood-covered hills behind you." He bent toward her, his face white and tense. "I did not think, I would ever tell you this—God knows I have not business to—but—" his voice broke, and he put out one long, brown hand, and touched hers, as it lay on her lap. "I should like to paint you because—Oh, I can not—I can not," he finished lamely.

The hand under his stirred ever so little—like a bird nestling close to the shelter of its nest. "Tell me," said Miss Endicott, and her voice was very soft and sweet.

"I want to paint you," he said, "because I want something—something real

tangible, something that is part of you—something that I can keep, when I can never see you any more—for I love you, Carol—love you—love you, and I am mad to tell you so.” Miss Endicott drew a little nearer. Her eyes glowed like stars struggling through misty clouds from under the haze of lashes.

“Not mad,” she said, “Oh, not mad—but very, very sane.”

* * *

“It’s ridiculous,” said Mrs. Farnham, “I don’t understand you, Carol, You have only known him a week, and to be engaged! It is positively indecent. What about Elsie Landis?”

“I don’t see why you drag her in,” crossly; “she is not engaged to Mr. Willard.”

“Humph! Possibly not—now. It puts me in a very embarrassing position. She has always come here so intimately. If you want to get married, why not marry Aleck Harrington?”

“You asked me that before. We haven’t an idea in common. He is so material.”

“It is a comfortable characteristic in a husband. You are the last woman in the world to live on sentiment. Where did you get hold of this affinity business?”

“Did you find the finity, Cousin Carol?” broke in Ruth.

“Cousin Carol thinks she has, which is much the same thing. Now, Ruth, run away and play. Yes, you may go for a walk, but don’t stray too far.” Ruth left the veranda reluctantly. Her world was upside down, her mother was worried and Cousin Carol had displayed a disposition to be cross since the day before yesterday. She would go to see Miss Elsie, who was never cross and only occasionally worried. Perhaps she would tell her a story.

She crossed the patch of lawn at the side of the house, and something glittered in the grass at her feet.

“It’s a gold dollar,” said Ruth; “one that fell out of the pot of gold at the other end of the rainbow.” She stopped and picked it up. It was not a gold dollar, but a tiny gilt “St. Joseph,” a little the worse for the dewy resting place, but still shining.

“It’s Cousin Carol’s,” mused Ruth; “the one she had to help her find the finity. I’d take it back to her only—” she paused reflectively. “She’s got the finity now, and probably wouldn’t give me the little blue ring. I’ll put it in my pocket, and maybe—” she suited the action to the words, and walked on still considering.

Thus it came about that the “St. Joseph” lay in a shallow, apron pocket for the next half hour, while the owner of the apron sat in a hammock and listened, with breathless interest, to a wonderful story of fairies and elves told by a slip of a girl, with a white pinched face, and big green eyes that were heavy with unshed tears. When the story was ended Ruth got up to go, the hammock gave a sudden lurch, and the charm jumped from her pocket, slipped through one of the meshes and lay on the ground unheeded. There it was found by Miss Landis a few hours later, and she picked it up, much puzzled.

“I suppose Ruth must have dropped it,” she thought. “I wonder what it is. I’ll give it to her when she comes again.” She looked about her meditatively, and her eye fell on a shallow flap pocket in her short woolen walking skirt. “I never have found any use for this thing before,” she went on, “but I believe it is big enough for Ruth’s toy.” Then for a second time that day the “patron of affinities” found oblivion in a feminine pocket.

It lay there during the next few weeks, forgotten, while Ruth made mud pies on the road leading to the cabin. Elsie Landis wept for sheer loneliness on her solitary walks; Mrs. Farnham railed at the cross purposes of humanity, and Willard, with the masculine faculty for enjoying to-day, walked straight into fairyland, with Carol Endicott’s eyes to light the way.

When October turned cold and stormy, the hotel and boarding houses closed and the colony of cottagers dwindled one by one. Mrs. Farnham noted the flight of time with an inward relief.

"Ruth's school has already opened; I would like to go back to town this week," she ventured one morning at breakfast. "I hope you don't mind, Carol?"

"Not at all," said Miss Endicott, cheerfully. "It's rather dull here now, anyhow. I'll ask Fred to-day if he can't be ready to go down with us by the day after to-morrow." She broached the matter to Willard when he came for their customary walk that afternoon, and was more than amazed at the way he took her suggestion.

"I couldn't think of leaving here now," he said, "for I shall do my best work during the next six weeks. I never cared much for the city, and I certainly expect to live here most of the year, after we are married."

"Here in the winter? You must be joking, Fred. We should die of loneliness."

"I should not, and neither would you. Don't be absurd, Carol. A poor artist's wife is not supposed to shine in society." They argued the point for half an hour—then they quarreled; after which they parted at Mrs. Farnham's gate, with dignified politeness.

Miss Endicott went up to her own room, and packed her trunks with an energy born of the recent fray. When she reached the final tray, Mrs. Farnham, who had come in, offered her assistance, which was declined.

"I suppose you will not be surprised to hear that my engagement is broken?" said Miss Endicott.

"I am never surprised at anything," said Mrs. Farnham. "Am I permitted to ask how it happened?"

"It was a mistake from the beginning, as my 'St. Joseph' proved by leaving me. I do not believe I have an affinity—"

"Yes—?" interrogatively.

"So I have decided to go home—" here she closed the trunk and locked it, "and marry Aleck Harrington. I promised him I would, if I didn't find—the other you know."

"I see," said Mrs. Farnham, and she went out softly.

Meanwhile Willard, who was in a very bad humor, walked away from the cabin alone. He told himself that he had made a great mistake, but he did not realize that he was not entirely to blame. At a turn in the road he found Elsie Landis sitting in a huddled heap under a tree, because she had twisted her ankle. It was not a terrible nor unprecedented accident, but Willard, who never read novels, was impressed by it.

He got down on his knees beside her, and begged to know if she were dead. Having been reassured on this point, he insisted upon carrying her home. Whereupon an argument ensued, during which he said many things that would have surprised Miss Endicott had she heard them, but which were in the end eminently satisfactory and convincing to Miss Landis.

When the dusk had deepened and the stars were beginning to twinkle two people went slowly down the road together, and behind them a battered and worn "St. Joseph" lay in the grass by the roadside, his mission in life accomplished.



The MEDITERRANEAN *of* AMERICA

VIEWS ON PUGET SOUND

JOHN MUIR, the American naturalist most appreciative of the beauties which he dissects and classifies, calls Puget Sound the "Mediterranean of America." He says:

"It is in many respects one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the world. The natural wealth and commercial advantages have been quickly recognized, and the cause of the activity prevailing here is not far to seek.

"Vancouver long before civilization touched these shores spoke of it in terms of unstinted praise. His description of the scenery—Mts. Baker, Rainier, St. Helens, etc.—were as enthusiastic as those of the most eager landscape lover of the present day, when scenery is in fashion. To describe the beauties of this region will on some future occasion be a very grateful task for the pen of a skilled panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the immeasurable, pleasing landscape, and the abundant fertility that unassisted Nature puts forth, requires only to be en-

riched by the industry of man, with villages, mansions, cottages and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined. The labor of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded in the bounties which Nature seems ready to bestow on cultivation."

"The Sound region has a fine, fresh, clean climate, well washed both winter and summer with copious rains, and swept with winds and clouds that come from the mountains and the seas. Every hidden nook in the depths of the woods is searched and re-searched, leaving no stagnant air; beaver meadows and lake basins, and low and willowy bogs, all are kept wholesome and sweet the year around. Clouds and sunshine alternate in bracing cheerful succession, and health and abundance follow the storm. The outer sea margin is sublimely dashed and drenched with ocean brine, the spicy scud sweeping at times far inland over the bending woods, the giant trees, waving and chancing in hearty accord as if surely enjoying it all."



Puget Sound.



Mt. Baker from Puget Sound.



A quiet cove on Puget Sound.



The timber line on Mt. Baker.



Monte Cristo Mountains.



A railroad in the fir timber.



In the heart of the Cascades.



Twin Peaks of Mt. Baker.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER JETTY

By Kathrynne Wilson

Editor's Note.—The public improvement most urgently demanded on the Pacific Coast to-day is the opening of the Columbia River to any ship that floats. The cry is for a forty-foot channel over the bar at the mouth. This can be obtained effectively only by a system of jetties which break the current and the force of the waves along the shore, giving the river an opportunity to scoop out a channel for itself, through the sand accumulated at its mouth. The present interest in pushing the work already well along has been aroused in the people of Portland by James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, who said at a dinner given in his honor at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, that he would send a fleet of vessels up the Columbia when there was a channel there of forty feet. Mr. Hill's interest is real, for he can only get the most out of the railroad he is building down the north bank of the Columbia River by having it connect with his own boats in the Oriental trade.

FOR twenty-three miles on either side the mouth of the Columbia River the ocean beach, bed and spits are of exceedingly fine sand, readily susceptible to the shifting action of winds, currents, surf, tides and the flow of the river. In another locality, this fact might not be especially significant, but at this particular spot it means much, for the Pacific Ocean is a violently turbulent body of water, agitated

for many days at a time by the heaviest and severest of storms, which, coming largely from the south-

**What Causes
the Bar**

west in the winter, are accompanied by extremely heavy seas, probably equaled on few of the coasts of the world. In fact, the sea that is rated "smooth" by coast pilots here, is rougher than that of the Atlantic under half-gale conditions. The lighter summer winds from the north-west, on the other hand, usually degener-



Hoisting rock upon flat cars.



Shore end of the Columbia River jetty.

ate into ground swells, producing enormous and incessant breakers. The rise and fall of the tide is about 7.4 feet ordinarily, while the discharge from the river is estimated at 300,000 cubic feet per second. It is evident, therefore, that great volumes of fine sand, subjected to all of these conditions would result in enormous deposits that would be a great menace to the passage of vessels up the river.

This is, indeed, the case. Extending across the mouth of the river, a wide, tidal estuary, and choking up its principal channel, is the troublesome sandbar, whose

History of the Bar

depth and position below the surface of the water has varied in a remarkable degree from time to time. The rough chart of Admiral Vancouver, made in 1792 and not absolutely correct, shows the bar to average 26 feet in depth, but Sir Edward Belcher's survey in 1839 gave the bar at depths of from 6 to 30 feet, with a channel of 33 to 84 feet. This channel at first ran around the northern point of the bar, but in 1851 had veered to the south. In 1882 it had again moved northward and extended almost due west, with an accumulation of sand on the bar at an average depth of 15 feet at mean low water. The fluctuating tendencies of the current and the unstable condition of the entrance are thus ex-

emplified. From 1838 to 1888 the gorge of the channel had moved northward three miles.

These movements were due to the prevailing northerly drift of the currents carrying the sands across the entrance and depositing them on the spits already in existence there. Being dispersed to the left also by currents, they piled up to form Clatsop Spit, which gradually encroached on the channel, forming it northward.

Most of the sand thus shifted, it is believed, while due somewhat to coast disintegration, is derived from an early discharge of the river. It has now, however, almost ceased, and the shifting is probably of sands already in existence between Tillamook Head on the south and Mackenzie Head on the north.

In 1882 a board of engineers prepared a project for the improvement of the entrance under authority of the Act of Con-

gress of August 2, 1882. This project provided for a jetty to be built out from Point Adams, running northwesterly across Clatsop Spit toward Cape Disappointment. By building such an obstruction diagonally out into the river and thus narrowing the area of discharge at the mouth, it was proposed to divert the water into the deepest channel, and, creating a strong current westward,



View of the Columbia River jetty from the shore.

cause it to carry off the deposited sands and also exert a counter force against the lateral currents of the ocean which carried the sand northward. In this way the sands would be deposited on either side of the channel around Cape Disappointment and Clatsop Spit respectively, and the bar already formed be washed away, giving a clear channel of 40 feet depth at low tide. Such an improvement would assure an easy passage for deep sea vessels into the harbor.

The project was approved and its construction begun in 1885, but owing to lack of appropriations, continued but slowly until 1889, when it was pushed more rapidly. As the construction proceeded, the channel swung north once more, and the water over the bar increased to 31 feet in 1895—the greatest depth it has ever attained.

The jetty proper consists of huge blocks of stone, weighing 167 pounds to the cubic foot, deposited between supporting piles, where it is dumped from flat-cars run out over a tramway built on the piles. The action of the diverted current makes a further deposit of sand between and around the rocks, and thus forms a solid abutment against which the force of the waves may spend itself. Originally, rush mats were used as a foundation for the rock, but latterly these have been discarded, and nothing but rock employed.

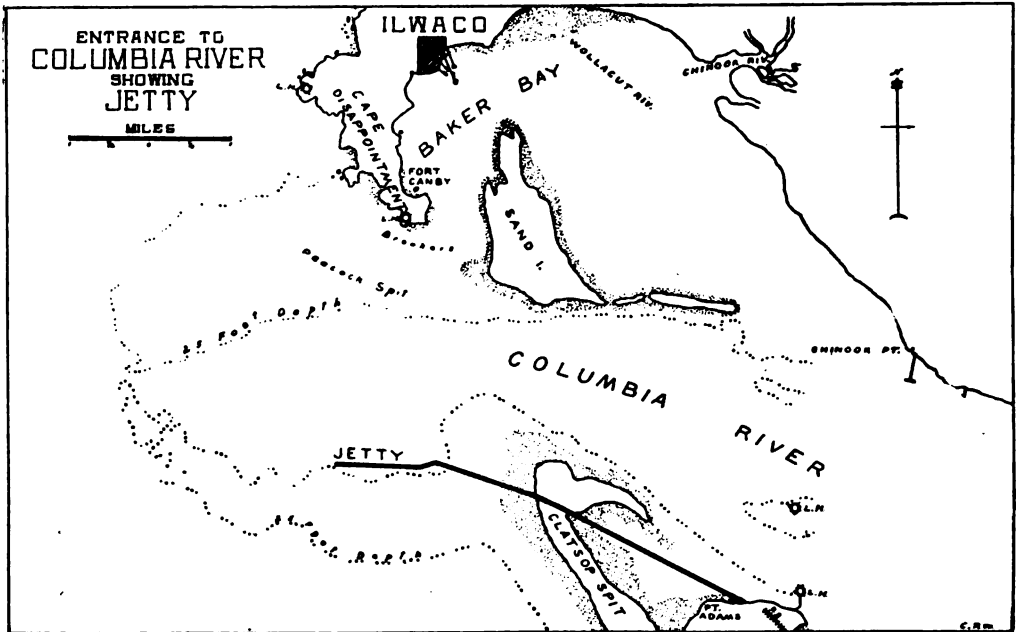
Building the Jetty

The original project of 1882 called for a jetty on the south side of the river about four and one-half miles long, built to low water level. This was modified in 1892 to practically a mid-tide depth, extending ten feet above mean low water for one and one-eighth miles from shore and sloping to a height of four feet at the outer end. This depth was not maintained, however, and the jetty is now a little over low-tide depth.

The four and one-half miles required were completed in 1896 to full height, with the addition of four low-tide groins built out from the sides of the jetty 1,000, 1,000, 600, and 500 feet long respectively. These groins were to facilitate the deposit of sand on the rocks of the jetty. Up to this time the jetty had cost \$1,958,602.09, instead of the \$3,710,000 estimated by the original board. The ten years' work had resulted in an increased depth across the bar of 11 feet, the water reaching 31 feet at low tide.

Since 1896, however, surveys have shown a persistent lessening of this depth to the great detriment of shipping interests on the Columbia. In 1899 it measured 28 feet, and now measures 24 feet.

The result of such a lowering in depth was a severe tax upon the shipping interests of the port. It brought about an urgent and just demand for immediate relief, and dredging was resorted to. Permanently to overcome the difficulty, Major W. C. Langfitt, Corps of Engi-



Mouth of the Columbia River, showing the jetty.

neers, United States Army, suggested a project in 1899 which called for an additional three miles of jetty at an estimated cost of \$2,531,140, with a possible north jetty to be built in the future, if the extension to the south jetty did not prove efficacious. The Board of Engineers recommended practically the same thing in 1903, and since that time up to the present the work has been devoted to that end.

The progress of the enterprise has been delayed somewhat by the excessive storms, which on one or two occasions have washed away portions of the trestle work supporting the track, the repairing of which has been an added task. But at the present time the jetty enrockment extends out 32,584 feet, or about six and one-eighth miles. The first 28,876 feet, or five and one-half miles of this, is brought up above the level of low water. The outer 3,768 feet is not completed.

The purpose of the original board has not yet, however, been accomplished. There is now but 24 feet of depth over the bar, instead of the 40 feet desired. But the results so far, considering the magnitude of the work, are vastly encouraging. The depth of the channel

gorge has been increased, with the channel projected in a more westerly direction toward the sea. The deposits of sand have extended Clatsop Spit to form an entirely new beach three miles out as a continuation of Point Adams, and the recent addition to the jetty has added four feet to the depth over the bar. But with the increasing draft of vessels each year and the roughness of the water at this point, that is not sufficient. The construction of a jetty on the north side may be one of the necessities of the future, and the present south jetty may have to be advanced still farther out to sea. Permanent dykes are necessary as a substitute for dredges.

All this is not by any means a reflection upon the efficacy of the enterprise, however. Up to the present time the total appropriations have

aggregated but \$4,255,745.81, as against

much greater ones expended upon other waterways of the United States. The Mobile bar and harbor has cost the Government \$5,047,847.60; Savannah bar and harbor has been given a fund of \$7,599,973.05, and the Galveston harbor has been the recipient of an appropriation aggregating \$9,739,129.66. To complete the breakwater on the Columbia \$850,000



Main line of Columbia River jetty, showing groins at the right.

is needed, in addition to the \$300,000 authorized but not appropriated by the last Congress. Compared to the cost of other harbor improvements, the \$1,150,000 still needed is not at all unreasonable.

The Government has already done a great work at the mouth of the Columbia through a thoroughly capable and determined corps of engineers, who have been undaunted by the gigantic task before them and the innumerable difficulties which have beset them from the beginning. From 1892 to 1902 the work was under the direct charge of Assistant Engineer Hegardt, and since then has been managed by Assistant Engineer Gerald

Bagnall, with Major W. C. Langfitt as supervisor. The successful accomplishment of so great an engineering feat speaks eloquently of the ability of those who have been responsible for it.

The final accomplishment of the undertaking is a question of money, but aside from the \$300,000 authorized for expenditure by Congress, but not appropriated, there is no provision for further work. The jetty is, however, being extended at the present time with that \$300,000, but there will probably not be any more money available for two years, when the next River and Harbor bill will be due in Congress.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

A breath of breeze that bears a scent of
rose;

A wreath of wind that wafts from
spruce and pine;

An airy messenger the spirit knows,
And leaps to hold communion with the
sign.

A melody of fruit and fields of wheat;
A piercing cry of snow on mountain-
crest;

A sea-waves' chant that cataracts repeat—
The wild, unsilenced calling of the
West.

A bloom of red that mingles with the
gold;

A coolness of impenetrable green;
A froth of white, in madness, ocean
rolled—

And in the midst a spirit moves un-
seen.

Unseen, but not unheard. The clarion
note

Flings echoing and answering breast to
breast;

A brotherhood of yearning wakens, smote
By the wild, unsilenced calling of the
West.

—Eleanor Worthington Macdonald

THE COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC

Fourth Paper—The Development of the Pacific Coast

By Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph. D.

WHEN an effort is made to gauge, however imperfectly, the teeming wealth of the Pacific Coast country, the conscientious writer is confronted with one chief difficulty: The people there and the development of that whole region proceed at such a rapid rate. The gait is so fast that even with the best intention it is not possible to keep track. New discoveries and achievements chase each other, so to speak, in a neck-and-neck race. This is the case everywhere, in the smallest and most recent settlements as well as in the older and larger ones. Typical of this wonderful spirit of buoyant self-confidence is the press of the whole Coast. I feel certain that if a mighty earthquake should raze the whole Pacific border, the morning after, somehow and I do not care how, the newspapers there would be out with all the details, including organized effort to rebuild everything destroyed better and more solidly than before.

There is in Eastern Oregon a small but flourishing and phenomenally progressive town, Echo, in Umatilla County. Its enterprising paper, likewise called Echo, devotes regularly its chief editorial to the things accomplished since the last issue, winding up with the slogan: Watch Echo grow!

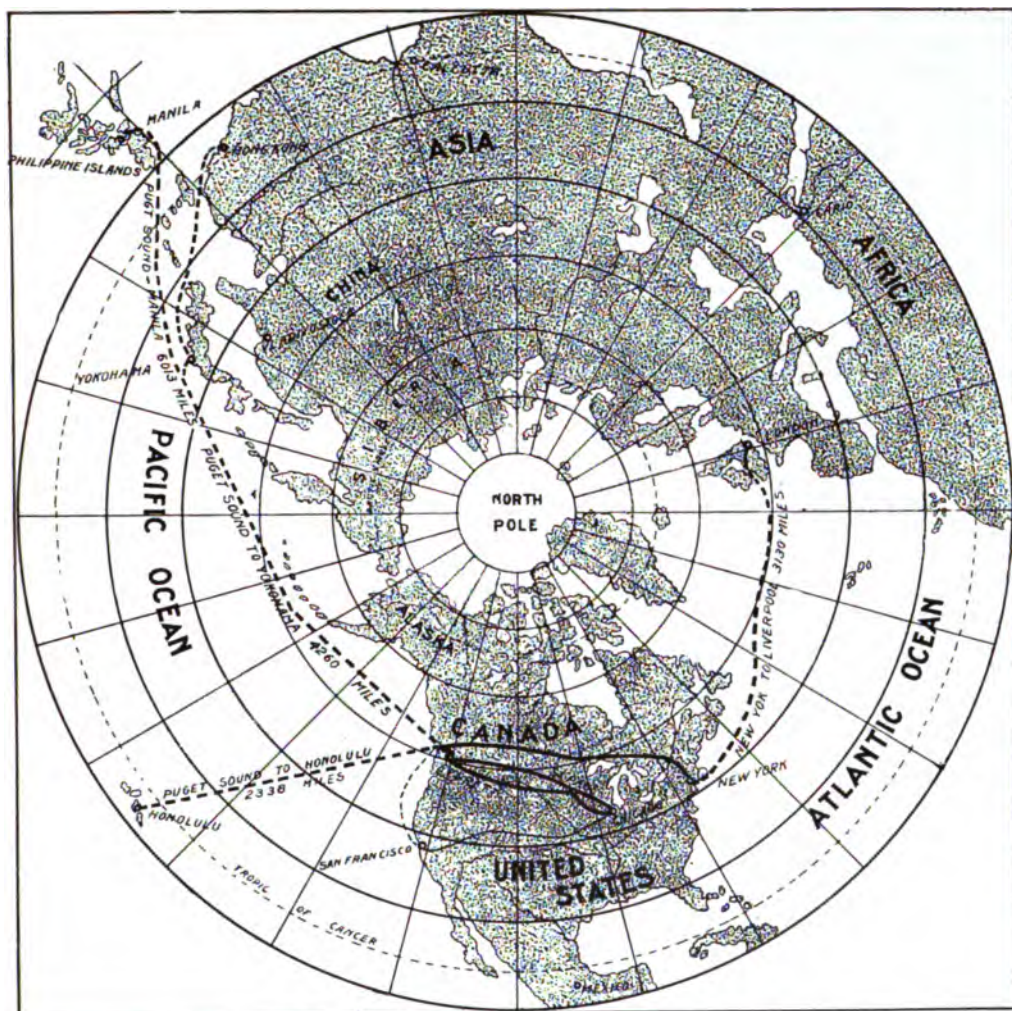
And indeed hamlets, towns, villages, and cities are growing so fast that one can almost see it "while you wait." It is the same everywhere. It is the keynote to the whole marvelous situation on the Pacific Coast. Of course statistics, local, state, and national, talk a plain language of their own in this connection, and they show, without the shadow of a doubt, that that whole singularly favored region has been, and is now, waxing on a scale that has never before been duplicated. But

here is the rub. Statistics are taken only once in a while; hence even they do not tell the full and unbiased story of the Coast's unprecedented growth. What elsewhere requires ten, a score, or a hundred years, is here done within a single twelvemonth often. To cite, for instance, just a few main events for 1904-05:

NEW DISCOVERIES.

There's the great Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, of itself a most amazing demonstration of civic enterprise. There is the inauguration of the new fleet of giant steamers at Seattle, constituting another set of tentacles to grasp therewith the wealth and trade of the Far Orient. Tacoma men have discovered, not far from that town, enormous beds of the finest anthracite, a discovery which is expected to revolutionize, within a few years hence, industrial and manufacturing conditions along the Coast. There is San Diego, where a mammoth steel plant is now being built at a cost of \$30,000,000; another and most significant sign of the rapid industrial development of California and the whole Coast.

Then, as to the whole States of Oregon, California, and Washington, a long roster could be made out. In Oregon, for example, there is the discovery of fine new gold and quicksilver mines; several enormous irrigation projects in eastern and southern parts of the state now being realized; the purchase of immense tracts of cheap and productive land by new settlers. In California they are just now solving in the same way great tasks of irrigation, reclamation, and draining. And there is also the great rise of the petroleum industry, now in bulk larger than that of any other part of the Union. In Washington they are also successfully grappling with the irrigation problem; they have at last reason to expect the "forty-cent-rate" on lumber, etc.,



Map of the Northern Hemisphere, which gives a different view of the topographical relation between the Pacific Coast and the Orient than that usually considered.

which will add \$15,000,000 per year to the income derived from that industry in the state, and have begun to exploit a number of new and highly profitable mines, mostly coal and iron.

NEW RAILROAD PROJECTS.

Again, speaking of the whole Pacific Coast, the new railroad projects—some of them already under way and all of them assured—will within the next decade treble or quadruple its resources, wealth, and population. There is Puget Sound, a Mediterranean Sea with 1,200 miles of shore line; the ocean fleets of the globe could gather here and not crowd its waters. Three of the six transcontinental railroads of the nation have recognized

the possibilities of the Sound by founding terminals on its shores. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern have recently decided to build down the north shore of the Columbia to Portland. To the north, on the Canadian border, the Great Northern is going to invade the territory of our neighbor, through British Columbia from the Kootenai mines to tidewater; and on its own part the Canadian Pacific is projecting to parallel the Great Northern within the State of Washington. Washington, in the words of the largest mill operator along the whole Pacific Coast, is predestined by nature to be a second Pennsylvania. Its visible stores of iron ores and coal are practically exhaustless, and they form doubtless but a tithe or

less of what is still hidden underground, for both Oregon and her northerly sister commonwealth have their mineral wealth barely touched upon as yet. The same authority continued, while in conversation with the writer:

"The possibilities of industrial development for both Washington and Oregon are limited, of course, to those raw stuffs which they produce, which at present are principally limestone, iron, lumber, and wheat, with leather and wool gradually forging to the front. In all these points we shall be able before long, or are now, able to compete with the Eastern manufacturers. I think it likely for Washington, Oregon, and Idaho to become as valuable as any equal territory in the United States."

MINERAL WEALTH.

As for the mineral wealth of Oregon, for instance, the acknowledged best authority in the state said to me: "Oregon is sure to develop into a far more important mining state than she has had the reputation for so far. In the Blue River district wonderful discoveries in gold have been made of late. Towards the north, along the Columbia River, there is plenty of iron, with copper and gold in paying admixture. On the Rogue River there is still placer mining, one mine alone yielding last year a matter of \$400,000. The Bohemia district, Gold Hill, and Grant's Pass, in the south, are only just opening up, and there is plenty of free gold in quartz there; while another splendid mining region, Black Butte, in the southwest, abounding in quicksilver, is just beginning to be properly exploited, large works being put in there."

One of the most interesting exhibits at the great Exposition in Portland is that of minerals taken from the whole Pacific Coast, and among them is also the famous "black sand" of the Oregon shore, existing in profusion along the whole line and containing, in varying measure, both platinum and gold. This sand is an article which so far has not been properly attended to. Platinum is only found on the Coast in this country, and mingled with that precious and rare metal are allied ones, like molybdenum, tellurium, etc. Another exhibit, though hailing from Montana, is also of great import-

ance for the future, it being the best kind of anthracite, obtained in Madison County, Montana, where thick veins of it were lately laid bare. It contains over ninety per cent of fixed carbon and very little ash. It is well known that in Colorado, too, fine anthracite is now being mined in paying quantities, and that similarly fine hard coal has recently been discovered in Washington, so that there is every reason to suppose that the Northern Pacific Coast will shortly be as well provided with that desideratum for industry as is the East.

VALUE OF TIMBER, ETC.

The value of the Oregon timber has been estimated at \$4,020,000,000, which is nearly thrice the amount taken out in gold from California mines since 1849. The timber there—spruce, fir, cedar, larch, pine, etc., with oak, maple, etc., in the more eastern and southern parts of the state—is the best in the world, and finds a market wherever ships laden with it can penetrate, in South Africa and Australia, as well as Japan, China, and South America. The main market, however, is in the prairie states in Nebraska, the Dakotas, Iowa, etc., and it is to be hoped that the long-standing controversy with some of the railroads about the rate charged for a long haul will soon be adjusted satisfactorily. At present 53,000 carloads of lumber are annually lost both to the railroads and the lumbermen of the Pacific Coast because they are unable to utilize this inferior lumber (stumpage, etc.); for the railroads this also means a loss in freight of between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 per annum. How immense the lumber business in the Pacific Northwest is even to-day (when it is not developed, relatively speaking) few people stop to think or inquire. For last year it amounted to 2,090,494,122 lumber feet, whereof 342,050,273 was in foreign cargo shipments, 637,049,849 in coastwise, and 1,111,394,000 in rail shipments. Added to this were over five billion packages of shingles. The manufacture and sale of wood pulp is still in its infancy throughout the Coast district, but it has a big future before it, and so has the sale of hemlock bark (with its 20 per cent of tannic acid), and of many other wood products now scarcely thought of. Altogether there are now in this whole Coast

country 1,008 sawmills busy and 160,000 men employed. After the completion of the Panama Canal, however, it is expected that the export of lumber will be doubled within a short time.

How quickly indeed commerce may be increased under novel and more favorable conditions the Pacific Coast again shows. For in 1892 but \$15,000,000 worth of American goods were sold to Japan, China, and Siberia, and in 1902 the amount had crept up to \$43,000,000, almost trebled within a decade. Pacific Coast trade to the Philippines now amounts to millions, whereas in 1897 it was but \$360,000. A fine line of harbors stretches now along our Coast, and the prospects of a rapid growth in trade with the whole Orient are very good indeed. The exports of raw cotton, especially to Japan, are growing by leaps and bounds, although the recent high price of that commodity has tended in the opposite direction. With flour it is similar; also with electrical machinery, locomotives, and hardware. Wood pulp Japan has so far bought mainly from Sweden and Norway, but we can easily obtain the bulk of this trade by organizing the manufacture of this article on a large scale, for both distance and abundance and quality of raw material are vastly in our favor on the Pacific Coast. Deciduous fresh and canned or preserved and dried fruit is another article which, if the trade were properly organized, would yield the Pacific Coast, more particularly Portland and Oregon, a new and large export to the whole Far East, from Vladivostok to Batavia. Apples, pears, plums and prunes, cherries, and berries of every species can be sold there to the value of millions.

FREE LAND.

Of course, abundant low priced or free land is, for the average homeseeker, the chief attraction. On January 1, 1900, some 90,000,000 acres, equal to one-twentieth of the total area of the United States, were thrown open to settlement in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho alone. This land has been going since at the annual average rate of 5,000,000 acres. And these lands (with scarcely an exception) are free, except \$16.00 at the land office in fees for every 160 acres. Reservation lands, when opened, are paid for only by an additional \$1.25 per acre. Of these

reserved lands Oregon has, by virtue of national government action, 4,500,000 acres, while Washington has the Rainier reserve of 2,234,880 acres, the Washington reserve of 3,426,400, and the Olympic and Priest River reserves of close on another 2,000,000 acres. Most of these reserved lands are densely wooded, and the State of Washington, younger in point of settlement than the other two Coast states, is estimated to have still 50,000 square miles in forests, with a lumber cut last year of almost two billion feet, valued at \$19,500,000. Oregon on her part in 1905 has still some 18,364,732 acres of public land open to settlement, 14,000,000 acres in four counties alone—Crook, Harney, Lake, and Malheur. The output of her lumber mills for 1904 was a billion and a half, worth \$12,650,000. She has available for irrigation purposes \$4,230,659, or a million more than any other state. The dairy products of Oregon are rapidly becoming of immense value, amounting last year to \$7,052,810, and this sum will have doubled within another year or two, since the unusual facilities and superior advantages of much of Western Oregon for dairy purposes is now becoming generally recognized. Oregon's world famed Willamette Valley, above all, must be mentioned in this respect. Capable of supporting a population of 2,500,000 in comfort, with an area of about 8,000 square miles, for a number of years happy-go-lucky methods and the suicidal one-crop system had been too much in vogue with a part of the resident population. High-class farming, when generally introduced in this valley, will double the production of this noted region within a short time. For stock raising, for example, no district along the Pacific is so well suited, and the crops of clover, vetch, etc., that can be raised there are simply incredible.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

There are other districts, such as the Wallowa Valley, in Oregon, which are especially suitable for dairying purposes, and in the Walla Walla region. Washington, where the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company maintains a splendidly equipped and efficient agricultural experimental station, has demonstrated the immense possibilities for the raising of unrivaled crops of sorghum in arid or semi-

arid regions in the eastern parts of Washington and Oregon. Another great product of Oregon, namely, wool, in which the state even now ranks second in the United States with its clip of 20,000,000 pounds, is capable of unlimited extension and attendant large profits. Oregon cattle took first prize in St. Louis in 1904, and her horses rival those of Kentucky. The most characteristic feature, as well as intrinsically her strongest, is Oregon's marvelous diversity of resources, due to the great variety of climate and soil conditions. The raising of fine table fruit, even now a most remarkable item in Oregon's agricultural prosperity, is capable of indefinite extension. Oregon apples rank with the choicest and most delicately flavored on earth, and climate and enterprise aiding, these apples now appear in the local markets of New York, London, Paris, and Berlin, and retail there for a quarter the brace or higher.

WHEAT.

But, of course, wheat is still the greatest and most valuable single staple, not alone in Oregon, but in Washington and Idaho as well. Five years ago the export of wheat from the Pacific North had already climbed to 36,000,000 bushels, and this year the enormous crop of 50,000,000 bushels was raised. The yield of wheat in some districts is simply marvelous. One county in Oregon, Umatilla, with a population in 1901 of but 18,000, raised that year a crop of 4,500,000 bushels, and another in Washington, Whitman, with 30,000 population, produced that same year 6,000,000 bushels. Not a few of her big wheat farmers got checks rising high into five figures. The wheat production in the whole Pacific North tallies singularly with the existence of that wonderful basaltic soil, fine as powder when dry and of limitless fertility, the like of which is only met with once more on this earth, and that in Crimea, on the shores of the Black Sea. Wherever this basaltic soil (of purely volcanic origin) is met with, and that is the case not alone in the eastern parts of Oregon and Washington, but also in Idaho and certain districts of California, the yield in wheat exceeds all figures elsewhere, and not only this, but the quality of the wheat grown, too, is even better than the highest classed in the Minneapolis mills. Added to this is

the low cost of production. In Eastern states the cost of wheat to raise averages about 50 cents; in this wonderful Pacific country it is but 25 to 28 cents, and this means profits of 100 per cent, and frequently over.

RESOURCES OF IDAHO.

Idaho and more especially its western portions is little understood outside the state. It has immense natural resources, in large part a very fine soil, and a salubrious and advantageous climate. Its mineral products are the chief source of wealth at present, but this is only due to a temporary cause, namely, lack of cheap and quick transportation, and as soon as the railroads will overcome this hindrance Idaho is bound to forge to the front. Irrigation has been practiced in Idaho for twelve years past, and this has added 38 per cent to its improved area and \$12,000,000 to its agricultural wealth. In Fremont, Bingham, and Bannock Counties, along the great Snake River Valley, the greatest triumphs of irrigation may be seen—irrigating canals 650 miles in length and supplying with water a territory of 700,000 acres of cultivable land of the highest fertility, where alfalfa, hay, oats, wheat, and fruit grow to perfection and in enormous crops. In Cassia County a private company is now reclaiming 271,000 acres at a cost of \$1,500,000, it being the finest fruit land. Of course, the phenomenal rise of the little great twin cities, Lewiston-Clarkston, has become proverbial, not alone in the Pacific country, but all over the world. The irrigated agricultural colonies around these pretty and eminently progressive cities are veritable Edens to-day, and land there has become accordingly so valuable that it is held as high as \$250 an acre.

Montana, too, under irrigation, will develop marvelously during the next ten years, and its agricultural production will probably quintuple. No less than six big irrigation schemes are now being realized there, affecting one-third of that immense state of 140,000 square miles. At present Montana's chief claim to fame is still the immense productiveness of its mines, above all in copper. The one county of Silver Bow now produces annually copper valued at \$55,000,000, one-third the production of the world. Its great Washoe smelting works at Anaconda, costing over

\$6,000,000, show the substantial character of these copper mines, which are guaranteed by the greatest mining experts of the world to hold out at least another hundred years.

MILD CLIMATE OF PACIFIC COAST.

Two climatic peculiarities go far to explain the present and future prosperity of the Northern Pacific Coast and its adjoining territory of Idaho and Montana, and they are the Kuroshio, or Japanese current, which laves the entire Coast, and has even a more potent ameliorating effect in moderating temperatures and inducing frequent and fructifying rains than has the Gulf stream in the opposite part of the world; and the so-called chinook winds, moderating the climate in winter by 25 degrees and more, rising directly from the warm current off the Coast.

Largely the outcome of these climatic blessings is another great boon of the Northern Pacific Coast, namely, its extremely low mortality, varying between 8.5 and 12.3 per thousand and averaging less than one-half that of the states east of the Rockies. Careful sanitation, of course, is also a large contributing factor in this respect.

California, of course, has in many respects conditions differing from those of the two states north of her. She has been vastly more advertised and is of far older settlement as well. But we see California to-day likewise making giant strides towards an even greater measure of prosperity than she enjoys now. One-half of all her cultivated land is irrigated; but vast districts still remain unreclaimed, and a large proportion of this must probably remain so forever, such as the immense Mojave Desert. However, under the leadership of a band of public spirited and capable men immense improvements are at present planned or already carried out. During 1904 the irrigated district of California was increased by 460,000 acres, located mostly in Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. There is another large irrigation project being worked out this year in Stanislaus County, the so-called Modesto-Turlock Irrigation System, carried on under the direction of the California Fruit Growers' Association. There is abundance of water in the state for all irrigation projects past and to

come, for the Sierras and the Coast Range, together with the inexhaustible supply vouchsafed by Mount Whitney (18,000 feet high and covered with eternal snow), furnish that element *ad libitum*.

CALIFORNIA.

It is, of course, a commonplace to say that from a mere mining camp California has today become a very prosperous agricultural state, the products of which are gladly bought the world over. And although last year California still produced gold to the tune of \$18,970,000, this sum is but a small part of the proceeds of her agricultural products. Like Oregon, her products, too, are very varied, comprising those of every zone excepting the tropics. Most phenomenal, however, has been last year's output of petroleum, amounting to 28,423,860 barrels, which exceeds by far the figures of Pennsylvania or Texas. With this enormous supply of cheap oil California has now entered on fairly even terms with the East in the field of industrialism.

Still, there are points which call for a more sensible treatment on the part of the California husbandman, and one of the chief ones is doubtless the dairy interest of the state, in which respect California is lamentably deficient. Last year she sent out about \$20,000,000 in money for poultry, eggs and dairy products, her outside supply in this respect being 59,550 tons, while in California itself the yield in this line was \$21,000,000 worth. There is undoubtedly as good a field in dairying in California as in Oregon, and in both these states the field has so far been practically overlooked. The proof of that, if any proof were needed, is furnished by the case of Pierce brothers, near Stockton, who are now reclaiming a vast tract of land there, eminently suitable for dairying and stockraising purposes. On the land so far reclaimed by them they have already put out 13,000 Holland and Denmark cattle, and it has been found (just as it has been found in the Willamette Valley in Oregon) that whereas in the Eastern States cattle—although a large part of the year stall-fed, whereas in California and Oregon they can graze the whole year around in the open—require about three acres to feed on per head, in this case they need but from one to two acres.

THE STAGE

LUCIA MOORE, leading woman of the Alcazar Stock Company of San Francisco, is an actress of brilliant attainments. She has a notable experience in leading and stellar roles. She is a South-

ern woman by birth and training and is a typical daughter of the Confederacy. Much of her stage work has been done in Memphis, New Orleans, and other cities south of Mason and Dixon's line, although she is well known in stock circles in New



Lucia Moore, now leading woman for the Alcazar Stock Company of San Francisco.



Dustan Farnum, who is beginning a third season in "The Virginian."

York and the principal cities of the East. Miss Moore made her Pacific Coast debut as leading woman with the Belasco Stock Company in Portland.

Dustan Farnum

The most vital play of the Far West up to this time is "The Virginian," in which Dustan Farnum has starred with signal success for the past two seasons. He is still appearing in the role of the Wyoming cowboy and will visit the Coast during the present season. Last year his tour in this section established him firmly in pub-

lic favor and when he returns he will find a most cordial welcome awaiting him.

William Collier

William Collier, perhaps the greatest of American light comedians, has fairly conquered London, and from latest accounts will remain in the British capital during the entire winter. In "The Dictator" he immediately established himself in the favor of the most critical audiences in the world, and was hailed as one of the foremost actors of his time. He is now ap-



William Collier, the American comedian, whose humor has captivated the London playgoers.



Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann."

pearing in "On the Quiet," one of his older successes, and London seems to like him equally well in that vehicle. It began to look as if America had lost "Willie" Collier for good, but it is now promised that he will return in the spring for a tour of this country, extending to the Pacific Coast.

Eleanor Robson

The West has just enjoyed the rare privilege of seeing Eleanor Robson in her

delightful performances of "Merely Mary Ann" and Browning's "In a Balcony." The picture of Miss Robson shown here is as she appears in the Zangwell play, one of the most beautiful little comedies of recent years. During her Coast tour she produced "In a Balcony" in Portland for the first time outside of New York, and later repeated it in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Miss Robson is one of the most artistic and intelligent women on our stage, and she possesses the rare advantage of youth. She comes of a famous theatrical family, her mother being Madge Carr Cook, the lovable "Mrs. Wiggs."

White Whittlesey

White Whittlesey, the popular young romantic actor, is believed by his hosts of friends to be one of the coming great stars of the American stage. He is a Massachusetts man and won considerable distinction in Eastern stock companies before coming to the Pacific Coast some three or four years ago. He is, however, closely identified with the Coast, for it was on the Coast that he became a star and built up his reputation as a favorite. When he came first to San Francisco it was to play leading roles with the Alcazar Stock Company under the management of Belasco and Mayer, and during his entire experience on the Coast he has remained under their management, part of the time as a stock leading man and part of the time as a successful road star. Last year he toured the section of the country lying west of the Missouri River in a repertoire, consisting of "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Second in Command," and "Heartsease." Everywhere that he appeared he was well received, and his tour proved to be a profitable one in every respect.

Owing to the difficulty of securing a proper starring vehicle for him for this season, Belasco & Mayer determined not to send him on the road in that capacity, and he has been appearing as a star at the head of the various stock companies owned by that firm. At present he is playing a season with the Belasco Stock Company in Portland, where he is meeting with remarkable success.



White Whittlesey, the romantic actor, now starring in Pacific Coast stock companies.

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Colonel Joe Meek

The most romantic figure in the history of the "Oregon country" is Colonel Joe Meek, Virginian, "squaw man" and first marshal of Oregon. He was a frontiersman of the highest type. He was the leader at Champoege on the most critical day in the history of the Northwest. At this meeting, which the British had suggested, Meek was keen enough to see that they were trying to force an issue and if possible secure a Canadian provisional government, and then he and his fellows would be under British rule.

This thought was appalling to him, and he rode for two days, picking up his old mountain friends, and with them at once rode to Champoege. As the British had rallied their friends in numbers, Meek said to his four companions: "Looks bad for Uncle Sam, eh? This thing must be settled right here, and settled right." After an hour in effecting organization, Meek addressed the audience of one hundred and one frontiersmen, dilating on the beauty of the republic, and he chiefly

addressed his remarks to the French trapper element. The vote was going to be close. It was called for by the chairman, and again Meek rose to his feet, his six feet two of magnificent manhood an inspiration and exemplification of American citizenship, saying:

"Fellows, I have trapped with many of you; I have fought Indians with you; I have no quarrel with those who want this government under England's rule, but if you want to live in a republic with a flag in which every star shines a beacon for free government, and every stripe is a band that binds us together as a government for the people—vote for your Uncle Sam. Come now, who's for a divide!"

Meek stepped out of the crowd, drew a line in the earth with the toe of his great boot, and, stepping across that zone on which every eye was riveted, said: "This is American territory! Here's your free government!"

His ringing voice stirred the blood of the irresolute and with a stampede fifty-one joined him, giving a majority of two for American provisional government.

Each heart beat furiously as the vote was being announced, and when in steady tones the words came, "For the English, 50; for the United States, 52!" a wild cheer burst from the lips of the fifty-two empire builders.

Joe Meek was trembling. His lips were dry, his massive throat struggled and swelled with emotion; great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead—when suddenly, in that soft, rippling southern accent, he said, in a subdued whisper, "Thank Gawd!"

WINNING VIRGINIA.

In a reminiscent hour Meek once told this story of his courtship of Virginia, a chieftain's daughter:

"You see, there was no white women west of the Mississippi in those days, and my forefathers were great on raising families, so naturally I wanted a wife. My first wife, Umentukket, had died, and the second wife, both being Nez Perces, had



Joe Meek, Oregon's first marshal.

left me, and after a few months I took quite a shine to Virginia. From the way that girl looked at me I half suspected she liked me, and so, one day, says I, 'Virginia, I want you.' Virginia gave me to understand that I already had one wife, and it took me a long time to convince her that I was a widower to all intents and purposes. I finally overcame her scruples and she consented, provided the chief-father was willing—and there's where I had the tussle.

Do you know, that old chief had been talking to the missionaries, and he wouldn't stand for Virginia marrying a man who already had a wife. For a whole month I argued with him; I wrestled and threw every Indian of the Nez Perce tribe, to show him that I was strong and capable; I outran every Indian in the plateau region, and one day caught the chief's big black stallion in a straight foot race—and still he said, 'No good; you one wife now; no two squaws.'

"And right here is where I closed in on Virginia's dad, for I pulled the Bible on him one day when the missionary was there, and I read of David and Solomon, and their many wives, and all this time I translated the Bible story I was asking



The mouth of a tunnel in a San Diego County, California, gem mine.

that missionary if I wasn't reading right, and what could he do but say that I was.

"Then the father walked over, took Virginia by the hand and said: 'Go with him; he not so bad as David and Solomon, and he heap stout; he take many skins in his trap.' And that's the way I got Virginia."

Joe Meek is buried on Tualatin Plains, Washington County, Oregon, in a quiet little churchyard, by the side of Virginia, his Nez Perce wife, who until the hour of her death was wont to say, "Joe Meek—Joe Meek—big chief!"

Gem Mining in California

The recent discovery of rich deposits of tourmaline, a precious gem, in the Mesa Grande Mountains of San Diego County, California, has drawn the attention of the entire country, in fact, the whole world, to one of the most valuable properties in what has for some time been known as a rich mineral and semi-precious gem section. From surface indications of the country which has thus far been prospected it would appear that the extent and value of the properties now being developed will yield immense returns to their owners.

While it has been known for several years that tourmaline existed in various localities in San Diego County and several small mines have been opened from which a large number of the gems have been taken, until the "strike" in the Mesa Grande district was made, its value and extent was hardly realized. The tourmalines mined in this district are said to be far more valuable on account of hardness, color, and brilliancy than those



C. O. McCarroll, who discovered the largest piece of tourmaline known.

found in Ceylon, Brazil, and the State of Maine. The prevailing color of the San Diego tourmaline is red, and is found in shades running from a delicate pink to the deep rich color of the Burmah and Indian rubies. The green tourmaline is also found in large quantities. These two colors, the green and the red, are the most valuable and eagerly sought after by gem buyers.

In the history of the discovery of precious stones, particularly in the diamond-bearing gravels of Brazil, tourmalines have generally been found in connection with the topaz, amethyst and diamond, and as several of the latter have already been discovered in San Diego County, it is but fair to assume that it will only be a matter of time before the diamond will also be mined in California.

Prof. George F. Kunz, the geological and mineralogical expert, who has recently made a thorough and exhaustive report on the tourmaline deposits of the Mesa Grande Mountain district, says:

"There are magnificent crystals of tourmaline, the rubellite (or ruby) variety predominating. This locality, however, differs from others in having the tourmaline in distinct, isolated crystals. Many of them are translucent, or even transparent, and occur as large separate crystals, with perfect prisms and terminations. The rubellite seems the predominating variety at Mesa Grande Mountain, but there is also a large proportion of parti-colored crystals—i. e., those made up of three, four, or five distinct sections, as at Haddam Neck, Conn., and Paris, Me.; others present the Brazilian type, in which several different colored tourmalines appear, as though included one within the other.

"Owing to the great variety of crystals at Mesa Grande, and their size, perfection, and beauty, the locality may prove to be the most important yet found."

In a more recent report on the same section, and after having looked the ground over more thoroughly, he takes up the question and cost of mining the tourmaline gem, and says:

"There has been taken from one mine about \$15,000 worth of gems, and six or seven thousand dollars' worth were found within twelve feet of the surface. The best stones taken out are at a depth of fifty feet, and the predominating color is pink. Some of the last stones mined have more brilliancy than any stone except the diamond.

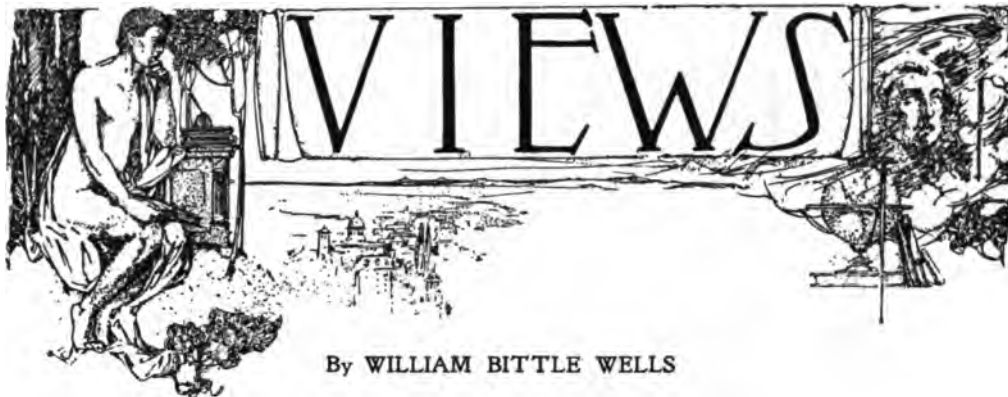
"The cost of working these mines is less than that of any other class of mines. After being opened it will not be necessary to handle any waste. At one of the mines nearly \$1,000,000 worth of gems have been mined at a cost of less than \$6,000.

"Mesa Grande produced in 1901-2 more tourmalines than the balance of the world, and it is claimed by experts that the best quality of Mesa Grande tourmalines are better than any tourmaline from any part of the world. The Siberian tourmaline has been sold for rubies for years, but they are not as brilliant as the Mesa Grande tourmaline."

In addition to the tourmaline, rose beryl and other material that have been found at Mesa Grande is the spessatite garnet, found in garnet rock in brilliant crystals from five to fifteen millimeters in diameter. These are usually translucent, and, while they only furnish small transparent gems, possess great brilliancy and are in great demand in the gem market.



Portion of San Diego County, California, where tourmaline mining is being carried on successfully.



The Ultimate Step

The significant fact about the age in which we live, and particularly of today, is not that progress is being made, but that the process of elimination of progressive ideas as applied to social problems is taking place in a clearly defined manner. The world is being made aware of the futility of the isms and cures for social problems which are not based upon the basic principles of all progress and civilization. It is true that anarchy as a solution for social problems has never been given wide acceptance, but anarchy, socialism, nationalism, and all such other isms of social improvement, although during past years not actually in effect, yet they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

It has been demonstrated, we believe, that anarchy is an impracticable solution for present social conditions. If all men were created alike, with the same ideals for home and the same desire to benefit mankind, philosophical anarchy would have doubtless a tremendous influence upon all intelligent people. Unfortunately for the world, we are not all imbued with the same high ideals. It is present conditions that must be dealt with, and not a state of mind or a condition to be created by philosophy.

History and human nature have made it clear that socialism is not to be the ultimate solution of social problems, though indications unmistakably point to the fact that the intermediate step must be of a socialistic order. That we are today at the beginning of the socialistic era is demonstrated by the investigation of our large insurance companies, by the war against graft, and by the attempt, which will probably prove successful, of government regulation of railroad rates. There is no satisfaction, however, in the contemplation of society in its ultimate form as simply socialistic. We know that it is not the ultimate step. We know that there is something better for men and nations.

We know now that any system of government, any philosophy of society, which fails to take into consideration the great force of Christianity has missed the basic principle upon which all success, not only in the life of the individual, but in the life of the nations of the world, must be placed. Christian socialism offers the solution to every problem which is before the people of the world today. It is the logical outcome of present conditions, and certainly all thoughtful, fair-minded, intelligent, Christian men must agree that it is the ultimate step. There is, there can be, no fake, no graft, no simple expediency, no personal self-seeking in this ultimate. It is the goal of society, pointed out by the Star of Bethlehem nearly 2000 years ago, and it is the goal to which man, through these many centuries, has been working, though he has stumbled through the ages with his eyes close to the ground, when, if he had looked up, the way would have been clear, the path straight, and life a simple problem.

IMPRESSIONS



By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

One who has achieved peace and freedom to do one original act has lived

Frenzied and Tainted Finance

Either Thomas W. Lawson is a liar or he is not. He says he was a party to a deal between H. H. Rodgers and Wm. Rockefeller on the one part and Jas. R. Keene on the other, by which Keene was to be aided in his rubber adventure by a subscription of seven and a half millions of dollars from Rodgers and Rockefeller whenever he succeeded in pulling the Amalgamated out of the mire. Keene did his work, and as soon as Rodgers and Rockefeller had received his last check, Rodgers wrote him a letter, which Lawson says he saw, to this effect: "You may now cancel our subscription of seven and one-half millions and inform the public, or I will, that there is no further connection between us," thus at once depriving him of the money and the "moral" support of Standard Oil. It was a clever trick, and merely involved cold-blooded lying and treachery on the part of Rodgers and Rockefeller. They evidently haven't even the honor among thieves. Jim Keene could have told them that the common gambler of the Pacific Coast kept his word.

Now, if this be true, Rodgers and Rockefeller have earned the contempt of all decent men and indeed all criminals who take a pride in keeping faith with their pals. If it be not true, they owe it as a duty to the world, to the parents whose name they bear and to the children to whom they have transmitted it, to bring Mr. Lawson before the courts and hold him up to the scorn of all men as a malicious libeler. Silence will not do. Abuse of Lawson will not do. An affectation of haughty elevation above the common herd will not do. King and commoner alike resent the lie which smuts and besmirches the name their children must bear. Every man worthy the name of man will defend his honor. Therefore, the common people only understand the silence of Messrs. Rockefeller and Rodgers as a confession of guilt, of a cowardice which fears to stir lest more and worse be discovered.

John D. Rockefeller and Marshall Field

Mr. Rockefeller was on his birthday the recipient of marks of esteem from his fellow-townsmen of Cleveland. This should count for something. In personality he must surely have attractive and generous traits. Probably he regards his methods as only an instance of the "survival of the fittest." That is a favorite phrase with John D., Jr., and with many other successful men. They fail to see that there can be no survival of the fittest, except where there is a free and open and equal opportunity for economic struggle, just as in the earlier developments of life there was a free, open and equal chance for struggle to exist. The hothouse rose cannot sneer at its sister which has yielded to the winter's snows and prate of a survival of the fittest. Neither can men use the term who have used for their ends corrupt legislatures and city councils, who have engineered special laws and broken by secret rebates the controlling element of transportation equality, who have had the advantages of such special privileges as landlordism of vacant lands and protective tariff, etc.

Is it really so that our multimillionaires are so much smarter than the other millions? Have they made their fortunes by unaided effort? They think they have. Others know that working for them night and day is a vast machinery of special laws and privileges. Mr. Rockefeller cautioned the young men not to set their energies to mere money-getting. There can be no question he was sincere. Yet, what has been his example?

Marshall Field gave to the world on his wedding day the encouragement that all men of integrity, economy, perseverance and ability may succeed. This, of course, means money success. It may be answered that all men are not born with these traits, just as all men are not born blue-eyed. Where there is a free, open and equal chance, then, indeed, those of less fortunate heredity must go down and out. It is right. That is the true survival of the fittest. But run over in your mind the great fortunes, Gould, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, etc., and what a maze of stock jobbing, tricking, secret machinations and falsifications, wrecking of rivals, robbing of stockholders, etc., lie at their origin. The "fittest" seem to be the most-carnivorous and unscrupulous. God forbid that this should survive!

Mr. Field speaks of integrity. He means "to pay your debts and keep your word." Money integrity is necessary to success, but that fine integrity called honor, which keeps the soul unspotted and clear before suspicion—not a bit! Indeed, it is a positive detriment, and the man who disclosed everything and really did as he would be done by, would not only be a failure, but a ridiculous failure. He would be laughed at as a crank.

Three Things to Ponder

First. Wealth has always controlled. Under king or republic, it is property which governs.

Second. When the great wealth has accumulated in a few, class distinction exists, and an oligarchy has begun.

Third. The rich few are not so much abler than the poor many, as their riches would indicate, were every dollar the wage of an honest effort. What is it, then, that gives to men money they have not earned? I say it is partly legitimate chances, but principally laws they are shrewd enough to create or take advantage of. Land laws, money laws, tariff laws, etc. What do you say?

Selfishness and Unselfishness

Selfishness is a curse. It robs one of true friends and of human sympathy, but self-interest is the spring which has moved the world and which always will. The instinct to live and to excel is that higher selfishness which, like all the laws of Nature, is good. But the self-centered mind, which makes the world to revolve about the eternal, is a source of misery. It craves to be always noticed, always first. It demands all, and will accept cheerfully nothing less. It is quick to take offense. It is the mother of jealousy and want. It makes others unhappy, but its possessor most of all.

Unselfishness is the most beautiful of virtues. It makes friends and wins admiration, but it must be remembered that as between those whose lives are associated, there can be no unselfishness on the one side without selfishness on the other. So unselfishness should be tempered with justice, that eternal attribute. For it is not well that any life should eat up another, that any nature should be fed to the selfishness of another, or that any one should be subject to a selfish tyranny. There is but one certain life for each of us, and that is the present life, and each in this life is entitled to freedom in thought and act, each is entitled to happiness as he may judge happiness to be. The veiled god offers the cup of happiness to every one, and every one is entitled to drink therefrom at least once and after the longing of his own heart. Life was intended to mean happiness. The animals find it so. They are free; selfish in the great instinct to survive, unselfish in demands upon each other.

Life Insurance and Assurance

President John A. McCall, of the New York Life, says he spent the policyholders' money freely as a campaign fund to defend the country from the heresy of silver free coinage at sixteen-to-one and would do it again, and doesn't care what the policyholders think. I like his frankness; it speaks for honesty of purpose. But he was a trustee for the sixteen-to-one policyholders, as well as for the gold-standard ones, and had no right to spend their money to defeat their ideas. A little reflection will show that he was a trustee for the safe-keeping and safe investing of funds, not for forming political policies. If he had ideas of his own as to the danger of the silver heresy, he should have invested money of his own or obtained the owners' consent. Would any court pass the accounts of an administrator, who, showing that the estate had been principally unimproved real estate, had spent its income in the political campaign to defeat the single tax theory? It might have been a wise political move for the estate, but it could not be justified in a trustee. If so, the trustee's political opinions are his only check and guide, and how if the heirs were in favor of the single tax theory; and found their money spent to defeat their own wishes?

De Profundis

This is the only thing written by Oscar Wilde while he was in jail, and, brilliant as are some of his epigrammatic plays and essays, none of them will endure as will this personal record of a contrite and a broken heart. Far more truly personal and candid than Rousseau's Confessions, it is one of those most interesting blossoms of art, a soul laid bare.

No artistic nature ever loses self-consciousness, and the true artist must give expression to all that is in him. He cannot live without doing so; he cannot die without doing so. In this he differs from the uninteresting average, always respectable, who have nothing to express. Wilde says, "On the other side of the prison wall there are some poor, black, soot-besmirched trees which are just breaking out into buds of an almost shrill green. I know quite well what they are going through; they are finding expression," and, again, "Expression is as necessary to me as leaf and blossom are to the black branches of the trees that show themselves above the prison walls, and are so restless in the wind."

As a lesson in true humility, the book is a powerful sermon; as an example of how to absorb and overcome disgrace, it must remain as a help and a consolation; as a picture of Christ, the great Poet and Artist of the world, it is a poem. Some of his thoughts are: "Whatever happens to another happens to one's self, and whatever happens to one's self happens to another." "When Christ says forgive your enemies, it is not for the sake of the enemy, but for your own sake that he says so." He describes himself on the platform of Clapham Junction in convict dress, the butt and ridicule of the multitude, and says that in his prison for a long time he wept over that humiliation in bitterness of heart. "Well, now, I am beginning to feel more regret for the people who laughed than for myself."



Any Westerner on reading "Miss Ballard's Inspiration" would say: "William Dean Howells is not for us. He wastes too much time over trivialities. Life is too short. Give us a little stronger medicine." Howells at his best satirizes American life, much to the satisfaction of many people, but he annoys a good many more by his constant tendency to run into farce. But in spite of the farce dragged into the book, "Miss Ballard's Inspiration" is found in the end to be a very subtle satire on the modern novel on divorce. In that respect it is timely, but it takes a good many pages to accomplish the delicate task. Perhaps the book on divorce could stand a little less delicate satire.

* * *

Octave Thanet, the story writer from Iowa, who has told so many good tales of American life, is crushing her art under the weight of socialistic questions. She has a deep humanitarian feeling and appreciates that the question of the day in this country is economic and industrial. She might be deeply impressed with this and write upon it, giving that touch of romance to her stories which saves Walter Besant from the pitfall into which she has fallen, but she does not do this in "The Man of the Hour." Her characters are well drawn and true to a condition of life she knows better than most writers, but if she had any story in mind when she began to write she forgot about it, and lost herself in the mazes of socialism, all action confining itself to violent outbreaks in one way or another; first Russian nihilism and then the labor question when the blood is hot. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Very few story writers since the day Charles Lever completed "Charley O'Malley" have been able to write about Ireland

Glenanaar

intimately enough to give an outsider a glimpse into life as it is lived on the Emerald Isle. Canon

Sheehan, however, is a present-day writer who tells in "Glenanaar" a tale that introduces the reader to the Irish hero-worship, superstition and love for the unusual. The principal incident of the story is a football game in which the Cork Shandons are about to send to crushing and overwhelming defeat the home team, the Skirmishers, when suddenly a tall, well-dressed man in the crowd, who has attracted considerable attention and has been dubbed "The Yank," takes the place of the injured captain of the Skirmishers and in a jiffy has the ball over the goal line of the Shandons.

"T'ainim an diaoul," says he, and then they know he is an Irishman, too. "Begobbs," speaks up an onlooker, "there was nothing seen like it since Casey the Hurler's time." Of course, the tall American is that Casey himself, and once introduced to him, we are let in on his family history to an extent hardly surpassed by the surprising tales in "Charley O'Malley." (Longmans, Green & Company.)

* * *

King Arthur and his Round Table furnish a field for almost anybody to write in. The romantic circumstances are so

Stories of King Arthur's Knights obvious that it is a poor scribbler who can not tell the old tales in a way that is at least readable.

The only trouble is that so many have done the same thing before, and these masters of the art of writing. With Sir Thomas Mallory and Tennyson as predecessors, it seems foolhardy for anyone to pretend he has any excuse for taking up the old theme, but it is being done continually. The latest is Mary Macgregor, who publishes "Stories of King Arthur's Knights," in a series of children's books.



Japan's View of the Peace

The Japanese people, elated by an unbroken series of victories which precluded any sane appreciation of the arrogant Russian nature, looked for the culmination of their triumph at Portsmouth. When, to their amazement, Russia was not only reluctant to concede to the least demand, but assumed as her right the power to dictate the terms of treaty, the enraged populace at Tokio seized stone and firebrand to destroy whatever was most sacred to the nation that had tricked Japan into a dishonorable peace. A party of American sightseers which was unfortunate enough to cross the path of the mob, was overwhelmed with violence and insult. The rioters further satiated their wrath by burning to the ground a number of inoffensive Christian churches. The excitement did not abate until a strict military government was declared.

Later investigations, as well as the account of Secretary of War Taft, recently returned to this country, have proved that much of the reported violence was exaggerated, and that what did exist was chiefly the work of irresponsible students and rowdies, instigated by ill-advised Japanese editorials.

* * *

What Japan Gained

A more rational consideration of the matter has shown that Japan gained far more by her self-restraint in the peace-chamber—and in a certain brief conference between M. Witte and Baron Komura taking place behind closed doors—than she ever could have thumped out of Russia on the battle-field. By diplomacy she has obtained territorial possessions exceeding in mineral, agricultural and strategic value the sum demanded as indemnity. More than this, she has by her moderation wisely opened up the way for amicable relations with her recent enemy and constant neighbor, Russia.

Japan's greatest triumph, however, is recorded in an agreement drawn up between herself and Great Britain at Westminster contemporaneously with the signing of the Peace Treaty at Portsmouth. This document, the importance of which hardly can be over-estimated, guarantees to Japan immunity and prestige in the East. Already, even the most distempered of her people have caught the same spirit of her statesmen at home and her diplomats abroad. The recent disturbances in Tokyo and the ill-feeling against America belong to the dead past.

* * *

Russian Tariff Concessions

Most felicitously timed are the tariff concessions announced by Russia, coming as they do immediately upon the close of the Peace Conference. M. Witte, before his departure, assured the American people of his country's commercial friendship and admitted that the trade restrictions imposed by Russia during the past four years were more or less the result of a spite engendered by misunderstanding.

When the Dingley bill went into effect, in addition to other duties, a countervailing tax was levied on articles granted export bounties by any foreign government. Under the impression that Russian sugar was bounty fed—an opinion fostered by Russia's rivals in the sugar trade,—Congress laid a countervailing duty upon this product. Protests being of no avail, Russia retaliated by raising by 30 per cent the tariff on our mineral manufactures. Shortly afterwards the United States deemed it necessary to impose a countervailing duty on lubricating oil imported from Russia, whereupon Russia increased the tariff upon American bicycles and naval supplies. This commercial skirmish inevitably occasioned a mutual loss of valuable trade in regard to the above named articles, the corresponding profit—much to Russia's chagrin—falling to Great Britain.

One of the beneficial results of the Russian peace envoy's visit to this country is a correct understanding of the trade situation. In the future, according to M. Witte's parting announcement, our goods will enter Russia under the same conditions as those coming from other countries. This abandonment of a national "tit for tat" game is most welcome to both Russia and the United States.

* * *

Secretary Taft Returns On the 27th of September the mail steamship "Korea," having broken en route the trans-Pacific record by several hours, bore into San Francisco a portion of a party whose summer trip has been followed with vivid interest in this country. This party originally included, besides Secretary of War Taft and Miss Alice Roosevelt, twenty-three representatives and seven senators (both democrat and republican), thirteen of whom were accompanied by their wives. The object of the journey was a thorough study of the conditions existing in the Philippines.

A delightful visit was made in Yokohama, where the secretary of war and his friends were for five days the guests of the Japanese government, feted and welcomed everywhere with the most enthusiastic good will. Besides depreciating the sensational accounts of the Japanese display against this country, Mr. Taft states his belief that the Chinese boycott will also die out naturally in the near future. Mr. Taft is optimistic in his report regarding the Philippines. He says:

"The government is more efficient. Inefficient men are being eliminated and things are settling down to business. Economy is being practiced more and more in the government. Filipinos are being introduced very rapidly to take the place of Americans, and, on the whole, in looking back over two years, decided steps forward have been taken."

* * *

Typhoon in Manila On Tuesday, September 26, a wind reaching a velocity of 105 miles an hour tore through the City of Manila and the adjoining country, overthrowing massive stone buildings, devastating the fall crops, paralyzing traffic and telegraph and leaving behind it a woeful trail of death and misery. The local army stations have come forward with aid and supplies to the unfortunate inhabitants, and the work of repair is being carried on night and day. Aside from the loss of life, the most serious damage is agricultural. This is the first year that the farmers have been in a position to expect any considerable return from their land. Consequently the ravage upon the crops will mean severe disappointment and financial loss.

* * *

The Karlstad Treaty On the 23d of September a commission of eight delegates from Norway and Sweden concluded at Karlstad, Sweden, the final negotiations dissolving a union of ninety years standing. The proximity of the countries contemplating separation render the conditions of treaty peculiar. The protocol which the commissioners have submitted to their respective parliaments for ratification concerns itself chiefly with traffic on the inter-rail and waterways, the reindeer pastures and other property which in the future, as in the past, Norway and Sweden must use in common. There is also a provision compelling arbitration of all, except the most vital, disagreements, before the Hague Tribunal.

The matter about which Sweden was the most urgent, however, was the demolition of frontier forts by Norway. To this demand, Norway has conceded, promising to destroy all except certain historic forts.

* * *

Government Investigations An epidemic of investigation is sweeping over the country from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific. In the East, examination into the records of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance companies has brought to light admissions of the controversion of entrusted funds to political and personal uses. The particular "graft" which the trial of the beef and pork packers of the Middle West has revealed is the soliciting of rebates on the part of these corporations from certain railroads, and the clever concealment of rebate claims under the title of claims for damages. Here in the forest country, conditions are no better. Senator and representative, as well as minor offenders, have been brought to answer at the bar for land frauds of long standing.

* * *

Two New Provinces From the hitherto unorganized territories lying between British Columbia and Manitoba have been formed two new Canadian provinces—Alberta and Saskatchewan. On September 1 and 4 the inhabitants celebrated with appropriate ceremonies this great step forward in the history of the British Northwest. Each of the new provinces has an area of more than 250,000 square miles. In the northern portions, besides forest land, there are indications of rich mineral deposits and petroleum. The southern and central regions are admirably adapted for the raising of grain and livestock.

This present season has produced the most plentiful wheat crop ever reaped in either section. Within a few years two trans-continental railroads will carry to a market place the resources of the new provinces. The provinces were formerly part of the great Canadian Northwest, patrolled by the mounted police, but for several years have been settling rapidly, many of the immigrants coming from America.



Grand champion Holstein Froisian bull at Lewis and Clark Exposition, Lunde Oregon De Kol. Owned by F. A. Frakes, of Scappoose, Or.

The livestock exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Exposition proved to be its greatest attraction and brought many thousands to Portland to see it alone. The exhibit consisted of horses, mules, cattle, swine, sheep and Angora goats. Besides the Pacific Coast states represented, there were Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Texas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Canada. Among the horses exhibited were the heavy draft horses, Percherons and Clydesdales, German, French and Belgian coach horses, thoroughbreds, trotting and racing breeds. Four and five thousand dollars was a common price for a fine draft



Lady Dorothea, grand champion Shorthorn female, owned by C. E. Ladd, of Portland, Oregon, and Ladd's Emma, reserve grand champion, exhibited by J. G. Robbins & Sons, of Indiana.



Sir Ormaby De Kol, four-year-old Holstein bull.
Owned by Hazelwood Farm Company, of
Spokane, Washington.

cattle on exhibition was a surprise to those men, who from long experience in shows of this kind, were capable of judging. They said that all the animals exhibited here were of a high degree of excellence, and that no sub-standards were shown. All united in saying that, owing to its mildness, this climate is the best in the world for stock-raising. Animals of all kinds can be produced at an exceptionally early age, because, as there is no severe weather to check their growth, they grow uninterruptedly all the year. The handsome mules shown came from the Pike County Jack Farm, in Bowling Green, Missouri. One mule, for which an admittance fee was asked, was described by a spieler as "the finest mule in the world," so many hands high, weight so many pounds, and "as pretty as a red wagon."

stallion. A superb animal of this class brought over from England last year, named Beaconsfield, was shown from Danville, Illinois; also a hackney horse, Ardimersay by name, valued at ten thousand dollars. Ardimersay won the grand champion prize at this show. McLaughlin Brothers of Columbus, O., showed some splendid specimens of Percherons and French Coach horses, and won many awards. J. Crouch & Son, of La Fayette, Ind., had a fine display of Percherons, Belgian and German Coach horses. Before coming to Portland, their horses were exhibited in Toronto, Canada, where the largest livestock shows in the world are held. Mr. J. Crouch, the senior member of the firm, said: "This Lewis and Clark show compares favorably with the Toronto show and is similar to the Buffalo Pan-American livestock show with an advantage over that in its larger and better grounds." The Crouch firm will start one of their establishments in Portland.

Clydesdale horses were exhibited by C. E. Ladd and J. D. Gordon, both of Oregon, and by horse dealers from Wyoming and Ladner, B. C. The quality of the horses and



Championship group of French imported Percherons exhibited at Lewis and Clark Exposition.

The show of cattle, principally of Oregon and Washington, was exceptionally fine. They were of eight great classes, Holsteins, Durhams, North Devons, Red Polled, Jerseys, Ayrshires, Shorthorns and Brown Swiss. The improvement, which in recent years has been made in the Holstein breed, was clearly demonstrated by Mr. F. A. Frakes, of Scappoose, Or., who won thirteen prizes out of the fourteen animals which he exhibited. The Holstein cows have always been favorites with the milkman because of the abundant supply of milk, but as their milk was of a poor quality, the customers of the milkmen were not so well pleased. Now, owing to splendid care and careful breeding, these cattle have been brought to produce milk that is rich in quality as well as abundant.

Mr. C. E. Ladd exhibited his Jersey cow, Loretto D., which at St. Louis headed the list of all the entries in this line. The display of Shorthorns at this Exposition Livestock Show was the best ever brought together. Mr. Ladd's Lady Dorothea was the "Grand Champion Female" of this exhibit. The Brown Swiss cattle exhibited by Mr. Jayne, of North Yakima, Wash., are a small breed, similar in this respect to the Jerseys and Ayrshires. Their milk is of a rich quality and particularly adapted to cheese-making. Mr. Jayne sells all the cows he raises to the Swiss settlers living at the base of Mount Adams. The Red Polled cattle attracted much attention because of their rarity. They are born without horns. Mr. Cogswell, of the firm of Cogswell & Miller, the exhibitors, calls these cattle the Red Rubies, from their deep red hue.

To anyone fond of animals, the splendid specimens of sheep seen here were a sight.



Cervera, champion Merino ram.



Premier Prince, champion and grand champion Clydesdales, Lewis and Clark Exposition. Owned by H. M. Varney, of Riverside Stock Farm, Ladner, B. C.

to gladden their eyes. Pen after pen filled the big sheds where they were kept. One of the best exhibits was that of the Baldwin Company, whose headquarters are at Hay Creek, Eastern Oregon. They claim to be the most extensive breeders in the world, of the pure bred Merino sheep and its offshoots, the Rambouillet, Spanish and Delaine. The Merino sheep are the head of the short woolled sheep, whilst the Southdown breed and its offshoots, the Cotswolds, Shropshires, Leicesters, Lincolns and Dorsets, are called the long woolled sheep. All of these different varieties of sheep were to be seen here.

MRS. E. W. BINGHAM.



Written for the Pacific
Monthly unless otherwise
designated

By
HUGH
HERDMAN

Overheard at the Fair.

They were evidently not at home in the art gallery, but they were doing their best to appreciate the works of art. The means they took to this end was that of asking questions of every one who happened to be near them. They paused before Lievans' "Madonna and Child," probably because there were two or three other persons standing and admiring it. They looked at the picture, and then looked about them, manifestly seeking enlightenment. The art-loving guard, who knew more about art than ninety-nine one-hundredths of the visitors, happened to be standing near.

"Say," said the man, "who is that picture off?"

"That," replied the guard, "is a painting of Mary."

The reply seemed to satisfy the questioner, and he turned and repeated it to his wife. She took another look at the painting, and then asked, innocently: "Mary who?"

In the Liberal Arts building there was on display a large cut-glass punch bowl, with the price, \$500.00, conspicuously displayed. Most of the sightseers looked at the bowl, then at the price, and again at the bowl. Their astonishment, admiration and covetousness took various forms of expression. One woman gazed a long time at it, lost in silent fascination.

"My!" she exclaimed, finally, from the depths of her heart; "wouldn't I just love to have that for my gold fish!"

Among the displays in the Machinery building was one of leather belts. To show that their belts are securely glued, and that they will neither stretch nor shrink, the firm had a small stream of water running down the belt from a tank overhead, into another tank, in which one of the pulley wheels was submerged. A man of bucolic appearance was attracted by the sight of this small stream and the rapidly moving belt. He walked all about the mechanism and examined it, as he thought, carefully. At last he turned to the attendant and said:

"Well, I'll be dad-gasted! I never would have believed that there little stream of

water could have made all that there power, would you?"

The fisheries exhibit in the Government building attracted great attention. People of all ranks, stations and previous conditions of servitude found many things to marvel at there. Perhaps the intelligent-looking, affectionate, playful seals created the greatest interest. Many inquiries were made as regards their habits. The men were probably as ignorant as the women, but they were more timid about showing their ignorance.

One woman, who evidently knew of seals only as the ancestors of sealskin coats, approached an attendant, and with an air of deep, humanitarian solicitude, asked: "Does it hurt the seals to skin them?"

Another woman, who had just been inspecting the fish hatchery, and had acquired some of the vernacular appertaining thereto, asked the attendant who was stroking "Sport's" silky head: "When do you spawn the seals?"

A small boy, whose behavior made it clear that he had taken to heart the many admonitions to keep his hands off, went the rounds of the fish tanks, and saw the finny denizens swimming leisurely about. A question was hanging on his tongue's end, but he restrained it till he came to the last tank.

"Mamma," he finally blurted out, "is there any glass there?"

"Yes, sweetheart," his mother replied, without a trace of a smile.

The infant incubator attracted the most curious crowd of all the "shows" on the Trail. Nine out of every ten people who went inside had not the slightest idea of what to expect. They were prepared for anything, and after listening to the parrot-like talk of the lecturer, they were prepared to believe anything. One day a fly had been inclosed in one of the incubators, and was buzzing aimlessly about the sleeping morsel of humanity. Two country women noticed it and finally plucked up enough courage to call the lecturer's attention to it.

"Oh," he said, carelessly, "that fly would never think of troubling a baby. He is part of this wonderful exhibit. We keep him in there all the time. He is a trained fly, and keeps all the other flies away."

The women looked at him to be sure that he was not joking, but, seeing no sign of amusement on his face, one of them said:

"Well, don't it beat all what they can do nowadays?"

HUMOR.

A Difference.

"Oh, me," I cried,
"What can there be
In this dull town
To pleasure me?"

Avoiding, then, the heated plaza,
I sauntered through a covered way,
And saw exposed in blazing clusters,
The sappy grape of old Tokay.

And there among the apple women,
A dark-eyed maid with laughing mien,
Peered through a screen of potted tulips
And offered me a Tangerine.

And now, in sooth,
There's naught I see
In this whole town
But pleases me.

—Frank H. Rhea.

* * *

The Cynic's Snarls.

A man's a man for a' that—but that's
neither an excuse nor an alibi.

Qualms of conscience, huh! Merely the
after-effects of lobster and beer.

Insurance companies are learning something
from their present experience—learning how
to cover up their tracks better in the future.

Solomon wasn't such a great man after all.
Look what a slave he was to the matrimonial
habit.

Diogenes had a snap in those days. He
ought to have tried that lantern stunt in our
time.

* * *

A Tragedy in High Life.

The day the new sky-scraper's elevators
wouldn't run,

The portly lawyer of floor twenty-eight had
just begun,

With wheezing, bated breath to mount the
twenty-seventh stair,

When, gasping in his agony, he fell, expiring
there.

"Well, come on; what's the matter, now?"
his waiting partner cried.

"Ah, that's another story" moaned the law-
yer. Then he died.

—Margaret Jewett.

* * *

Grivous Ambiguity.

An incident occurred at the recent Dress-
makers' convention held in Chicago which
was not recorded in the press dispatches. The
rule excluding men from the sessions was sus-
pended in favor of one man, a blind man,
who has had great success as a ladies' tailor.
At the last session he was called upon for a
speech.

"The subject of corsets has occupied much
of the time of this notable convention," he
said. "The speakers have had much diffi-
culty in settling the question. But we men
find them easy to get around—"

"Put him out," shrieked the delegates in
chorus. And out he was put, without cere-
mony.

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10 lb. cans, per lb.....	.41
60 to 70 lb. chests, per lb.....	.40

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SEATTLE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Beware!

'Tis only a pair of 'witching eyes
Soft curtained with long lashes,
Scarce hiding the smile that in them lies,
The mirth from their depths that flashes.

'Tis only a wealth of dark brown hair
A dainty brow caressing.
Where struggling strands all playful share
Confusion now confessing.

'Tis only the cutest little toque
With a bunch of violets on it.
And a soft little fluffy opera cloak
Beneath this pretty bonnet.

'Tis only a handkerchief petite,
Bordered with delicate laces,
Breathing a perfume fragrantly sweet,
Held with the touch of the graces.

'Tis only a pair of pretty red lips
This 'kerchief gently brushes,
As clasped in her dainty finger tips
It comes and goes like her blushes.

'Tis only a woman,—a woman, yet
Beware lest her spell enchanting
Should make you the prey of a gay coquette,
While lightly her charms descanting.

—Frederick William Kelly.

* * *

Advice to Chauffeurs.

If possible, avoid running down people who are over ninety years old. They're only good for a few months more, anyway.

Yes, it is decidedly bad form to drive down a crowded thoroughfare at a speed of more than fifty miles an hour. Don't be a hog—leave something for the next generation.

Don't use an open lamp when searching for leaks in the gasoline tank. The lamp may blow out—incidentally the auto will blow up.

Don't be too eager to make a record. Remember that the present champion of the world on his first day out merely killed three and maimed four—and one of these was a policeman.

Not long ago one of the members of the Killers' Club was expelled for violating the club speed limit—he was caught in the act of driving under fifty miles an hour. The seriousness of his offense may be better appreciated when we mention the fact that not even his long and brilliant record as a slayer of citizens was able to save him.

Julien Josephson.

* * *

The Favorite.

Sauce is a necessary addition to meats, gravies and soups. The greatest sauce is Worcestershire, and the one peerless brand of Worcestershire is Lea & Perrins'. All the world knows that, and all the world calls for its favorite. The market is flooded with spurious imitations, of which consumers should beware. They should look for the trademark.



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HUMOR.

Fumes From Uncle Rastus' Pipe.

Hit's allus bes' ter speak well ob de ab-
sent, 'caze dey may be present.

Woman's shorely is mighty queer. Dey
don't want yer ter 'member how ole dey is,
but dey gets row'ful het up ef yo fergets
der birfday.

When Ah heahs ob so many d'vorces, Ah
kinder t'inks dat eider marriages ain't
all made in Heaben, or else dat Ole Nick
done tap de wire.

Hit 'pears mighty strange ter me dat when
er man falls off de watah wagon he allus
lands on his nose.

Who done said dey ain't gwine be no wed-
din's in Heaben? Who's gwine do de washin'
an' cookin' fer de men? Jes' tell me dat.

Yah, suh, de doctahs certainly can 'duce
swellin's. Ef yo pocket-book done swell
up, jes' tek hit ter er doctah. He'll 'duce
de swellin', all right, an' dat pow'ful quick.

Ah has noticed dat de woman dat raises
de bigges' rumpus 'bout er man shootin'
er rabbit or er possum fer his dinnah allus
weahs er bird on her hat.

* * *

The Craze for Publicity.

We've been charged with Americanitis;
Foreign critics with cryptical mirth
Have voiced the vague fear that some Yank
financier

Is planning to buy up the earth.
But I hold that our national failing—

The one we indulge without stint—
Is the pride that we take and the fuss that
we make,

When we manage to break into print.

Mrs. Rocks, who attended the dog show,
Reads with bliss, "She was stunning in
brown."

Even Father Rocks smiled when he saw him-
self styled,

"Wealthy clubman, well known about
town."

At the page called "Society's Doing"

Daughter Rocks' eager eyes fondly squint,
And her heart gives a thud when she reads,
"Fair young bud"—

Oh, we all love to break into print!

Mrs. Casey, whose Pat fell ten stories,
Reads his name in the paper with pride;
Though, sad to relate, Pat fell on his pate,
And—well, incidentally—died.
Why, even old Hankins, the miser,
Whose heart is as rigid as flint,
Paid his dime like a sport, just to see the
report

Of his meanness paraded in print.

The fellow who waters the horses,
The fellow who waters the stock,
The woman of clubs and the woman who
scrubs—

All equally merit this knock:
They all have the same hungry craving,
They're all on their marks for the sprint;
All trying and vieing and sighing—
Fairly dying—to break into print.

—Julien Josephson.

ATTENTION!!

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Here are three unparalleled offers for those who read. It is admitted by publishers that they are the lowest offers ever made in the history of periodical publishing. There is such a big saving made possible by the acceptance of any one of the three that you cannot afford to pass this opportunity by. Don't put off writing, but send your acceptance of one to-day.

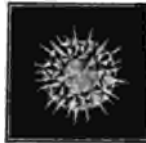
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1935 Kern St., FRESNO, CALIF.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

He Took the Chair.

An Italian with but limited knowledge of the English language applied for work in a large Western factory. He was taken to a department in which there was an opening for beginners, was shown what would be expected of him, and was requested to report at the office the following morning. Accordingly at the appointed hour the foreigner appeared before the timekeeper, and that functionary, recognizing in him a new-comer, departed in a hurried search for the foreman.

"Take a chair," he called back politely, as he left the room.

The foreman arrived with due alacrity in response to the summons, but his expectant glance swept searchingly through the office unrewarded.

The room was empty.

In provoked bewilderment he remounted the stairs to the factory and entered the department into which the new applicant had been conducted the previous afternoon.

Here, amid the rolling, thumping and whirling machinery, and the actively engaged workers, his countenance illuminated by expressions of serenity and interest, sat the Italian in a comfortable chair which he had literally and obediently "taken" from the office below.

Margaret Jewett.

Good Reason for Failure.

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, discharged a man from custody on the promise that he would quit drinking. The man was voluble in his thanks, and said gratefully:

"Your honor, I will place my foot on the serpent's head and crush it."

A month later the man again appeared before the attorney, a night's rest in prison having sobered him sufficiently to appear in court.

"Sir," sternly demanded the district attorney, "did you not tell me that you would crush the serpent's head under foot?"

"I did," faltered the man; "but, your honor, the serpent grew, and my foot didn't."

Garrett Geerlings.

Would Smash the Trust.

William Faversham, the actor, while standing on Broadway, New York, was listening to a friend's dissertation on the inherent habit of woman to turn around and give the retreating members of her sex a critical and rapid examination.

The number of women who indulged in this practice formed so large a percentage of those passing that Faversham's friend asked:

"What would happen if the punishment meted out to Lot's wife were visited upon the women of this city?"

"One thing is certain," replied the actor; "the salt trust would go to smash."

Garrett Geerlings.

Most of us work harder in dodging our creditors than we would in making money to pay them.

"Yes," said the bibulous one, "The camel often goes eight days without a drink—and just look at him."

* * *

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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JAKE McLEAN.

A Previously Unpublished Drawing by Homer Davenport.

(See page 523)



Volume XIV

DECEMBER, 1905

No. 6

THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL

By E. B. Wall

Ancient and holy bells,
Bells of San Gabriel!
What is it your music tells?
All is well! Well! Well!
All is well!

Tangled and limpid music,
Bung through the valley of old,
What messages of heaven
Your brazen tongues have told!

How hath the old Saint waited
—Aloof, in his stony niche,—
While you, so richly freighted,
The soul of the hearer bewitch;
He, with his gloomy grandeur
And stony, impassive face,
Awaited the laggard coming
Of devotee to his place.

But ye, O bells of old,
The message told





With your sweetness bold,
 Into the distant ears;
 Whispered of love—not fears,—
 Blinding the eyes with tears,
 And teaching that God is Love,
 Filling the valley through.
 The message old—yet new—
 So joyfully you tell
 That it doth swell
 Up to heaven above.
 God is Love! Is Love! Is Love!
 And all is well!

O bells of San Gabriel,
 Full well didst thou tell
 The story of Virgin and Child.
 Called out cross the wild
 —To the Soul defiled—
 Of Him who was crucified.
 Told the woe of the cross,
 The terrible loss
 For which the Holy One died.

You rung at morn,
 When a day new born
 Went out with blessing and prayer;
 Your tones at night
 Besought the light
 Of love, on the darkening air.

At your sound,
 O bells of San Gabriel,
 With your tangled and tender chimes,
 What sacred ghosts



In shadowy hosts
Troop out of the olden times.
What heroes of the priesthood;
What tragedies untold;
What prayers were said, what tears were shed,
How beats the hearts of your cross-marked
dead;
Might not your tones unfold.

O ancient and holy mission,
With your worn and falling walls,
Surely your like is builded
Anew, in the heavenly halls.
For why should a place so holy,
—As well as the souls it won—
Not find in yonder heaven
Rest, after Earth is done?

And ye, O bells of San Gabriel,
So faithful through all the years,
Your chimes shall ring where the ransomed
sing,
Afar from this place of tears.
Yes, through the arches of heaven
The chorus of praises you'll swell.
Ring, clear and sweet, down the crystal
street,
"All is well! Is well! Is well!
Earth is done! Is done! Is done!
Heaven is won! Is won! Is won!
And all is well!"



DRIVING THE IRON STALLIONS DOWN TO DRINK

The Second Great Era of Transcontinental Railroad Building to the Pacific Coast

By Frank Ira White

TRANSPORTATION is one of the first essentials for development of the resources of any country. In the making of the West first place must be accorded to the pioneer transcontinental railways. These corporations were first to divert capital from the older and more common forms of securities to the larger field of investment in paving the way for the empire of industrial conquest extending from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast. The railroads were the first large property holders having tangible assets to bear the burden of taxation. Money taken from their treasuries built cities, established local government, founded schools and paid for the permanent public buildings utilized for political, educational and social purposes. This in a literal sense: for it was many years after transcontinental trains crossed to the Pacific Coast before the homesteader became an established personality on the assessment rolls.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to deal with history for the past four decades, but so much of misunderstanding and misrepresentation has been indulged, concerning the transportation companies whose lines are now embraced within the three great systems, that an observation on one particular phase may not be amiss.

Criticism, almost violent in its extreme, has been particularly directed at the recipients of Government aid in the form of Congressional grants of land. Consensus of opinion from the best students of early American economics of transportation in solving the problem of such tremendous import by which the Eastern and the Western shores should be linked, is that the wisdom of the course pursued is

not a matter of doubt. Those who have followed the history of the land grants are aware that, even having such an inducement, it was with the greatest difficulty that capitalists of that period consented to become stockholders and purchase the bonds of the companies.

Benefits, direct and otherwise, that came to the state, county and municipal governments, created as a sequence of early railroad construction, accrued steadily. The corporations became at once large land owners, whose domain for a long period furnished the ex-

clusive source of public revenue. As factors in turning the tide of immigration towards the setting sun, and hastening development of agriculture, horticulture, the livestock industry, mining and the varied pursuits of modern civilization that cultivate a higher and better type of citizenship, as well as tonnage, the result has been among the foremost achievements of the past century.



James J. Hill, builder of the Great Northern Railway, noted for his foresight and daring in railroad construction. Now building the North Bank route down the Columbia River.

THE CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Today the West, and particularly the Pacific slope, is experiencing an era of railroad building of such magnitude as promises for the next two years the laying of more miles of track than has been constructed in the entire trans-Mississippi region during the preceding ten years. This movement is the natural outgrowth of the remarkable industrial and financial conditions prevailing throughout the

national bread basket was largely filled from fields east of the Missouri River. Last year the millers of the Middle West looked to the Pacific Northwest for the wheat to fill their hoppers, and for the first time in the history of Northwestern cereal production the farmers studied the quotations of Chicago, Duluth, and St. Louis, instead of Liverpool. Previously the market for wheat grown in the Columbia Basin was found through the channel of the Columbia River from Port-

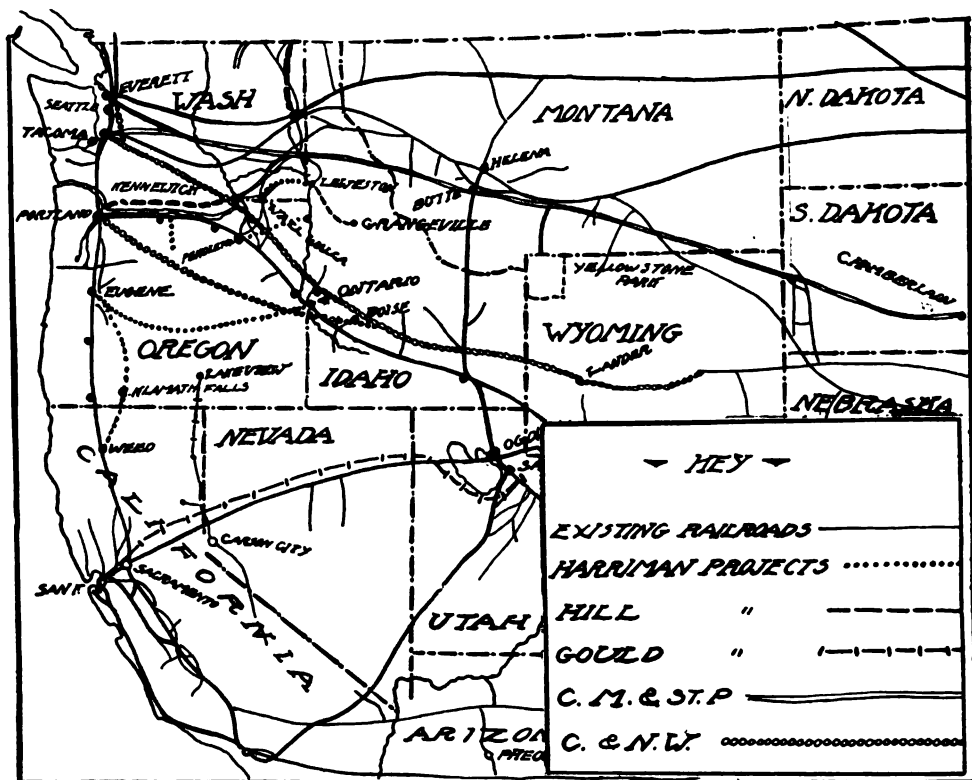


E. H. Harriman, who represents a good half of the transcontinental railroad interests. Mr. Harriman's rise to power has been due to his intimate knowledge of the railroad business and his ability as a manager.

United States, and in which the States of the Pacific Coast have a singularly prominent part.

In every avenue of production and commerce, due in a large measure to the growth of Oriental trade consequent upon the world events that followed in quick succession the advent of the flagship of the American Pacific Squadron in Manila Bay on the first day of May, seven years ago, there has been tremendous advancement. It is but a few years since the

land docks or from the harbors of Puget Sound. It is not so many years since foodstuffs were shipped into Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Oklahoma, not to mention some of the divisions having viewpoints of the world over the wide expanse of the Pacific. What has transpired during the past twenty years, transforming the Great Plains region from the Canadian boundary to the Gulf of Mexico into the most colossal granary of the world, is the same character of evo-



Map showing the existing railroad lines on the Pacific Coast and those now projected by five big systems.

lution the Pacific Coast country is undergoing at present.

THE IMPELLING INFLUENCE.

Viewing the future of transportation in the light of experience, American railroad magnates have looked with longing eyes upon the traffic centers of remarkable promise along the Pacific seaboard. The Columbia River, Puget Sound, San Francisco Bay, San Pedro Bay, and other gateways less utilized, through which the traffic will move, are the objective terminal points.

By reason of the large immigration movement that has set into Oregon, Washington and Idaho, these states offer the most enchanting field for railroad exploitation. With more than a thousand miles of new track in course of construction or authorized by the systems already traversing the northern territory; engineering corps of two other large systems already in the field, and a third ready to begin operations seeking routes by which local traffic may be developed, operations are progressing in a manner not to be misunderstood.

SOURCE OF LUMBER SUPPLY.

Since the lumber industry first assumed large proportions in the states bordering the Great Lakes, and along the lower Mississippi and Gulf Coast, those sections of the Union at the North and the South have enjoyed undisputed control of the immense market of the country between. During the present year the balance of trade has shifted to the North Pacific Coast, and in future the bulk of timber supply for the entire West must be hauled from the forests of fir, spruce, hemlock, yellow and sugar pine, constituting thousands of square miles of the Cascades and Coast Range Mountains and skirting the fertile valleys of the waterways.

That epochs in industrial affairs command the combined genius of leaders in each distinct division, is demonstrated in the advent at practically the same time in the Westward trend of railroad aggression of three great captains of transportation—James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman and George J. Gould—but each independently of the others. To be sure, the two first named already send their trains down

to the Western beaches of America, but with the threatened advance of covetous competitors who would share in the revenue-yielding tonnage, they are fortifying already advantageous positions.

For a dozen years there has been no great amount of mileage added to railroads of the Pacific Coast. In California the Santa Fe established its line into San Francisco, served exclusively by the Southern Pacific system for years—as indeed was the entire State of California with the exception of the citrus district of the South that had enjoyed competitive lines for about twenty years. In Oregon, Washington and Idaho, construction has been limited to a few feeders, branch lines and independent railroads of importance locally and influential in development.

WESTERN PACIFIC THE FOREMOST.

Simultaneously with the rising tide of industrial conditions throughout Pacific Coast territory, announcements of the purposes of these financial giants directing the investment of a hundred millions, and so much more as may be necessary in the accomplishment of the ends sought, have brought to the individual citizen sudden realization of his good fortune to have a part in the fruition about to be realized.

The first of these railroad projects actually started, and on which construction work is being prosecuted with a well-organized campaign for early completion, is the Western Pacific—the line by which George J. Gould hopes to accomplish the completion of a transcontinental system from the Atlantic to the Pacific under one head. Realization of this ambition became a possibility when the Wabash secured entrance to Pittsburg and by pur-

chase of lines and building new tracks the system was connected through to Baltimore. There still remained in the West a long stretch of desert, mountains and intervening productive valleys to span in the plans for “driving the iron stallions down to drink” at the waters tinted by the setting sun.

Stretching from the Missouri, the Western terminus of the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific linked at Pueblo with the Denver & Rio Grande, extending thence to Salt Lake City and with its feeders

reaching further westward to the south of Great Salt Lake. From this point the railroad builders were ordered to take up their task, paralleling the Central Pacific line of the Harriman system across Nevada, thence across the Sierras at Beckwith Pass, and down thro’ the fertile Sacramento Valley to the metropolis of the Coast. It is the intention to complete this line of almost a thousand miles within the coming twelve-month. Meanwhile, engineers are seeking a route to the North by which the Gould system may deliver traffic from the other side of the Appalachians to

Portland, and dispatch East-bound trains with Oregon and Washington lumber, wheat and grain products, Columbia River salmon and commerce from the Orient.

ACTIVITY OF HARRIMAN SYSTEM.

In keeping with the well established principle of railroad operation, that lines of least resistance—those having the lowest gradients and least curvature—are enabled to carry freight and passenger traffic at lowest cost, the management of the Harriman system has expended during the past three years \$185,000,000 in bet-



George Gould, who is now pushing his railroad interests through to the Coast. He is the third figure looming large on the railroad horizon of the Pacific Coast, and is evidently attempting to gain an entrance to every great harbor.

terments. This immense expenditure, largely devoted to eliminating heavy grades and sharp curves, and shortening mileage, practically laying the system with heavy steel, has been of direct benefit to all sections served by lines, regardless of where the labor was concentrated.

Appreciating the demands of a steadily increasing volume of traffic originating in Oregon, in the development of which the combined lines of the system have the greatest interest, and have performed an important part, the management several months since authorized construction of new roads and extensive improvement involving expenditures of \$24,000,000.

The Lewiston-Riparia road, along the Snake River, 71 miles in length, is now being graded, to be operated jointly with the Northern Pacific. The branch to connect the Coos Bay section with the outside world is projected from Drain via Gardner to Marshfield, Oregon, 81 miles in length, the survey for which is being completed and rails ordered. Surveys are now being made for the Oregon Eastern Railroad, which it is announced will extend from Eugene on the Southern Pacific, to Huntington on the O. R. & N., spanning the state from east to west, and with a branch diverting at a point east of the Cascades to tap the Klamath Falls section. From this line across the state diverging branches will serve territory of Central Oregon, not easily accessible from any other railroad.

NORTHERN LINES ALERT.

Of tremendous importance upon the Pacific Coast railroad situation, and manifestly of great value in its effect upon the future of Portland as a trade center and the advancement of the basin of the Columbia, is the building of the Portland & Seattle Railway, from Kennewick, Wash., to Portland, via Vancouver, crossing the Columbia and Willamette Rivers by two splendid steel bridges. Trains of the Northern lines have been obliged to haul their tonnage over the Cascades on lines of heavy grades at almost prohibitive cost. Especially has this expense been felt in handling of transcontinental freight at low through rates. It was a condition and not a theory that in order to meet competition on even terms the roads must be enabled to enter Portland

on a water-level route. This could be had only along the north bank of the Columbia River, and the new auxiliary corporation was formed by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern to construct 234 miles of road, build two modern steel bridges across the streams and make Portland the nearest and most direct Pacific port terminal of the Hill lines. It is the purpose to have the road in operation before the end of 1906, at an estimated cost of \$12,000,000.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL.

With the announced purpose to extend its trackage from Chamberlain, S. D., to the Columbia River and Puget Sound, the C. M. & St. P. is reported to have a capitalization of \$25,000,000 in readiness to accomplish its object. It is stated on seemingly good authority that extensive terminal grounds have been secured at Tacoma for the northern terminals of this line.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.

Another factor that is soon to be reckoned with by the other railroad managers is the Chicago & Northwestern, completing this season its latest extension to Lander, in Western Wyoming, and with extensions projected to Salt Lake City, only about 150 miles distant, and to the Pacific Northwest at Seattle and Portland. Here is an instance of a powerful railroad having been gradually extended toward a long-cherished traffic territory. From their vantage point in Wall Street, and perhaps even in Lombard Street, and the palace of the Belgian monarch, the financial interests behind the Chicago & Northwestern have watched the growth of the Northwestern States. Now that the proper time has come, the official order for extension to share in movement of the traffic may be expected.

LAX PUBLIC APPRECIATION.

In fostering immigration, encouraging industrial growth, aiding in the establishment of great institutions and helping to sustain them, the railroad companies deserve great credit and a larger measure of appreciation than is generally accorded. It is a mistake to suppose that their policy is to exact the greatest possible revenue from the public without giving anything in return, though, unfortunately, that idea is too often cherished.

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF HOMER DAVENPORT

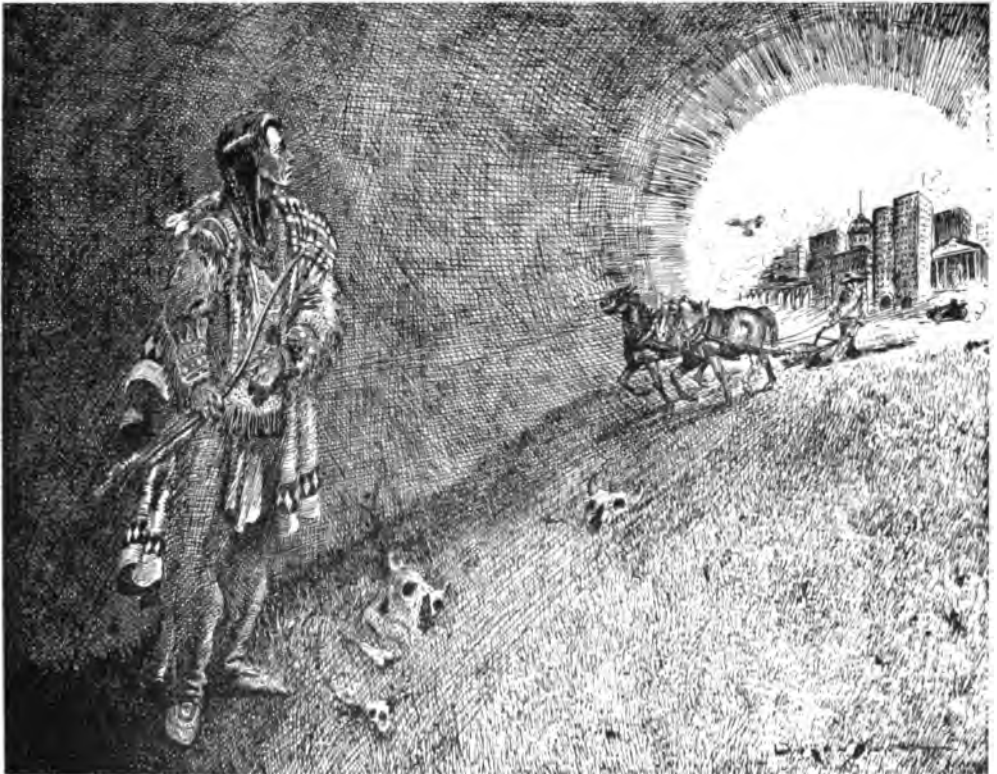
An Interview With the Famous Cartoonist

Part II

IT IS a question to me which of my pursuits I should prefer to follow exclusively. When I see audiences at one of my lectures, so pleased, so charmed, and so delighted, I sometimes think I should prefer that. But if I could cartoon the way a cartoonist ought to, free from editorial bias, and from that pressure that is always brought to bear, I should prefer that. Of course, a fellow would enjoy most doing the most good, and I think the most good I ever did was with a cartoon. When Admiral Dewey was so nearly heartbroken by his treatment at the hands of his fellow citizens that he was on the point of going abroad, I drew a cartoon about it, and when he saw it, he fell down on the lounge and cried like a ten-year-old boy. I thought then

that I should rather do nothing but draw cartoons, if I could do that much good with them occasionally. And then, when I get out on my farm and see that I can make those birds and animals happy, can supply them with everything they want, can guarantee them a happy life and protect them from harm, then I am very happy there. I really couldn't say which I prefer.

I believe, after all, though, that if I could always lecture to intelligent, high-minded people, I should prefer that to any other occupation. My success as a lecturer has always appeared strange, coming out into the world, as I did, without any education to speak of. You see, my mother did not want me to be educated, in the ordinary use of the term, and my father found he couldn't beat anything



The passing of the Indian. Something more than a cartoon.

into me; still, it is with the most highly educated class of audiences that my lectures take. Let me go and lecture to a lot of hack drivers and they will wonder what in the world anybody got me to lecture for, but I remember that in the finest club I ever spoke before, the Rembrandt Club, of Brooklyn, the laugh came more quickly than anywhere else, to my story about how my father moved to Silverton, up in the interior of Oregon, from off his farm near by, so I might have the benefits of the Latin quarter of that city. They applauded that story for five minutes, while at Chautauqua there wasn't a smile for a long time, and then one man laughed.

I fool audiences; it takes two or three minutes for one to get on to me when I start. I do not know what it is, as I never have heard a lecturer of note. Mark Twain and Major Pond did not want me to see one. I don't know what these men do. I don't know whether I am different or not. What James Whitcomb Riley said to me in this regard, one night after I had delivered a lecture, has always puzzled me. He came to me, wiping a few tears out of the corner of his eye, and said: "Homer, it's spread on you thicker than on anybody I ever saw."

"What is spread on me?" I asked. "Is it anything I ought to lose?"

"No, it's just spread on you thicker than on any fellow I ever saw."

"Will you explain it to me, so I can feel comfortable about it?"

"Well, it is just right under the fifth rib, an inch one way or the other would make all the difference in the world."

Whatever it is, at the Rembrandt Club, with all of those highly cultured judges, professors and painters in the audience, there was something that came right back, as soon as they had found out what I was. When I had spoken fifteen or twenty minutes they were so quick on the trigger that I had only to start on some of the points and they would drown them with laughter.

My success as a lecturer has always been a conundrum to my father. He knew that I had no education and learning, and therefore could not impart any knowledge, as a man can not impart what he hasn't got. So, when somebody told him I had made a great hit, he asked if it had been after the champagne had been

served. He knew that an audience will only stand about five minutes—your clothes will hold them that long, and then unless you interest them they will begin to go. He didn't take any stock in what had been told him, until he saw a very complimentary letter which Major Pond wrote Arthur Brisbane, of the New York Journal, regarding me. Then he said: "Well, he couldn't fool Pond, so he is selling some kind of soap; what can it be?"

This is what he wrote me:

"Homer:

"I wrote a letter yesterday, but last night my fancy started again upon the proposition or fact of your being a platform-speaker, and I thought of the kind of speeches you will make and of the preparation for them. Of course I had to think of them in comparison with those of Phillips, Beecher, Webster, Everett, and others, all of them learned and great orators who could plead a cause with hardly less effect than Demosthenes. But, of course, you are not of their kind, but *sui generis*, and can be no other, and, if you should attempt it, would most miserably fail. Edward Everett, the highest product of our schools, wrote his lectures with the most extreme care and criticism, committed them to memory, and rehearsed them over and over in front of a mirror to see that every motion and gesture was faultless, and tested with his ear to catch any departure of intonation or inflection from the proper vocal expression. You will do none of this. Neither will you amaze men by the extent of your erudition, the profundity of your reasoning, or the gracefulness of your rhetoric, and you will not, cannot, attempt it. You will just be yourself if you succeed; and give them a sample of instantaneous, spontaneous, mental combustion, and recollect, my boy, that in order to produce the best effects you must be in the highest grade of health, with your faculties on the *qui vive*, bubbling, pressing for expression, and then with the magnetic emanation of the audience which you will appropriate, they will be charmed, instructed, converted, and they may never know how it is done, and, if by chance your utterances should be seen by them in print, they would be more at a loss than ever. But you cannot waste your high-grade ebullience in visiting and

social intercourse the day of your platform efforts. Mental force, esthetic delicacy, the power of spiritual charm, are all limited in quantity and in their quality depend upon their fullness and sufficiency. Henry Ward Beecher, who depended more on this amplitude than others, refused to spend his force and fervor in social intercourse when on a lecture tour. Hence many people who had heard of his immense mental and emotional diffusion, thought, after meeting him and exchanging a few commonplace words, that he had been much overrated. In explanation of this, he said that he saved up his strength for the benefit of his audience; that as they paid their money in liberal allowance they were entitled to his best efforts. And your performances will rate according to your bodily and mental and spiritual condition, and don't forget this, Homer. You will recollect I have told you the same in connection with your art performances. Recollect how, when you were in Washington—and

the few days there were heaven to me, because with you—four hours' work exhausted you, and then a carriage-ride about the city rested you and filled you up again, for you were the passive recipient of the pervasive, renovating spirit everywhere abroad. Then your eyes were open, but you did not answer my questions, and I saw that you were being immersed in the divine afflatus upon which you, more than most others, must depend—the spirit of the beasts and birds, the field, the woods, and not less earth's human inhabitants.

"Yours,

"T. W. D."

My father's letters are the greatest sermons in the world. Arthur Brisbane always used to devour every one of them. He wore them out reading them. The idea always entertained him that the letters I got from home never had a bit of news in them. He thinks my father is the greatest man he ever knew outside



Davenport laughs grimly over his victims in showing them as woe-begone over a possible curbing of the cartoonist.

of his own father. He doesn't give me much credit for anything I have done. He thinks I reflect in a weak way some of my father's ideas.

I once wrote to my father to come on from Oregon to Morris Plains and plant some trees on my farm, that I might remember him by them. After I had mailed the letter I realized that there was some kind of a point in it which left my jaw exposed; it was promptly covered with his fist. He wrote back: "Thanks for your invitation; but if, when I am gone, you look around and find that I didn't leave any remembrance with you but a few shade trees, be kind enough not to tell anybody."

Once I happened to mention to my father in a letter that I had acquired the habit of playing poker on the train to pass the time between New York and Morris Plains. The response I got to this was: "Out in Missouri, in 1860, your Uncle John and Sam Redwick and I used to play seven-up, in the evening. One evening I said: 'John, will you play me a game for fun?' He answered: 'No, I don't want to play unless it's for something interesting.' I got back at him with: 'I notice lately, John, that you are not interested in anything unless it has a vicious tinge to it.'"

Again my father wrote to me: "Homer, it makes me sad to notice that I am getting older all the time you are away from me. I often wonder whether it was best for you to leave home"; and again: "I don't know much about a life hereafter, but the older I grow the more I think there is one. I believe we either go up or down."

Every one of these letters I have been speaking of was the basis of a Brisbane editorial. I was talking to Brisbane one day, and I happened to tell him the story of how, when I was a boy, I came running to my father, telling him I had the belly-ache, and asking him if he wouldn't help me. My father said to me: "No, you go run around a bit, you haven't suffered enough yet, and when you think you can listen to me, when I tell you it is better to eat graham bread than jelly-cake and plum-pudding, then you can come back to me." The next day there was a big editorial by Brisbane in *The Journal*, in which he said that the common people had not suffered enough yet.

When my father saw Brisbane for the first time, he sat and looked at him for a while, and he said: "Homer, I am glad you haven't got a head shaped like Mr. Brisbane's. Picture-makers don't have that kind of a head; that's the kind that thinks deep things, grinds them all up."

The funniest things happen to me. I am always being taken for my coachman, or a groom in my stable, or some sort of a servant. One night I was to lecture in the Ansonia Hotel, in New York. I was the guest of W. E. D. Stokes, the proprietor, and was given a beautiful suite of rooms. Before dressing I went down to the barber shop to get shaved; I didn't put on my collar, which I had taken off, but just turned up my coat collar; after I had been shaved I went to get into the elevator again, but the negro elevator man said to me: "Take that other elevator there." So I went across and took it; it stopped at the first floor, and a woman got in with a mop; on the next floor the woman got off and two bed-makers got in, and on the third floor two fellows brought in a piece of furniture; and that's the way I traveled all the way to the nineteenth floor. By and by it occurred to me that this was an elevator for the servants. I went to the proprietor of the hotel and said:

"Stokes, have you got an elevator here that is only used to carry servants?"

"Yes; why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know."

I always like to handle my own horses, and frequently drive to the station to meet guests. One night I did this when I had on a flannel shirt. There were lots of other coachmen there to meet that train; one of them looked at my fine horses, and said: "This is Mr. Davenport's team, isn't it?" Two or three of them made comments on my horses, and another of them asked: "Did he let you come out with a flannel shirt on like that?" And another one of them turned to the fellow next to him, and said: "How would you like to have a job like that?" They got their loads first, so they didn't learn their mistake.

At the Lewis and Clark Exposition it was worse than usual. One day a big, pompous fellow came in while I was exercising one of my Arabian horses. I pointed to the horse two or three times,

explaining his fine points, but he didn't pay much attention. When I was done, he said: "Is Mr. Davenport going to take all this collection back to Morris Plains?" Then he pulled out a card case and handed me a card, saying: "I am a very dear friend of Mr. Davenport's. When he comes in, tell him that I called."

One day, also at the Exposition, I was telling a young fellow about my horses,

and he pointed to my room in which I had a collection of my cartoons, and said: "Where did you get your pull with Davenport, to get all of those pictures you borrowed?" It was almost a crime to tell that fellow that I was Davenport himself; as a matter of fact, I didn't tell him, but it leaked out, and he was sitting around the doorstep of my cabin long after he had any business to be there.



Roosevelt at the Lincoln dinner a year ago. Davenport places the two men on an equality as saviours of their country.



"He's good enough for me." President Roosevelt wrote Davenport a warm personal letter when this cartoon was published, and the Republican party spent \$200,000 in printing and scattering copies of it broadcast during the last presidential campaign.



Homer Davenport at home in his cabin on the "Trail" at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Joaquin Miller is holding the youngest of Mr. Davenport's children, and his little daughter is riding one of his famous Arabian stallions.

DAVENPORT'S STORY OF JAKE McLEAN

I am reminded of a story about Jake McLean. He was an odd man, and they say he never put on a clean shirt except when there was a funeral. He was a banker in Silverton, Oregon, where I was raised, and there was never a funeral there that he didn't ride at the head of the procession. He had been a cattle man, and was at this time a banker.

It was the worst night I can recall, and I can recall several bad ones. It was one of those nights in the early part of the winter, when it is very comfortable to be in a solid house, but it is a horrible thing if there is any question about the house. Father and I were sitting up there at our house in Silverton, talking about how comfortable one feels on such a night, when the stock is all in.

As we were sitting there I could just hear through this horrible storm a door slamming out at the barn. I knew that it was terrible outside, and the barn door could have blown off for all I would do,

but I was afraid that father would hear it, so I began clearing my throat about every time I thought that door was going to slam. But the wind played me false once, and he heard it. He said: "Homer, that is the upstairs barn door, and if we don't go out and fix it the roof will blow off."

So we got a lantern and started out. We took hold of each other to brace ourselves against the wind, and I went up into the barn and fastened the door good and tight. We decided to go back through the mud in the road, as it would help us against the wind. When we got to the sidewalk by the house a dog rushed along and jumped up on us. Of course, everybody in Silverton knew everybody's dog, and this was Prince, Jake McLean's dog. Just then we heard a horse galloping up through the storm.

"That you, Jake?" called father.

"Yes."

"Where are you going this terrible night?"

"Going up to Sconce's; they're all down with the diphtheria there, and there is no one to take care of them."

"But, Jake, this is an awful night."

"Yes, I know; but I heard they were sick, and I couldn't sit at home thinking about it, so I took my horse and am going up there."

"Are you a fool?" my father called out through the wind. "When you get into the dead timber you will be killed."

"I thought about that, and I thought

that if I could see the falling limbs I'd probably dodge right into one; but if I couldn't see them at all, I'd be liable to miss them."

"Are you sober?" my father called again; "and going into the dead timber?"

"Yes, and the sooner I get there, the better."

He turned his horse and was lost in the tempest. Father called to him again, but no response came.

Father and I went in, built up the fire, and sat there talking about Jake until two in the morning. I thought



"Our children versus death fares. The Amsterdam Avenue (N. Y.) child breaker." Davenport's cartoon of the New York street-car men's apparently vicious tendency to run down children.



Mark Hanna cartooned by Davenport in a new role. "As he would like to be cartooned," the original caption read.



A cartoon that explains itself. This is the kind of cartoon that makes Davenport a national character. His sympathies are as wide as the nation—and wider.



"The cold, gray dawn of the morning after." Judge Parker and Judge Herriek the morning after the election of 1904. This cartoon was originally drawn by Davenport and printed three weeks before election. The actual morning after election turned out to be cold and gray, so it was re-printed with great effect.

my father was the best man in Silverton, still he knew too much to do what Jake was doing. My father told me a good many things about Jake that night, especially, that when we all had the small-pox, Jake was the only man that came and helped him.

The next afternoon Jake returned. He had ridden all night, a distance of, perhaps, twenty miles, through the black night of the timber, and reached the Sconces' at daybreak. He found four children dead in the house, and the whole family down sick; it was a very large family, and Jake took care of all of them until they were well. As soon as he arrived and found the dead bodies, he made the rest as comfortable as possible, rode back to town, got a spring wagon full of coffins, drove it back, and buried the dead bodies himself. Then he nursed the others back to health.

The last time I saw Jake he insisted on my drawing his picture; I drew it, and I think it was the best thing of the kind I have ever done. Jake never saw the drawing; he didn't care to see it. That wasn't what was bothering him, he just wanted me to make it before he died.



"Never too old to learn." Davenport's appreciative cartoon of Huxley, the English scientist, studying great problems in his extreme old age.

RUSSIA'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

By William H. Galvani

NEVER before has official Russia been so terribly exposed as in these history-making days. Never before, in these days of the Twentieth Century, has any governing power been held up to the gaze of the world as the Despotism of the North. Surely a spectre so brutal, so ghastly and so hideous has never, since the close of the Dark Ages, challenged the attention of the civilized world. Indeed, it is doubtful as to whether, in the gloomiest period of the Dark Ages, any subdivision of the human family ever suffered so terribly from the yoke imposed by Tyranny, Imposture and Privilege, as the people in the Empire of the Czar. Nor have civil, military, and priestly arrogance and usurpations ever transformed any land into such a scene of dissension, of hatred, of persecution, and of blood, as the twin monster of statecraft and priestcraft in the Holy Russian Empire. And all this was deliberately planned and cruelly executed with but one aim in view, namely—that the unlimited power of the governing autocracy should not slip out from its bloody hands.

Civilization, however, without freedom, has never been known to exist very long. Hence the general outbreak—an eruption which bids well to shatter and to scatter all that has been held together by the blood and tears of one hundred and fifty million people. The situation, indeed, has become such that a member of the Emperor's Council, which is but another name for that of a "Patron of Ignorance and Ally of Despotism," admitted that "It is a frightful disease from which Russia is suffering." A frightful disease it certainly is, and its actual origin in that land dates back to the remote time of the introduction of imperialism among the flourishing and peaceful peasant republics. With this began the "consolidation" of the interests of the Em-

pire, which was but another name for centralization of power, and the increase of appetite for autocratic power had constantly grown by what it fed on—more power.

It was, however, with the advent of the Romanoff dynasty, about three hundred years ago, that the centralization of power began to make its rapid strides. One hundred years of the Romanoff, and we find Peter the Great to have succeeded in assuming full autocratic control of both church and state—an alliance which has never been known to bring anything to a people but desolation and despair. Another hundred years, and Russia, through the then raging Napoleonic wars, came into contact with Western Europe, and this, in a great measure, brought into the land of the Czar the spirit of revolution against the allied powers—the hierarchy and monarchy.

The first effort for constitutional rights was made when Nicholas I. announced his own accession, in December, 1825. This organized effort was made by the Decembrists, who took advantage of the prevailing perplexity of opinion during the days of the interregnum, when the people were undecided on the question of succession. According to the laws of primogeniture, the successor of Alexander I. should have been Constantine, the eldest of his brothers. But Constantine renounced the crown in order to marry the Countess Goudsinska, and hence, Nicholas, the third son of Paul, became Emperor-Pontiff of all the Russias. The revolt at his accession was led by the poet, Rileyeff, head of the Society of the North, and Pestel, head of the Society of the South. The result of the first struggle for freedom in Russia was the ghastly execution of Pestel, Rileyeff, Monravieff-Apostol, Bestuzheff-Riumin, and Kakovsky, while about one hundred young men, representing the flower of Russian intelli-

gence, were exiled to Siberia. Inspired by the lives of those who died for liberty in Russia, a number of young men were led to take the "Hannibal Oath" of avenging the memory of those forerunners of freedom in the land of the Czars, and from this small band the work continued uninterrupted to this day. Their activity, however, was never so systematic and so far-reaching as it has been during the last thirty years of persistent effort and heroic sacrifice.

But princes and priests had agreed to encroach on the rights of civil society according to the true spirit of their alliance, and hence the struggle became more and more intense. The revolutionary propaganda was pushed into every part of the empire, and no district was so remote but that it was reached by the self-sacrificing efforts of the men and women who enlisted through the war for freedom. Not only had the Imperial government to pay with the lives of its most servile tools for every man or woman who died on the scaffolds, but every sacrifice brought new men and women into the ranks with a firm determination to fight it out. It was during this period of intense activity that Alexander II, himself, was torn to fragments on the streets of St. Petersburg, and it was about the same time that the Imperial government inaugurated through its civil and ecclesiastical agents a system of civil strife among the different classes and creeds, constituting the population of the Russian Empire, on the old maxim of "Divide and Govern." Hence a people who heretofore lived in peace and amity, by cunning and deception, were brought to a state of internal strife and hatred, resulting in the direst calamities to the long-suffering people of that unhappy land.

With the advent of Alexander III, in March, 1881, matters became still more unbearable. Alexander, himself a blood-thirsty ruffian by nature and inclination, his rule, influenced by Katkoff, editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, Leontieff, editor of the *Russian Messenger*, and Pobiednostseff, procurator of the Most Holy Synod, became the most terrible engine of oppression and civil strife. To strangle the growing spirit of democracy had more

than ever become autocracy's chief problem, and how well it succeeded in this work one may well judge from the fact that scarce a household is to be found throughout Russia, unless it be among the most illiterate classes, which has not furnished one or more victims for exile, the fortress or the gallows.

It was under such a state of affairs when Nicholas II came into power in 1895, and among his first public utterances was the declaration, "I intend to protect the principle of autocracy as firmly and unswervingly as did my late and never-to-be-forgotten father." This memorable declaration was made on January 29, 1895, upon the occasion of his receiving one hundred and eighty-two deputations who came from all parts of the empire to testify their loyalty by the customary presentation of bread and salt; and his majesty pronounced his words in a strong, clear voice, and with a remarkably resolute manner.

It is scarcely necessary to say here that Emperor Nicholas II. meant to keep his word. With so great a galaxy of Grand Dukes, with such an army of ecclesiastical fakirs, civil, military, naval, and other promoters and adventurers, supported by the servility of an editorial cabal, represented by such as Aksakoff, Katkoff, Leontieff, Mestshersky, Souvorin, and others, absolutism in all its rigor was never more triumphant. The autocratic system became more oppressive; the official thieves, more unscrupulous; taxation, more unbearable; education, practically inaccessible; and bread, scarcer and scarcer. Every section of the vast country had become a scene of civil strife. Finland was reduced to an appalling subjection, Poland no longer presented any symptoms of life, the Jews completely ruined, the Dukhobors driven out of the country like wild beasts; the Stundists, banished; the Menonites, expatriated; universities, closed, and for the intellectual representatives of the community there remained nothing but either servile submission, or war unto death. Herein is the secret of the remarkable growth of the spirit of revolt in the land of the Czars; and neither Mr. William T. Stead's strange and startling

effort "to emancipate the Czar" and to bring him and the people closer to each other, nor Count Tolstoy's non-resistance dream, could possibly check the spirit of rebellion.

The Manchurian adventure, with its vast system of railway construction, fortifications, town building, and still vaster system of official theft—for it is estimated that about three-fourths of all the millions expended were stolen by the bureaucrats in charge—paved the way for the memorable Russo-Japanese conflict with all its dire consequences to the organized brigandage presided over by His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas Alexandrovitch, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., etc., etc. The terrible disaster in the Far East and the gathering storm at home led the autocracy to a new scheme of perjury and deception, in order to create some enthusiasm and unification of an outraged people whereby their endless trials and misfortunes might be met in a spirit of resignation. The series of edicts, rescripts, manifestoes, etc., purporting to give projects for commissions to provide sham assemblies to carry out sham reforms, failed entirely to stem the tide of the general revolt. A hurried peace was arranged, but that, too, with no effect upon the approaching storm. The revolt throughout the Empire of the Czar finally broke out, and with what results we all know: the autocracy yielded—the franchise was extended, the legislative power was conceded to the assem-

bly, amnesty to many of the political prisoners granted, and if the program is at all honestly carried out, it may lead to a regeneration of Russia. And yet all that was granted represents no more than what the Executive Committee of the revolutionary party asked of Alexander III., ten days after the assassination of Alexander II. How much happier and more prosperous Russia might have been had those concessions been made at that time!

It is impossible to conclude this brief review of Russia's struggle for freedom without expressing the highest possible admiration for the remarkable way in which this great upheaval had been planned and brought about. Though the struggle throughout its history had cost so many sacrifices, yet the final consummation was so well arranged by a system of general strikes that it might have been fully accomplished without any sacrifices whatever. As usual, however, the bureaucracy in different parts of the Empire concluded on a carnival of crime, and not only have they allowed full swing to the vicious and criminal of whom there are so many in modern cities, but these office-holding criminals have themselves participated in the general looting, and have taken no means whatever to check the bloody crimes which so horrified the whole civilized world. Language fails to adequately express the world's indignation and contempt over the brutal atrocities perpetrated upon defenseless men, women and children. Some day Russia will have to render an accounting for her many deeds of blood and tears, for there is somewhere a law of justice at work from which there is no escape.

THE GULLS

Swift wings alight from hasty flight,
A council upon the sand;
And they march away in stiff array,
A dignified, courtly band.

They flutter and dip as they follow the ship,
To its mooring within the bay;
They scold and squeak with hungry beak,
In the gloom of the vanished day.

You would never think, as they poise on the brink

Of the gray dock, dark and old,
That these modest folk, in their quaker cloak,
Could scabble so and scold.

And they know the hand that feeds the band,
These vagrants of land and sea;
They scream and screech in wordless speech,
Telling their thanks to me.

—Jessie Buoy-Darnell.

The PAINTER of "FRIVOLOUS GIRLS"

HENRIETTA WHITFIELD DUNN

By Kate A. Hall



YOUTH and piquant beauty characterize the work of Henrietta Whitfield Dunn, painter of "Frivolous Girls." She has come back to Seattle, the home

of her girlhood to idealize with magic brush the maids who poured over their school books with her before she became known to fame and identified with the "Frivolous Girls" of the "Great World." She has been spending the last year sketching the typical beauties of the Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Seattle, and is lingering for a few months within sight of Lake Washington. In the meantime, she is not



Henrietta Whitfield Dunn.

idle, and the Oregon and Washington girls may expect to see their prototypes, this winter, scattered the world over.

Miss Dunn's "Frivolous Girls" are known on five continents. They hang in the homes of New York, London and Paris, and have traveled even to South Africa and the heart of Asia. They have been copied on sofa pillows, tapestries, candy boxes and calendars, and have gone everywhere the white man has traveled.

Miss Dunn was born in Milwaukee, not much more than twenty years ago, and spent her early girlhood in Seattle. When but a small girl she insisted on ornamenting her school books, her aprons and her letter paper with drawings calculated to please the eyes of small persons. She early turned to a serious study

of art, and when the death of her father forced her to seek the commercial value of her work, she went to Boston to paint

beautiful coloring, and an atmosphere of daintiness that is difficult to imitate. Harvard and Yale students are especially partial to the "Frivolous Girls," and with them they adorn their rooms.

Every Spring and Autumn, Miss Dunn and her mother journey south, west, or across the ocean, seeking recreation and inspiration for the brush of the little artist.

Miss Dunn is the youngest member of the American Allied Arts Association, and belongs also to the Copley Society, of Boston. She studied with the distinguished water-color artist, Madame Rea Del Sarte, of Paris, for some time, and while on a pleasure trip abroad last summer, sent



and study. Her girls' heads at once became popular, and, though she paints flowers and serious subjects most creditably, the demand for the "Frivolous Girls" has been so great that she has given most attention to them. These are known for originality in style and pose,

home to American purchasers, during a space of a few weeks, more than one hundred "Frivolous Girls," giving evidence of nimble fingers, an unlimited capacity for work, and no dearth of ideas. Her success has been achieved by untiring work and the courage which is necessary to start out on original lines.

In the faces of the "Frivolous Girls" is reflected sunny temperament and amiability, such as characterizes their creator. The little, blonde artist paints as she feels, and as she feels very amiably toward the world she creates; those amiable maids known as the "Frivolous Girls" with the laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks, and fetching accessories of a girl's designing—fluffy bows, ruffles, chiffon ruffs, and nodding plumes.

Anticipating my first meeting with Henrietta Whitfield Dunn, I had pictured a "Frivolous Girl" in the flesh, and I was not disappointed. There tripped into my presence the smiling vision of a little Vandyke blonde in a brown silk suit, with laughing brown eyes and a large brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with autumn leaves, tied under a laughing, dimpled mouth. The very pleasantest of greetings immediately made me feel acquainted with the whole family of "Frivolous Girls," and I went to the studio that very evening to strengthen the friendship.

And there, before her easel, stood the same laughing vision, though this time the brown silk suit was almost wholly covered with a brown denim overdress, and two camel's-hair brushes were held tightly in one corner of the mouth.

As I watched the girls of rose-laden poke-bonnets, enchanting lovelocks, and coquettish mien materialize, Miss Dunn told me something about them. My first question was the usual one: "Why do they call them 'Frivolous'?" And to this she replied: "I really do not know, but the Harvard and Yale boys, who have their rooms lined with them, say it is because girls who *will* wear so much finery certainly must spend much time and much money upon their toilettes, and so are frivolous. A New York friend first called them 'Frivolous,' and the name has never left them."

"It is a good thing," continued the little artist, "to have my girls known by some title. Wherever I go I meet someone who recognizes me or them, and the

formalities of introduction are pleasantly dispensed with."

"They tell me that you get many ideas from your mirror," I ventured, and then I found that I had embarrassed the little lady. She blushed crimson, and responded amiably, though emphatically: "Now, that is not so. An Eastern interviewer once made such a statement, but it is not true. Of course, I do often practice a pose before my mirror, but I am not vain enough to be constantly painting my own self. In fact, I am always hunting new types, and that is why I like to paint the girls of the states in which I visit. In Southern California, I painted half a dozen society girls, and, do you know, they were the ones that everybody paused in front of at my exhibition. Even strangers wanted to buy them, and so I made several duplicates for the market. There is an advantage, you see, in studying from life.

"And, speaking about myself, some strange ideas of me are formed from the fact that my girls are styled 'Frivolous.' A Boston interviewer stated that I went down the street chewing gum and chocolate caramels! What do you think of that? I bought all the papers to be had in the neighborhood, and scratched that line out very carefully before scattering them among my friends!"

Asked to what her success is due, Miss Dunn replies: "I am not afraid to strike out in original lines, and I am not afraid to work. I try to make my girls just as pretty, just as intelligent, and just as dainty as I can. And that is all the formula for success in similar work that I can give."

Across two continents, Henrietta Dunn has sought and painted the "Frivolous Girl." The languor of Italy, the chic, inimitable style of the Parisian, and the robust beauty of the German, are distinctly traceable in the reproductions of her brush. She says: "Next Spring I am going to Italy again. I want to study with a master who paints strongly-lined, haggard faces full of character. Oh, no! I shall not paint that kind, except with him. I shall continue to paint the dainty girls, but I think I can add something to even so contrasting a type after I have come to understand such a master as I have in mind. I am only an art student, you know."



"A path of gold."

AT THE GATES OF MYSTERY

By Eleanor Worthington Macdonald

THE necromancy of the heavens is for all. He is dull of spirit, indeed, who must seek in distant travel the novelty and grandeur that will satisfy his soul, when directly overhead, in a single quarter hour, the clouds pass through a myriad changes of scenery. Thousands of pilgrims have lingered awe-struck before Whitney and Elias, ironically blind, while miles above the structures they admired,

Whitney heaped on Whitney floated by. Familiarity alone has robbed the sky phenomena of their proper impressiveness. If the sun sank and rose again but once in a century of monotony, with what worshipful awe we would await that day-break. Spellbound, we would gaze upon the faint gray mists, creeping up, cold and passive, from the earth, and gliding in level plains until the first sunbeam sent them flying in shimmering ribbons; we



A sombre Dakota sunset.



Cumulus clouds over Washington, D. C.



Clouds drifting leisurely over the landscape in Western Washington.

would stand enraptured as the blood-red ball slipped out of the dimness beyond, while the tattered vapors wreathed and wound until, without a moment's warning, they rolled in iridescent masses, foundationless, impossible. Is the telescope-studied, occasional eclipse more full of wonder than this daily manifestation to which we are indifferent?

The mystery of dawn has deteriorated into a commonplace; but more tragic still, daily intimacy has blinded us to sky-scenery that drifts from splendor into splendor a thousand times in a single hour. He who will dream away a summer afternoon, an idle watcher of the vision in the sky, will find in clouds an originality and individuality more re-

freshing than the variety in sea or forest. Clouds, above all other forms of inanimate nature, reflect and typify the unrecordable history of mankind. Soul-enriching and derisively evanescent, they are the symbol of man's eternal clutch at the intangible.

We of the latter days have lost our racial birthright. The sublimity of the heavens sank deep into the hearts of our primitive forefathers. After the passing of the first wild terror with which they associated the fog with malarial sicknesses, and the cloud with devastation by storm, the early generations began to symbolize their experience with these forces. Their attempt at explanation resulted not in scientific theory, but in the creation of myths. In dramatic clothing, cloud-life appears in the stories of every nation; in the books of Hindoo wisdom, in the Norse Saga, in the inspired verses of the Old Testament, in Indian legends, and in the folk-lore of the Germans. Greece personified the cloud in Hermes, that merry gad-about of the sky, the God of theft and lying and of concealing mists; the blinder of the thousand star-eyes of Argus.

The heavens made their strongest appeal, however, to the primitive peoples of humid Ireland. Cloud-life is inseparably interwoven through Celtic myths, fantastic and incoherent as the mists that cling about the Emerald Isle. The shifting castles in the sky were, and still are, treasure-houses of delight to this race of dreamers. The enchanted eyes of the Gaelic peasant behold with rapture the "Shadowy Horses" plunging through the twilight. The modern exponent of Celtic mysticism, Yeats, has caught up the cry of the spirit-hosts which has thrilled the Irish heart in all ages:

"Away, come away:

*Empty your heart of its mortal dream,
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is un-*
bound.

Our hearts are heaving, our eyes are
agleam,

*Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of*
his hand;

We come between him and the hope of
his heart."

It is the daily message of the clouds to us; but modern eyes, alas, are blind to visions. So it happened to those remote ancestors of ours. Their imagination blunted quickly, and they outgrew the necessity of interpreting natural phenomena into terms of animate life. A new relation between human and cloud nature was begun when men looked to the sky for instruction, as well as inspiration. It was not long before the connection became apparent between certain formations of clouds and the weather. At the foot of Nature the race learned the trick of prophecy. Modern science has not evolved a code more accurate than the quaint and often-quoted old weather jingles transmitted to us by those early dwellers in the open air. The mariner-peoples quickly discovered the omen of a mottled sky, and passed on the warning: "If clouds do look as if scratched by a hen, Get ready to reef your top-sails then."

The Anglian herder deduced his easy philosophy from observation of the heavens and framed it in a happy lilt:

"If wooly fleeces spread the heavenly
way,
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's
day."

The poetic fancy of these people endowed clouds with the only nomenclature they possessed until within the past century; a classification based entirely upon the appeal of vapor to the vision. The delicate white wisps that often streak an otherwise clear, blue sky with signals of rain, first found their way into the popular vocabulary as "mares' tails." When the wind swept the fine tracery into more compact formations, the rippled appearance became known as a "mackerel sky." "Noah's Ark" was the good old-folk name for the long, dark phantom that rides the heavens during a storm.

Spirit-like, clouds have eluded scientific classification until within comparatively recent times, when the discovery was made of a semi-constant characteristic; the adherence of certain formations to certain altitudes. For convenience sake the hand of science divided the sky into a series of levels, each inhabited by its own peculiar cloud. The highest region is the haunt of apparently motionless little meshes called *cirri*. These delicate clouds never even graze the peaks



A heavy mountain fog drifting over the huge shoulder of a hill.



Pike's Peak, Colorado, at sunset.

of the world's highest mountains, and float at an altitude of such inconceivable cold that they are, in reality, fragments of ice. Wholly unaffected by any impurity of mist or gas or smoke, they are in the most exaltedly ethereal state compatible with visibility; receiving the sun's light in its greatest intensity, their white is more dazzling and their colors more vivid than those of any other clouds. Beneath the *cirri*, but separated from them by a vast interval, drift the wizard bars known as *strati*, and the summer-day clouds, the *cumuli*, surf-like, and familiar from their "silver lining." Lowest in the firmament hangs the dark, ominous *nimbus*, or rain-cloud; a murky fog that neither sinks nor soars.

Any increased knowledge of the laws governing the phenomena through which Nature reveals herself must be looked upon the light of a triumph. At the same time, it is a singularly comforting

reflection that none of the specific gains in information contributed by science have power to add one touch of beauty to the heavens; that the man who is neither student nor scientist nor artist may acquire a knowledge more profound and vital than any of these. The clouds which burst into conflagration at sunset in flames of gold and orange, crimson and purple, and crumble away into ashes of cold blues and grays, do not waste their splendor because the multitudes cannot explain them.

The esthetic ministry of clouds is elemental as it is abundant. From them flows something that becomes a part of the receptive soul without co-operation of the intellect. Sometimes tranquil, sometimes awful, just as near to laughter as they are to tears; human in their passions, and divine in their aspirations, their appeal is to the spirit which they express and symbolize.



A sunset in the "silent places."



Drawn by Murray Wade.

"He called loudly, but the screams of the wind drowned his voice, and the suffocating snow encompassed him. There were no directions; it was all a blind swirl of fury."

(Glad Tidings on the Hackamore, page 543.)

SHORT STORIES



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GLAD TIDINGS ON THE HACKAMORE

By Arthur A. Greene

A WELL SET-UP YOUNG MAN in corduroys rode a wiry, bald-faced cow-pony up to the hitching-rack in front of the Commercial Hotel at Washburn, in the range country, and dismounted. He tied the cayuse and strode into the shabby room which served the double purpose of office and bar at that more or less famous hostelry, to the not unmusical accompaniment of jingling spurs, a gentleman swashbuckler born two hundred years late.

The "drummers," playing "cinch" in a corner, eyed him with some interest, and one of them remarked carelessly: "He ain't the real thing. Too clean. Looks as if he'd stepped out of 'Arizona.'" These observations, unheard or unnoticed by Mr. Jim Ainsworth, sometime cotillion leader and crack athlete, now foreman of his father's big ranch on the Hackamore, had in them much of truth, for his face and figure were too thoroughbred for a type of the puncher on our fast-receding cattle frontier. Neither did it require remarkable keenness of perception on the part of his critics to reach the conclusion that he was the sable sheep of some family of "swells," banished West for experience, and that the paternal pocketbook might be eased a bit. There are many such in the wilderness.

The cynosure of these eyes nodded agreeably to the bartender's remark as to the weather, pulled a chair up to a window and began sorting out his week's accumulation of mail. He rolled a brown-paper cigarette and examined the postmarks on some half-dozen letters bearing Eastern postmarks and a bundle of Christmas magazines. The first of his letters he read without enthusiasm. It was from a fellow Princetonian, and related chiefly to tarpon fishing on the Florida coast. It is of no moment here. He skimmed through three others hurriedly, held a tinted "girl letter," which bore a crest, up to the light, ruminated a homesick moment, put it into an inside pocket, tore open a business-like envelope, bearing the legend, "Ainsworth & Company," and lighted his cigarette. As he read, happiness stole into his heart and tickled his nerves like electricity. His father told him to place the foreman in charge of the ranch and come home. His letter was short, but tinged with a geniality the parental epistles generally lacked.

Jim Ainsworth was not a soft one, and much of his sentiment had been knocked out of him by three years of hard riding and rough living, yet something very like a blur got into his eyes, and he saw, as through a glass darkly, the little cattle town's main street of ramshackle, unpainted pine saloons and general stores which lay out of the window through which he looked. But he looked over and beyond this intangible haze of desolation with clearer vision, back along the road he had come three years before, two thousand miles, to a great, throbbing, beautiful

city which was his home, to a great house on the avenue, to wealth and luxury and ease, much as Michael glimpses back through the arid ages to lost Paradise. In that old home he saw a stately mother with a smile of welcome on her sweet face, and a sister, the like of whom was not to be seen in Wyoming nor even comprehended; a beautiful picture girl. He saw a fine, gray-haired old man of affairs standing before a cheery, open fire in a library heavy with rare furniture and rarer books, kindness beaming on his high-bred face, and a hand of welcome extended to him. He saw—or thought he saw—another picture, “wondrous fair”—but that reminded him, and he dived into his pocket for the remaining letter, the one with the crest. Had he been three years younger he would have kissed it surreptitiously, but as it was, he opened it with unusual care and read devouringly from the first line, which ran: “A little bird has told me that the ban is removed; that a certain doting papa has at last discovered a great truth amounting to the fact that you are the very dearest fellow on earth, and that you are coming home in triumph at Christmas,” to the closing one, which read: “Now, Jimmie, if you love me, don’t fail to come for the Holidays, for there is to be the biggest kind of a killing for you. There will be much dancing, vast feasting, and just a little drinking in your honor, and the happiest girl in all this big town, will be,

“MAYME.”

He read the letter a second time to let the intoxicating blessedness of it soak in, then pulled himself together and did just what any other dutiful son and faithful lover would have done, drew his big hat firmly upon his head, hurried across the street to the little road station and sent two telegrams. His departure started a delineation of his virtues as a “game one,” on the part of the bartender, and the loungers, who had watched the son of a real millionaire with absorbing interest, were much edified thereby. Praise from bartenders, like praise from Sir Hubert, is praise indeed, and the card players forgot who had been “cinched,” and watched through the grimy windows the interesting personage leave the “depot,” cross the square to where his freighters were loading supplies, give a few rapid directions, light another cigarette and mount his horse to ride twenty miles north, where, in a bend of the Hackamore, was the group of sod buildings and wire corrals which constituted the home ranch.

There are December days on the plains which are tempered to the shorn lamb, and this was one such. The air was just bracing enough to get into strong blood and urge it to rise in the stirrups and ride hard and mercilessly. The sun, too, had a clear field and every favor, and its rays put mischief into the hearts of the prairie dogs, which sat up like so many little Mohammedans at prayer before their domiciles, and barked at the man and at the pony and at the little puffs of dust which rose behind them in the trail. The Siberian exile, who has survived his term, must feel something like regret at leaving the terribly familiar Steppes, his fellow prisoners, the dog which had been his friend and companion, and all the familiar settings of the drama of misery which he has played to the end. It was in some such way that Jim Ainsworth was looking at the receding miles of cheerless, dun-colored monotony. He encompassed it all, from the badger sunning himself before his hole and the great prairie hawk wheeling and circling above, to the foothills away to the west, where he and his men had fought it out with the “rustlers,” two years before. That had been a sanguinary bit of realism, and the enemy carried off two of their number on their saddle bows and ran for the mountains when it was over. He was already beginning his farewell to this limitless prison house which he was leaving.

“Cap, old man,” he said, stroking his horse’s frayed-out mane, “I’m going to quit you. Governor’s sent for me, and I’m going back to God’s country.” The horse was a good listener and kept up a good show of speed the while, so his master talked on: “But the boys’ll be good to you for my sake, and maybe I’ll send for you sometime, just to show those dock-tailed dude horses down there what the real article is like. I believe you can learn polo, old as you are.” The horse accepted the statement as a truth, and his rider fell to plan making. The fall had been

unusually open, and although it was well into December, the cattle were still on the summer range. It would require the next week to round them up and bring them into the winter pastures and within reach of "roughness." Everything must be left in ship-shape for the winter, which comes at any time. The new sheds were done, thank goodness, and there was plenty of hay. "By George," he said aloud, "talk about perversity. This morning I was hankering after the fleshpots and wondering if I'd ever get into a dress suit again, and here I am at three in the afternoon almost melancholy at the prospect of parting from a few bunches of steers, a herd of ponies and a dozen cow-hands. I'll make Ike foreman. He's smart and honest, and knows the business. I'll raise his pay. Yes, I'll raise all their pay. It will help to make the good-bye better."

It was almost dark when he rode down into the valley of the stream which courtesy called the Hackamore River, and the outlines of the ranch houses rose up, dim and indistinct, a few rods before him. A prankish notion seized him; he drew his "gun," emptied the six chambers into the air, gave "Cap" the spurs and dashed up to the door in the most approved style. The men who had been about their evening's work came running from all quarters at the unusual manner of the Boss' arrival, and one more privileged pulled him from the horse and eased him to the ground. "No, Ike, I'm not drunk," said the hilarious one, "but don't you remember that when you used to go to Sunday school, years ago, down in Kansas, you heard a good deal this time of year about 'glad tidings of great joy'? Well, that's what's the matter with me, Ike; it's a case of glad tidings; I'm going home."

* * *

Ten days later, a man who had wired: "Will be home Christmas morning," was fighting for his life, away out on the treeless plateau, and making a brave effort alone against a blizzard to keep his word, while Christmas shoppers were thronging the streets of a distant city, and a great house in the aristocratic quarter was being made ready with mistletoe and holly, regal trappings of the season, for his homecoming. It is a forlorn hope, this groping one's way from death to life in a Wyoming snowstorm, and he knew it, but struggled blindly on.

Three hours before, when he climbed into the buckboard beside Ike for the trip to town and the train, there had been a heavy cloud draping the north, and the wind whined ominously. However, there was a plain, straight-away road, they were wrapped up warmly in buffalo robes, and if he would dine at home on Christmas day, Jim Ainsworth must be snugly ensconced in a Pullman berth that night on the Omaha train. There was a round of hearty hand-grasps, many rude "take keer of yourselfs," and then they drove away.

"We'll have to pound 'em on the back a little," remarked Ike, sententiously, as he whipped up the ponies, "for that bunch of clouds up there looks bilious. That's the kind that brought on the big blizzard last year, you remember. The one Windy Miller was froze in."

Then the two lost themselves in reminiscences of the three years of their relationship as master and man, and they failed to note the increasing coldness or the roar at their backs, as of an oncoming express train.

Half-way to town the billow of snow and flying ice rolled over them, and blotted out the world. The ponies, wise in their generation, broke out into a run, and the men, muffled to their eyes, crouched low in the pitching, swaying vehicle. They must have gone so for several miles, and then something happened—a canyon, perhaps—no one ever knew, for the ponies were found in Swede John's corral the next day with shreds of harness hanging to them—and Jim Ainsworth was alone at the mercy of a blizzard, the like of which had not been known in fifteen years.

He called loudly, but the screams of the wind drowned his voice, and the suffocating snow encompassed him. There were no directions, it was all a blind swirl of fury. He wondered vaguely what had become of Ike, and how it came that he was down on foot in the midst of the storm, but fear had not touched him, and he felt strangely confident. He would drift with the wind and find shelter

somewhere. Some refuge into which he could crawl until the wind had worn itself out. How long he had been stumbling and floundering through the drifts, he could not tell. Time had ceased for him, and all the world seemed stunned by this sudden fury of the storm-god. Then the javelins of the little ice-demons pricked him back into consciousness and he felt the horror of it all. He shrieked in his frenzy, but could not hear his own voice. He recalled the stories of men who had died even as he was about to die. He struck insanely at the thing which was swathing him with its winding sheet. He fell, and with difficulty got upon his feet again, to be beaten by the arms of the wind. His body had turned to lead, and he dragged himself along, to fall again. Now he felt very happy, the fear was gone, and his eyes were heavy for sleep. It must have been hours since he found himself in the snow alone. He would miss the train and the festivities of Christmas day at home, but there would be other trains and he could go home later—now he would sleep. The happiness in store for him when he should sleep off this exhaustion was a great joy. How kind was the blessed snow, and what a downy pillow the drift made. He vaguely recalled that this was the season of great rejoicing. Yes, rejoicing, indeed. He heard the church bells—Christmas chimes, the chanting, surpliced boys—and their song—the familiar song they sang. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." He heard much more, but sleep was—sweet—he was dreaming and in his dream he beheld the glory.

* * *

When the wind rested, two days later, and the great white sea gave up its dead, the searchers found Ike, the cow-puncher, stark and rigid on the trail. It was not until the next morning, the festal Christmas morning, when church bells were ringing in a distant city and the boys in white were singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men," that they found the other, where the snow had spread his bed. They raised him tenderly, these rough men, lest they might awaken him, for in his face were reflected "Glad tidings of great joy."

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN WINTER WREN

Know ye the song that the wood wren sings,
The shy, brown wren with gold-barred wings?

I heard him late in the forest deep,
And he waked the silent wood from sleep;

For he sang love's joy but not love's pain,
Over and over the sweet refrain.

Wild, wild and free, with no thought of art,
He sang to his mate from his throbbing heart,

Sang to his mate on her hidden nest,
To the little ones nestled 'neath her breast.

Sweet, sweet the cadence, sweet his will,
While the greenwood listened and was still.

Down through the gloom a sunbeam danced
To gild the path where I stood, entranced

By the song of love, by the lullaby
That stirred my soul to ecstasy;

And I cried, "Sing ever, wee, brown wren,
Thy joy is beyond the joy of men."

—Annie Laura Miller

MY GENTLEMAN GARDENER

By A. W. Sarel

"**A** GENTLEMAN wants to speak to you, Ma," I was annoyed at the early morning visitor, but I arose from the table and went into the hall. There stood a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, handsome, with carefully waxed moustache, and dressed according to the latest Bond Street style—even to a pair of tan dogskin gloves folded and held negligently in his hand along with his soft gray felt hat.

I said, "Good morning."

He gave a courteous little bow and, handing me his card, responded: "You very kindly said I could do your garden for you, did you not?"

I gasped. Was this my gardener? Was this the young fellow just out from England, who was a little hard up and ready to work for his meals? I was so surprised I really did not know what to do, but, hearing an ominous giggle from one of my little boys in the dining-room, and a warning, "be quiet," from their father, I pulled my thoughts back into place, and said, "Yes, but don't you think your clothes will get soiled?"

"Ah (with that excessively English drawl), no, I can take off my coat, you know, and roll up my sleeves, and it's altogether too much fag to mind about one's appearance, don't-cher know."

"Can you do the work? Do you know anything about gardening?" I asked.

"Ah, I'll try. I'll do my best, and of course if I am not quite up to the mark, you can just give me my marching orders."

"Well, have you had breakfast yet?" I said, remembering that Mrs. Welk had laid particular stress upon his having three meals a day, as she claimed he was all but starving; a circumstance which I could hardly believe after seeing the young man and his attire.

He gave a queer little smile and said, "No."

"Then come in at once," I said, and led the way into the dining-room. As I did so I just got a peep at the little bit of pasteboard on which was engraved, "Mr. Herbert Stowes Montaguard."

What could I do but introduce him as, "Mr. Montaguard, who had come to help me in the garden."

My husband got up, looked silly, and uttered something like, "Have a cup of coffee," and sat down.

My gardener seated himself while the



"Ah (with the excessively English drawl) no, I can take off my coat, you know, and roll up my sleeves and it's altogether too much fag to mind about one's appearance, don't cher know."

Chinaman fetched a plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon. Then I noticed he felt beside and under his plate, evidently for a table napkin. I told Sing to bring one, and then we all resumed our breakfast.

Mr. Montaguard simply devoured everything in sight. I really wondered if he would begin on the crockeryware soon. I kept sending for relays of toast and eggs and fresh additions of preserves. Finally he seemed satisfied, then he apologized in a half-laughing, jocular way for eating so much, and explained it by saying he had had no supper the previous night.

I tried to coax my husband to start the new gardener at his work, but he knew better;

found suddenly it was very late, and rushed off to catch an earlier car than usual. I did not know what to do. I felt as if I had a guest in the house.

When I returned to the dining-room, after seeing my husband off, I found Mr. Montaguard chatting easily with the children, while he leaned back gracefully in his chair, holding in one hand a handsome silver cigarette case. As I entered, he arose hastily and said, "Do you object to my smoking, Mrs. Blaine?"

"Not at all," I said. But I did wish he would start his work in the garden. I had much to attend to in the house, and I was lunching out at North Vancouver and had barely two hours to see to everything and start.

But Mr. Montaguard sat down and had his smoke, leisurely talking on various subjects, and talking extremely well, like a man of the world, and of the fashionable, well-to-do world. He was not boastful or bragging, neither did he seem to feel his position at all—that of my hired gardener—indeed, he seemed to have quite forgotten the garden, until in desperation I said, "I think before I go upstairs to see to things, I will just show you what is needed in the garden."

"Oh, certainly, yes. Just allow me to take off my coat," which he proceeded to do, and flung it carelessly on a chair near by. It was evidently "too much fag" to look after his clothes, however hard up he may have been. I suggested turning up his immaculately white shirt cuffs to prevent them being needlessly soiled.



He had felt so faint and thirsty—so he had asked Georgie, my youngest boy, if he could get him any whisky.

Then we went out. My elder children had all gone to school, for which I was rather glad, as I felt the situation becoming every minute more absurd.

I looked at my gardener standing at attention; I looked at my garden full of weeds and untidiness; then I looked at my two smallest children, who stood staring open eyed and open-mouthed, wondering what was to be the next move.

"What shall I do?" asked Mr. Montaguard, breaking an awkward silence; "shall I begin by sweeping up the leaves?"

I glanced at a few fallen leaves, about a handful. "Perhaps you could weed the garden first, and then prepare the ground for seeds," I suggested.

He was all agreeable, and I finally left him and the two small children weeding away very gaily, while I went to attend to my house and get ready for my visit to North Vancouver.

In my hurry I really forgot my new gardener until just after 11 o'clock I came out of the house, dressed in my best, and rather hot and flustered. Then all at once I caught sight of him sitting disconsolately in the middle of the pathway with a very hot, red face, and in an altogether disheveled condition. Beside him stood one of our cut-glass spirit bottles.

When he saw me he got up; he did not stagger or sway, but stood very bolt upright and said in a decidedly thick voice, "Weeds gone, every one, see; clean swept." Then he giggled! then, of a sudden, he began to whimper and beg me not to be too hard on him. He had felt so faint and thirsty—so he had asked little Georgie, my youngest boy, if he could get him any whisky, and Georgie had obligingly brought out the glass bottle, from which, I suppose, my gentleman gardener drank straight.

Before I knew what had happened, the wretched, half-drunken man had sunk his head upon my shoulder and was sobbing copiously on my delicate lavender delaine-clothed shoulder. Imagine my feelings; surrounded on every side by neighbors' houses, all overlooking our garden.

I tried to edge myself away gently, owing more to the perishable nature of my gown than to any delicate feelings for my gardener.

"Mrs. Blaine," came a well-known voice, and my sister, Angela, came in the garden gate.

Angela is not yet sixteen, and at times is very silly. On this occasion she showed even less sense than usual, for she stood a minute gazing in rapt attention, then she gave a moderated Indian war-whoop, and plumped her small person down on the lawn and laughed. That girl went through all the contortions of acrobats in the excess of her agony. She swayed back and forth, she rolled, she curved, she folded her arms and rocked herself about, laughing all the while like a maniac.

"Angela, be quiet and free me," I began, angrily.

"Free you? Why, Kate, it's too funny to spoil. Wait, let me get a kodak—where are the kids?"

This was too much. With a disastrous jerk I pulled myself away and rushed into the house, angrier than I have been in my life before. My frock was torn, my shoulder frills crushed out of all smartness, and, worse than all, I had lost my car, and hence my boat, which meant waiting a whole hour and arriving late for luncheon.

A shriek from the garden drew me to the window, and there below was the gentleman gardener on his knees before Angela, wildly clutching her hand, and still begging for forgiveness. Angela did not laugh now, and I did not, either. I simply rang for the police.

Angela very soon freed herself and came rushing into the house, declaring the man was a lunatic, and I ought to be ashamed of myself for allowing such characters about the place.

Before the police arrived, Mr. Montaguard came to himself a little, and had sense enough to come in and take his coat and hat from the hall and slink out of the garden gate.

We never saw him again.

ARABELLA VERSUS THE FAMILY

By Kittie Skidmore Cowen



QUIRE MEEKER and family, consisting of a wife, a young daughter of eighteen years, a hearty lad of fifteen, and a plump, rosy-cheeked lass of eight summers, sat in their pleasant, cheery sitting room, each one dressed in his Sunday best, awaiting the arrival of the much-respected, much-sought-after William Arthur Dinsdale, the village schoolmaster, who was to honor the family with an evening call.

"Now, father," began Arabella, "please do your best to use the right word in the right place to-night. And mother, dear, I do so hope you will not forget, and get into a tangle with your adjectives and adverbs. I know Mr. Dinsdale will note every word we speak this evening, and my fate in securing the position of assistant will be decided according to his impressions."

"Well, Arabella, I can't for the life of me see what your mother's adverbs and my misuse of words has to do with your debility as a schoolma'am."

"Ability, father," corrected the daughter. "It is just like this. Mr. Dinsdale is very advanced in all his methods and ideas. Now in forming an estimate of my ability, attainments, and fitness for such an important position, he considers it necessary to go far back of me and learn everything possible about my ancestry. Only yesterday I heard him tell Dr. Givens he considered that a child's education began with its great grandfather and grandmother."

"Yes, an' he's dead on to slang, too, an' don't you forget it. He laid it all over Billy Jones yesterday for telling Jim Brown that the new teacher was a jim-crack-crow and no dead easy game. He said it was an insult to a fellow's mother to use such language, and showed a depraved tendency in Bill's line of ancestry. I wanted to tell him that the only lines Bill Jones knew anything about was the one that went with his fishing tackle and the clothes line. But you bet I kept mum, and said to myself, 'Steady now, Dicky boy, it won't do to monkey with the band wagon right now; sail set wrong an' red flag afloatin'."

"Dick!" cried the distracted Arabella, "why don't you either use respectable language or else keep still? Suppose you read a book while Mr. Dinsdale is here. I feel sure he will not mind."

"Humph!" vouchsafed Dick, "I don't care if I do. I get to hear him bubble



She did look pretty sitting there.

all I want to at school." And the future pride of America settled himself down in a corner near the lamp and was soon lost to the world in mad pursuit of "Daring Ned, the Cabin Boy."

The 'squire wriggled uneasily. How could he be expected to speak the English language correctly, anyhow? He, who had never looked inside a grammar. Why, in his days, boys were not supposed to waste their time on such stuff. Their knowledge consisted in reading, writing, spelling, and figuring. Why, there wasn't a boy in school who could beat him doing a sum by the simple rule of three, and twice he had spelled the whole school down. As for Malindy, his wife, there was not so much excuse. She had studied grammar, and could parse and analyze with any girl in school.

But the 'squire and his wife were more than proud of their pretty, ambitious daughter, and the straight determined line which marked the union of their lips spoke volumes. Arabella should have a chance. The girl was a thorough student, and had earned her right to rise in the world, and, although they had no means of cultivating the intellect of her grandparents at this late date, they certainly would put forth their greatest efforts to improve their own.

The knock which every one was expecting startled, as it will, each in turn. The family arose in one body, all except Dick, who was deep in the midst of a terrific sea fight with a band of bloody pirates.

The schoolmaster entered and shook hands with each member of the family in turn, even to little Rosa, who came very nearly dropping her new doll in her childish embarrassment and timidity. Then he was seated in a cushioned rocker which Mrs. Meeker kept carefully covered, and only brought forth in honor of company.

Arabella had seated herself a little apart from the rest, and the light streaming through the crimson shade fell upon her, tinting her fair cheeks a soft, warm pink, and her eyes shone exceedingly bright with the well concealed anxiety, hope, and ambition which struggled within. She did look pretty sitting there so totally unconscious of herself, so perfectly alive to all her surroundings. The 'squire and his wife knew it, and so did the schoolmaster, and more than once his glance rested on her while he wondered why it was she took so little part in the evening's conversation.



Dick was deep in the midst of a terrific fight with a band of bloody pirates.

They had begun by discussing the school, the large attendance, the need of an able assistant, and luckily for the 'squire's peace of mind, he was totally unaware that he had fallen into his accustomed error, the misuse of words, when he told the young schoolmaster he thought that although a good teacher was not always depreciated by parents and scholars, still they should not become encouraged, for if they did not receive their revenge here, they were sure to in the next world.

Arabella groaned inwardly as she noted the puzzled look on the young man's face.

"Father," suggested the gentle mother, "I think you meant to say reward instead of revenge, did you not?" Arabella gave her mother a quick glance of appreciation, but Mrs. Meeker, painfully aware of her own misuse of adjectives, hastened to add, "did you not-ly?"

"Perhaps I did, mother, perhaps I did; it's just like me. You see, that's my failing, Mr. Dinsdale. Now would you believe, Arabella told me that I asked the parson the other day if he believed in the final prostitution of the dead. Now of course I meant restoration, but the pesky word slipped my mind, so I took the first one that came along."

The schoolmaster smiled, Arabella flushed, and timid little Mrs. Meeker bit her lips.

"I never was any power on talking school matters anyways," continued the 'squire, "but when it comes to corn, an' wheat, cabbage and taters, there I'm perfectly at home."

"Father," whispered Dick, who had left his book and stationed himself at the 'squire's side, "that's not taters, it's pertaters."

Mrs. Meeker broke the dread silence that seemed likely to follow her son's announcement. "How many classes do you hear recite each day, Mr. Dinsdale?"

"Well, let me see. I have five reading classes, three grammar, four geography, four arithmetic—"

"Dick tells me they hain't got the 'simple rule of three' in the new books," interrupted the 'squire. "Now it's a conundrum to me how they get along without it. Mathematics were my forte when I went to school."

"Yes, were you acquainted with algebra, too?"

"Al Bray, Al Bray." The squire looked puzzled for a moment, then brightened. "Well, now I can't say that I ever were, but there's Colonel Bray an' the gals I knew well. Specially Betty." And here he winked knowingly at his wife, who blushed and looked confused.

"You see, Mr. Dinsdale, that wife of mine was the hardest thing to ketch you ever see, so the night after I'd proposed to her for the twelfth time, we both went to spelling school. Not together, mind you, for I had my dander up. Well, Betty spelled the whole school down, Malindy and all. An' then I just took her home for clear spite. But the next night at church I went back to Malindy to see how she was takin' it, and asked to see her home. She said 'Yes' for all the world like she was ready to cry, and all the way home was as still as a mouse, but I could feel her a shaking on my arm, an' I thought a little crying would do her good, so I just kept quiet until we reached the gate, then I opened 'em up an' said, 'Malindy Murry, are you ready to come in here to retain until death do us part?' and Malindy come. So don't tell me, Mr. Dinsdale, that thirteen is an unlucky number, for that was the thirteenth time I'd proposed to that gal by actual count, an' I don't believe she'd had me then if I hadn't made her jealous of Betty Bray."



"Father!" cried the blushing Mrs. Meeker, running across to her husband and placing her hand over his mouth.

"Father!" cried the blushing Mrs. Meeker, running across to her husband and placing her hand over the squire's mouth. "If you say another word about Betty Bray and me, I'll leave this room instantly."

But Mrs. Meeker had no need to go, for just at that moment little Rose, who had been unusually quiet, so absorbed was she in a handsome new doll, set up a series of lusty screams.

"Oh, she's got it up her nose now," called Dick, caught off his guard.

Mrs. Meeker took up the shrieking child and eyed her aghast.

"How do you know she has, Dick? Did you see her?" And forcing the head of the frantic little creature backward she began prodding her nostrils alternately with the end of a hair pin. "Come here, Charles, quick!" she cried in dismay. "I can't get it out, and the little darling's turning black in the face. It's in the left one. I can feel it plain."

"Feel what?" questioned the 'squire.

"Why, she broken her doll's hand off, and didn't you hear Dick say she had it up her nose?"

The 'squire grinned. "Straighten the child up, mother; she's all right. Don't you know yet when she's in one of her tantrums? That's some of Dick's durned nonsense about her nose. There lays the doll's hand on the floor; she's just mad because it broke."

Quiet once more restored in the Meeker household, Master Dick was sent off to bed in disgrace before the wine and cake, which he had seen by accident, were served.

"Have you a family tree, 'Squire Meeker?" queried his guest between sips of the rare old wine.

Arabella shivered.

"A family tree? Well, not any in particular, that is to say. Now we have as big an' as fine an orchard as any one in these parts, but there's no one in particular that the family lays claim on, though the big apple tree up at the upper end we've sorter given over to Arabella; she's so fond of going there to study when it's pleasant."

"You don't exactly get my meaning, 'squire. There is something in your manner and expression which suggested to me that you were of Scotch descent."

"Oh!" exclaimed the squire in sudden understanding. "Now I do know what you're gitting at. You're enquiring about my antiquity."

"Ancestry," whispered Arabella under her breath.

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Dinsdale, I've never let them worry me any great sight. I tuck it for granted I had a grandfather and grandmother, and as I never hearn of either of them being hung or sent to prison, I reckon they was moderate respectable. But the fad that missed me fell on my nephew, Adolph Summers by name. He traced the family back as far as Jones and Wilson, an' stopped just as he saw a Smith a-hovin' in sight. It's no earthly use trying to root around among the Smiths. It's never been my forefathers as has worried me so much anyways. The p'int I've allus been keepin' in mind is, if the angels up yander can look down on this earth, what's the opinion of the Jones and Wilsons regardin' their progidy. Or is it posterity, Arabella? The Bible says, 'God repented makin' man.' Now you see I don't want to interfere with the pleasure of the Jones and Wilsons by keeping them in any sich stew."

"Then you do not believe in the adage that 'blood will out'?"

"No," returned the 'squire. "I think it's brains, brains every time, sir."

The hour was rather late when Arthur Dinsdale took his leave, and the pleased expression on his face deepened into a broad smile as he calmly reviewed the happenings of the evening. "A diamond in the rough, the old 'squire," was his mental comment. "The 'squire's wife a loving, timid little woman and devoted mother. Master Dick a harumscarum boy, who would probably settle down and make a second 'Squire Meeker. Rosa, a sweet child, supplied with a most excellent pair of lungs and a sufficient amount of temper. And Arabella, well, I'll have to take more time to study that quiet, reserved young lady."

"Well, daughter, how do you think we got along?" questioned the father the moment the door was securely closed. "I'm sure I didn't misuse more than one or two words, and I didn't hear your mother say a thing that sounded out of the way except 'notly.'"

"It's all right, daddy," whispered Arabella, kissing her parent fondly, "and I want to ask you both to forgive me for making you so ill at ease to-night. For after all, if Mr. Dinsdale decides to give me the position, it is I who will do the instrueting and not you. And if he is not willing to take me for what I am worth, then I don't want the place at all."

"That's right, Arabella, I like your grit; you take that from your dad anyways. And I must own that your mother and me was just a little might fdgity."

"Poor papa," murmured Arabella as she lay her head on the pillow. "How innocent he is of the wholesale slaughter he wrought in the rules of grammar to-

night, and mamma, too. Whatever possessed her to say 'not-ly?' Then came in Dick with his exhaustless supply of slang, and lastly myself, listening, hoping, fearing, trembling."

What would the schoolmaster's verdict be? Apparently he had not formed one yet, for he came again, and again, and gradually the 'squire and his wife dropped out of the conversation, Arabella taking their place. And then they decided he was studying the girl more closely and would allow her own merits to determine her fate. And in this conclusion they were not entirely wrong, for one cold December evening the 'squire came unexpectedly into the room to find the arm of the young master encircling his daughter's waist. The 'squire stopped short, his face the picture of amazement and incredulity. Arabella flushed, and the young instructor seemed the only one who was master of the situation. Rising from the settle, he led the blushing girl to her father's side, and, still holding her hand in his own, said: "'Squire Meeker, I have just offered your daughter a position which she has accepted, with your approval. I want your daughter for my wife. Have I your consent?"

"Well, I'll be durned!" ejaculated the 'squire. "So that's what you've been hangin' round here all this time for. An' I thought it was an assistant you was



And Dick's bushy head protruded from under the settle where a few moments previous Arthur Dinsdale had asked the blushing Arabella to be his bride.

after. Well, take her, my lad, Jones, Wilson, and all. And I tell you it's a mighty big relief to me, too, for I've been tryin' for the last three days to pucker up spirit enough to tell her you'd recommended a man for that place."

"If you've no objections, dad, I'd like to crawl out from under this blooming thing." And Dick's bushy head protruded from under the settle where a few moments previous Arthur Dinsdale had asked the blushing Arabella to be his bride.

"I'm allfiring sorry I got caught," he said, resenting his sister's reproachful eyes, "and you needn't think I hid to spy either. I stole a pie from the pantry, for which I know I'll catch it now, and had just slipped under the settle to eat it, when you two spoons came in, so of course I had to keep still. But I'd have got out, if I'd had to crawl through my ear holes to do it, if I had scented what was coming, you can bet your sweet life. But I'm safe, Mr. Dinsdale, safe as the grave, unless you try to lick me like you did Ned Peters t'other day, for disobeying some of your antedeluvian, perennial, superannuated rules. But if ever you try that, then I'll jest be durned if I don't up and blab."

BARBEAU'S ONE NEWS ITEM

By Byron E. Cooney

WITH that suspicion characteristic of the newspaper writing fraternity, we looked at the little stranger who had slipped noiselessly into the news room. We were accustomed to have people fear us in our own den, and he showed no signs of fear; he might have whistled, so composed did he look. The outsider's presence is always an irritant in the news room.

"Full handed," said the city editor, with genial brutality, as he dove into Carey's copy with the long, blue pencil and threw a handful of the "cub's stuff" into the waste basket. Then, to mitigate the verdict of the visitor's unavailability, he added, "Might drop in again,"—guardedly—"after the paper's out."

The visitor slipped out again, noiselessly; the economy of his conversation arguing considerably in his favor.

"Country, eh?" guessed Carey, between clicks of his mill.

"Cub," said Train, the man who had done sports in Denver.

"All wrong," declared Mulcahy, the city editor, pulling down the green eye shade. "Freak. I know those Johnnies like a book. They ain't anything. Bet he's been all over the world. Freak writer, and good for nothing else. Say, cut out this conversation now. What we want is copy." Mulcahy never thought of this until he had had his say.

Click-click click cl-cl-cl-ick. The instrument that told of a national convention at Louisville seemed to vie with the chatter of a half-dozen machines. Mulcahy swore softly, in velvet tones, calling down maledictions on the news service who might have sent the President's speech in advance for time copy instead of over the wire.

The girl on schools and churches worked on, grinding out a graduation story. Everyone understood. From below came the peculiar smell of wet paper, of gas, of fresh ink, all that conglomeration of odors of the composing room. One man got up and passed out, another hurried in without salutation, sat down at the recently vacated typewriter, and worked hurriedly without a word.

And so the work of making an afternoon newspaper went on. Vigilance, high tension everywhere; for a paper is like a fire, without constant attention it goes out.

Everyone drew long breaths after the paper came out at 3:30, and the news room became a club. It was the hour of relaxation. The cub whistled loud and shrill, Carey put his feet on the table and leaned back, yawning and stretching; Train and the foreman of the composing room went into the saloon next door for a drink.

Then the little stranger came back. Dark-eyed, indolent, little fellow he was; slouchy, a kind of an attractive slouch, though; one rather liked it.

There was a charm in that fearlessness of his. Mulcahy, eagle-visaged, drew down the corners of his mouth, clouded his brows, and looked at the little fellow as though he would look through him.

"What do you do? Now, don't say everything; I am too long in the game. Courts, hotels, police, this is an age of specialty"—Mulcahy liked to expand a little when the paper was out—"not that we have anything in sight, but we might want a sub, sometime. A shift, now and then, helps. Us newspaper men must be good to the fraternity," he added generously. Mulcahy was always going to extremes in different directions. "What's your name?"

"Barbeau." Confound the little fellow, why did he want to throw such a winning tone into his words. It wasn't fair, so soon. We all felt, suspiciously, that we were going to like him. "I can work on any beat, though I'd rather just work

free, pick up stories, off routine. I'm handy that way on dull days when there's nothing happening. I can write you stories, good stories, about almost anything. I will write you stories of the stones on the street."

There wasn't a suspicion of boasting. He was willing to work without any source of information. Mulcahy nodded with the air of the man who never made a mistake. His freak theory was verified. Perhaps the satisfaction of seeing his prediction come true helped Barbeau. Anyway, he hired him on probation, for yet everyone was suspicious of him. O, the suspicions of the newspaper game!

Well, the Telegram was better for Barbeau's coming. Color—when we read our own stuff and then Barbeau's we wept for our poverty of expression. He was useless on "fact," but he described a bloodstain until you shuddered. He went out, away from the big stories, and from a desert brought back a wealth of tales.

Mulcahy, who knew men as a gambler knew cards, developed him when another man might have spoiled him. Barbeau took the free rein and made stories where we could not make news items. Responsibility would have killed Barbeau, but freedom made him wonderful. The cat that climbed a telegraph pole was a story to Barbeau. You were ashamed when you read it; ashamed of your sympathy for a bedraggled kitten.

Dreamy, dark-eyed, slouchy, little Barbeau, with magic in those long, tapering fingers which turned out animated copy when they hit the keys, had at last found a place where his fancy could play unmolested, and the playing of it was art.

Verdant spring browned into summer, freshness of May dried into the sordidness of August, and like a man who has tired of the innocent pleasures of childhood, the year plunged along into the passion of burning midsummer. Heat waves rolled into the windows as we worked, and started the perspiration afresh on our brows. The girl looked pale with fatigue, Mulcahy more beak-faced, and the Denver man drank more with the composing room foreman. The cub grew more saucy, and tempers became short—as days grew hot—among us all, save Barbeau.

Little, indolent, lovable Barbeau; gypsy Barbeau, who wrote poems in prose and painted word pictures which illuminated our dry, dead stuff and saved the "rag" from the curse of the commonplace. And when they raised Barbeau's wages, unsolicited, he seemed amused rather than enriched, and set more value on the compliment than on the finance.

We will not soon forget, we slaves of the Telegram, the day that Barbeau wrote his last story. His smile was the same as the day he asked for a job and told Mulcahy he would write him stories of the stones of the street. The week before he had heard Carey say he needed money and had handed him his check unrequested. We had watched the girl bend close to him when she talked and knew the lazy, dark eyes had done their work unwittingly. The Denver man, who always feared that word of praise detracted from his own imaginary luster, even changed his anvil refrain for Barbeau and pronounced him a "good card."

Even if we would, how could we deny his merit, when the story of the child who lost the nickle was being copied from ocean to ocean?

There was a tremulous stillness in the air one day. It may have been imaginary, but now looking back we all feel that calamity hovered before it dropped. Oh, that hot, dry day, with its dust-cursed wind from the valley below and its wilting leaves about the city hedges. Oh, that day, black in the mind of us all when they took Barbeau from us of the Telegram!

Mulcahy looked askance at the intruder who came to the door with Barbeau. Barbeau bade him wait as he rapped off a little feature story on his mill. Then we all heard something we had never heard before—Barbeau sighed.

"I've a little news item, Mul," he said, with a laugh which seemed to have a counterfeit ring. "I don't turn in news items often."

The paper floated to Mulcahy's desk. Sharper and fiercer than ever, his beaked face looked as he read:

"Frank Barbeau, wanted in Jerome, Arizona, by the police authorities, was arrested today in the office of the Daily Telegram by the sheriff of Yavapai

County. Both left on the 3:30 train." (City editor, please bury this story.)

A fearful, malignant, soul-damning oath ripped from Mulcahy's mouth, and we all started from our seats.

There was a jingle of handcuffs.

"I'm ready; much obliged for waiting old man." This to the sheriff.

"Barbeau," we all cried with one voice. The Denver man grasped the chair as though he would strike down the sheriff with it. Carey's lips trembled like a woman's.

"Don't, fellows, don't say anything. That makes it all the harder. You've been the wine of life to me, every one of you. Good-bye."

He was gone. We heard the handcuffs jingle far out to the street.

The girl lay her head on her arm and sobbed and sobbed. Mulcahy swore again and again. A big thunder cloud obscured the sun and darkened the news room. Carey didn't care who saw tears run down his cheeks. "Whiskey for me—damn the paper," said the Denver man.

And thus passed Barbeau, the reporter, from the staff of the Telegram.



AGE AND AUTUMN

Ashes for the autumn,
Roses for the spring—
Summer time is passing,
Youth is on the wing;
Dreams of love and pleasure
All too soon depart—
Death is in the chalice,
Hope is in the heart.

Shadows for the autumn,
Splendor for the spring;
Youth will, like the honey-bee,
To its blossoms cling;
Soon the petals perish,
Soon the sweetness dies—
Age is ever weeping
Where its loved-one lies.

Roses for the summer,
Ashes for the fall,
Hope at last relinquished
Would we now recall!

Lips aglow with pleasure,
Limbs that tremble, strong,
Eyes that burn with passion—
Ah, that youth were long!

Lilies for the lover,
Laurels for the dead—
Autumn leaves are drifting
O'er the roses' bed;
Youth is treading, lightly,
In the summer noon—
Age is ever nodding
'Neath the winter moon.

Ashes for the autumn,
Splendor for the spring,
Where is now the robin
That was wont to sing?
Ah, but youth is golden!
Oh, but age is sad!
Life has ever promised
Joy it never had!

—By T. Shelly Sutton

THE BABY IN THE CASE

By Hugh H. Herdman

"DON'T you know it's rude to stare that way at a person?"

The question came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I started with surprise and felt my face flush. I admit I had been staring brazenly, but I thought I was alone except for the person I was staring at, and I didn't think that he was aware of my gaze. Controlling my appearance of guilt as much as possible, I looked cautiously around to see who had, so to speak, thus stabbed me in the back. Nobody was to be seen. I resumed my previous attitude in hopes that my interlocutor would speak up again, and that by being on my guard I could catch him. With my eyes ready to look in any direction, and my ears alert to catch the slightest sound behind me, I waited.

"I say, don't you know it's rude to stare at me that way?"

This time I was certain the sound came from in front of me, and I could have taken an oath that the question came from the person I was looking at. In view of his condition, however, this seemed absolutely incredible. I refused to believe my eyes and ears. And yet he was the only person anywhere about. There was a slight smell of disinfectants in the air, and I began to suspect that this had affected my senses. I clutched the railing in front of me a moment, by an effort steadied my mental faculties, and turned to leave the room.

"Hold on," said the same voice behind me. "Don't go. I want to talk to somebody. I'm lonesome, and you'll do as well as anybody."

I shuddered a little, but my curiosity got the better of my other feelings, and I turned back. To make the weirdness of the situation clear, it may be well to explain that I had drifted into the building on "The Trail," at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, where the infant incubators, with their tiny bits of humanity, were on display. It was at an hour when "The Trail" was all but deserted by the seekers after amusement, and I found myself the only visitor. For some reason no attendant was present, and the only other occupant of the room was a wee, little tot, who lay swathed to the chin in cotton within the glass walls of an incubator. He lay on his back, his small, chubby fists doubled up under his dimpled chin, and his blue eyes staring upward through the walls of his cage.

No wonder, then, that I tried to discover if it had been someone else who had addressed me, and I was more than surprised when I became convinced that it was he. My uncertainty seemed to amuse him, for as I turned back toward him he opened his fat, little mouth and ran out his tongue by way of a smile.

"Surprised you, didn't I?" he crowed.

"Well, I should rather say you did," I managed to stammer. "Say," I said, a sudden thought striking me, "I believe I'm the victim of some sort of game, a ventriloquist's job, or something like that."

"Oh, no, you're not," he seemed to say.

"Can you really talk? And are you doing this talking?" I asked.

"Course I can, and am; except what you're doing."

"Well, I'm going to test you. Hold up your right fist."

"All right," he replied, smiling as before, and holding up his right fist.

"Now, the left," I commanded.

Up went the left without any hesitancy. I scratched my head a moment.

"I have it now!" I exclaimed. "If you do this, I'll believe it's all right. Take hold of your left pedal extremity, elevate it to the immediate vicinity of your lower facial orifice, and insert therein the largest digit."

He opened his eyes a little wider and looked at me somewhat puzzled for a moment. Then his mouth opened, his tongue appeared, and he chuckled gaily.

"Ah," he said, "you mean put my big toe in my mouth."

"Uh-huh."

"No."

"Why? Can't you?"

"Yes, course I can."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Don't want to."

"I don't believe you can."

"Yes, I can; but I mustn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, because Nurse says so."

"What has she to do with it?"

"Well, she has a whole lot to do with it, as you would find out if she came in and found you talking to me."

"Doesn't she want you to talk?"

"Yes, but not to total strangers, like you."

"Oh, I'm pretty well acquainted with you by this time. But why doesn't she want you to put your toe in your mouth? Isn't it thoroughly anaesthetized?"

"Thoroughly what?"

"Anaesthetized. I should think you would know all about medical terms," I remarked, with an assumption of wisdom.

"Oh," he said, after puzzling a moment, "you mean antiseptitized."

"Fh? Well, maybe I do," I admitted, taken aback.

"That's not the reason. It's only because it will spoil the symmetry of my legs, she says."

"Make you bow-legged?" I interpreted.

"Yes, I suppose that's what she means."

"Well, I will forego the test, and take your word for it. But tell me, doesn't it feel queer to be shut up in that glass case all the time?"

"No, it feels fine. There isn't any dirt or any noise. It's never too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. It's just right all the time."

"And you really like it?" I asked, incredulous.

"Course I do, or I wouldn't tell you so."

"Well, I don't see why. It's too much like being in jail to suit me," I replied.

"Well," he replied, with his peculiar smile, "I, of course, have never been in jail—"

"I haven't, either," I interrupted quickly.

"But if it's like this," he went on, without heeding me, "it's not so bad."

"Well, maybe it isn't for you, because you've never known anything else. You don't know what babies who are out in the world and have homes and moth—I was forgetting whom I was talking to and stopped abruptly, fearful that I had hurt his feelings.

"Yes, I do know, too," he said, apparently unaffected by my heedless remarks. "Nurse has told me all about the way babies are treated who have homes. When the baby is born, there is a terrible hullabaloo all over the neighborhood. All the women come rushing in the first chance they get and coo and gurgle and make all kinds of outlandish noises at him. They want to pick him up and pass him around and kiss him and cuddle him up close and walk him around in the air till he gets the colic, and then they wonder why he squalls.

"Then pretty soon the men come in, not of their own accord, you understand, but because the women get hold of them and drag them in. They are half scared to death. They don't want to touch him, but someone gives him to one of them to hold, and he gets almost squeezed to death, or a leg or an arm gets twisted around. The man is scared stiff. He thinks he's going to drop the youngster. He begins to sweat, and, you know, it's unsanitary for a baby to be around where anybody is sweating. Then the men all smell of tobacco, and that's unsanitary, too, you know.

"After a little while, when the baby has survived all these dangers, if he has, the uncles and aunts and cousins and friends all take a hand in bringing him up. And of course they all do the wrong thing. One will keep him too hot, another too

cold; one will give him too much food, and another not enough; one will keep his feet higher than his head, and another will keep him standing straight up all the time. And when he sets up a howl about being treated in such a queer way, they all think he has the colic, and everyone tries to give him a different remedy for it. And so the poor youngster has a pretty tough time of it. And if he manages to live through it without having his health permanently impaired, he is sure to have a cantankerous disposition as a result of so much petting and coddling and goo-gooing as he is subjected to. No, no, excuse me from that. I'll take my little, old, two-foot glass kennel and be happy in it."

"Well," I replied, when he ceased, "I must admit that there are two sides to the case. Although I am unexperienced in these matters, I have made good use of my opportunities for observation, and I think that on that side of the question you are about right. But there is one point that more than offsets your argument, and that is the love there is in those misdirected hearts for the youngster. It's pretty tough to have the colic, as I know from experience, but it is a great source of comfort to know that the hand that is rubbing the place that hurts, and sometimes the one that doesn't, throbs with love and—I mean, the heart that actuates the—the—"

"Yes, I know what you mean," he interrupted. "I've seen a good many evidences of that love you speak about right here from the walls of my prison, as you call it. Poor, sun-burnt, tired-to-death waifs carried around all day long by a worn-out, bedraggled, irritable mother, drinking sour milk out of a dirty bottle, breathing foul air in reeking crowds, and wondering whether rest will ever come. Yes, I've seen that kind of love, but somehow it doesn't appeal to me. The hand that rubs the place that hurts with the colic can also spank the place that doesn't. No, I'd rather be in this coop where I don't have the colic; then there is no chance for that loving hand to make a mistake."

"You are entirely too old for your months," I said. Then, dropping the half-jocular tone I had assumed, and preparing to feel sorry for him, I asked, "You are kept here all the time, aren't you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"No one handles you except the nurse?"

"No one."

"Don't you—don't you sometimes,"—and I could feel the lump rising into my throat—"don't you sometimes long to see your father and mother?"

I looked at him and blinked quickly several times in succession, for I did feel sorry for the little waif, and expected to see him feel sorry for himself. Instead of bursting into tears, however, or at least drawing a long face, as I expected him to do, he gave me that lingual smile again, and said, with good-natured contempt for my ignorance, "Well, you are the biggest, old silly that I ever saw. Why, I never had any father or mother."

"What! You never had any fa—"

"No, sir, I never had any father or mother."

My astonishment prevented further questions. He crowed with delight over my perplexity, and then relieved it by adding, "You see, I just incubated."

"Yes, yes, of course. I forgot," I stammered.

"You seem to think that it is a great misfortune," he said, while I was recovering, "that we have to be kept in incubators for a while. But we look at it in just the opposite light. As long as we are here we are clean, comfortable, well-fed and well taken care of. There is nothing to worry us, and as soon as we are old enough to observe we see many things to amuse us. Our great regret is that we have to leave our incubators after a while and live as other babies do. I am almost ready to go now."

"Do you dread it?"

"As I would the colic."

"But since you never had any father or mother, where are you going when your sentence—I mean, when you leave here?"

"That is what worries me. I don't know."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't let that worry me," I replied. "It will be all right. I haven't the slightest doubt that you will get in with some nice family who know all about the care of babies, and who will be ever so nice to you."

"I'll bet I don't. I'll bet I land in a family who have never had any children, but who have kept their affections alive by bestowing them upon pug dogs and Angora cats. Yes, sir, after I leave here I expect to live on dog biscuit and catnip tea."

"Oh, come now, cheer up! I'll bet you a rubber ring—"

"Rubber ring! Your grandmother!" he exclaimed. "Make it a bottle of germicide, for I know their sanitation will be poor."

"Well, I'll bet you a bottle of carbolic acid that six months from now you will be willing to take back every word you have spoken against living out in the world."

"I'll take the bet, and I hope you win."

"What's your name? I want to keep track of you."

"I haven't any. I'm just Number Two, that's all."

"Still more like a jail, isn't it?"

"I don't know, is it?"

"Uh-huh. Where's Number One?"

"Nurse has her out giving her a bath. You had better be going, because she wouldn't like it if she found you here talking to me."

"Who? Number One?"

"No; Nurse," he replied in a tone of disgust at my insinuation.

"All right. I don't want to be the cause of trouble between you and your nurse. But, say, it just occurs to me that you are a very remarkable baby, to be able to talk this way."

"Oh, that's nothing. All of us incubated babies are terribly precocious. You ought to hear the girls talk."

"How old are you?"

"I'm only—"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed a young woman in a blue dress, white apron and white cap, who entered at that moment, carrying, securely tucked in the hollow of her arm, what appeared to be a small bundle of cotton. "Who on earth left Number Two's door open? And just look how low his thermometer is! Goodness gracious! I hope he won't take cold. Are you cold, little man?" she asked, reaching in and clasping one of his chunky fists.

But Number Two merely smiled his characteristic smile, winked his blue eyes at me and pretended to go to sleep. I turned around at the door and saw his toothless mouth open and his little red tongue appear in a smile of confident farewell. He seemed to say something, but as the door of his glass case was shut, no sound was audible. I have been back there many times since to see him, but the door has always been shut and the nurse in attendance. She keeps her eye on me, for she thinks I opened the door that other time, though I didn't, and, to tell the truth, I am just a little bit afraid of her. Hence, Number Two and I haven't been able to talk to each other again. However, it is a great satisfaction to see him wink his blue eyes and smile his smile of joy.



MATSU-NO-KATA

A Romance of Old Japan

By Sinclair Lewis

KIMURA, the great lord, the *daimyo*, was traveling afar. His band of mounted retainers clinked and clattered behind, sniffing the freshness of the Japanese spring. There were body-servants, and many brave *samurai*, fighting men, in the quaint, dragon-like armor of Old Japan.

Kimura was a fat, self-satisfied little man, with a pleasant realization of his glory, and a true dilettante love of a well-turned ankle or well-turned phrase. As the cavalcade wound around a hill and came out upon a brooklet, Kimura halted and sat in rapture. The water fled among the rocks, with sunlight dancing over it in golden flagree. On one side were cherry trees in full bloom. The variegated flowers of the *rengeso* grew along the roadway. Across the stream, in contrast to the gay cherry blossoms, was the dark green of pines, rising in terraces.

"Ah, life is very good," sighed Kimura, and straightway began hammering out an ode, as the poetic Japanese always do, when a beautiful scene appeals to them. Their ode is a dainty morsel of sentiment, of thirty-one syllables; the first part of seventeen, the second part of fourteen. The *daimyo* cleared his throat and began bravely, "The cherry blossoms and the *rengeso's* gay colors divine." He repeated "gay colors divine," and again cleared his throat, thrusting back the folds of his dark traveling cloak, and playing with the gold-adorned hilt of his long sword. Twice he began the second part; then exclaimed impulsively to his followers: "Promotion for him who completes my ode." The higher officers mumbled a flood of doggerel, but none of them got safely beyond the tenth syllable. Then there came from the humble *ashigaru*, a tall, lithe, young warrior, who quietly declaimed, "The cherry blossoms and the *rengeso's* gay colors divine show like the joys of life, 'gainst the death dark background of pine."

"Excellent, capital," chuckled Kimura. "*Ashigaru*, I make you an *ohiomaban* (keeper of the reception hall), and a councilor."

With flushed face and chin high held, the soldier rode on, in a place in the file befitting his new office. Kimura, inquiring, learned that the *ashigaru* was Seki, was much beloved by reason of his handsome face, his bravery in war, his sage advice, and his knack of turning a pretty verse. "He, he," gurgled the *daimyo*. "So was I, at his age."

On return Seki was loudly welcomed at the palace, where his new fame penetrated even to the room of Matsu-no-kata, the lonely bride of the *daimyo*. Lively little Ume, her waiting maid, was combing her mistress's long hair, her sparrow-like mind full of the reports about Seki. "How beautiful is your honorable hair," she sighed timidly, to Matsu-no-kata. "It is like Seki's." At this slip she bit her tongue, and combed so rapidly that she snarled sadly the rippling black of the hair. Her mistress protested, "Don't pull my hair, Ume. And who is Seki?"

Permitted to speak, Ume's tongue flew over its favorite topic—Seki's wisdom in council, his bravery in war, above all, his poetic fervor and skill. Matsu-no-kata seemed to maintain a careless hauteur, but she listened eagerly, for she, too, had a keen poetic and aesthetic sense. Chubby Kimura, with his bristling beard and his niceties bored her inexpressibly. Thereafter cunning Ume carefully brought her mistress all the gossip concerning Seki's achievements.

As Matsu-no-kata's lonely fancy dwelt on Seki she began to long for a glimpse

of this fair youth. Eagerly she welcomed her birthday festival in the autumn, when before her were to pass all the members of the household.

From his new associates Seki heard many tales of Matsu-no-kata, and worshiped from afar at the shrine of her beauty and wit. When he passed her at the birthday reception, and they saw each other for the first time, an unconscious earnestness crept into his conventional words of congratulation. They looked squarely into each other's eyes, and faintly blushed.

On the days following Matsu-no-kata fought out a terrible struggle. She longed to summon Seki and talk with him in private, but her wifely duty to Kimura she felt a heaven-guarded thing. "Seki or duty, Seki or duty," rang ever in her ears. In the folds of her garment she bore a scrap of paper inscribed with Seki's name. Naturally of delicate health, rocking to and fro, weeping all day long, by Spring she had become as thin as a starveling sparrow. One day she whispered to poor little Ume for some time, then smiled and seemed to slumber.

Ume, seeking out Seki, sobbed to him, "Oh, Seki, my mistress sent this ode to thee as she lay dying: 'Lonely I roamed the vale, and heard the song of the *hototogisu*. To spirit realms fled the song, and longingly I pursue.' " Seki, listening, knew that like himself Matsu-no-kata had been consumed with love, ever since the reception.

As the maidens were lamenting over Matsu-no-kata in her shroud of white silk Seki was admitted. He knelt beside her, and placed in her hand a paper inscribed, "The *hototogisu* loved but song and the *rengeso's* white flower. Lo, the *rengeso* is withered. Mutely wandereth he." The wasted waxen hand of Matsu-no-kata suddenly seized the paper, and closed tightly. The attendants shrieked with wonder. They bent over their mistress, hoping to find her alive, but she was dead. While watching alone that night a maid tried in vain to draw the paper from the clenched hand.

Seki sought out Kimura. "I owe an expiation for the death of my mistress," said he. "Let me go free to wander for three years, paying it." Sadly Kimura granted the boon. Seki doffed the *kamishimo*, the official uniform, and donned the sandals and *momohiki* and *kahan* of a religious mendicant. For three years Seki wandered through a hundred islands. He begged his food from the simple and pious peasants. His lodging he found in the guest rooms of temples. He spent long hours in meditation on Matsu-no-kata, on metaphysics, and on the beauty of the woods and hills.

During the first year of his wandering Seki saw several visions in which Matsu-no-kata seemed to say, "Like you, I wander in a realm of shadows."

On the night of the anniversary of his mistress's death she seemed to come to him, surrounded by radiant, hopeful lights. Happily, very happily he sauntered down the road on the next day. The first ode which he had made since leaving the palace dropped from his half-unconscious lips. Thenceforth he sang so many fair verses that fame preceded his wanderings. Princes, eager to welcome him, listened to his songs and his sage advice in matters of state. Holy priests listened with rapt attention to his rhapsodies on the sacredness of Nature.

In the last month of the three years of expiation a messenger from Kimura found Seki. "My lord begs thee to return as his chief minister of state," humbly said the messenger, who once as his superior officer had been always haughty with Seki. The latter, thou, refusing the cavalcade brought by the messenger, turned toward the kingdom of Kimura.

On the third anniversary of Matsu-no-kata's death Seki was tramping through the Island of Oki. As he crossed the verge of a wide valley, at sunset, the misty beauty of the land seemed to mingle itself with his thoughts of Matsu-no-kata. He passed the half-ruined portal of a little temple, and accosting wise old Setsuzan, the priest, asked a lodging for the night. Setsuzan greeted the majestic pilgrim kindly. They squatted down, in an interesting squabble over religious themes. Seki made an ode; Setsuzan followed suit.

In great delight over the merry old rustic Seki retired to the little guest cham-

ber. On a screen in the room was pasted a bit of paper, which Seki casually examined. He started back in amazement, his hand pressed tightly to his breast. The paper, which was in his writing, bore these words: "The *hototogisu* loved but song and the *rengeso's* white flower. The *rengeso* is withered. Mutely wandereth he."

Seki hurriedly sought out the priest.

"Where did you get that paper pasted on the screen in the guest room?" he panted. The priest looked at him with furtive, frightened eyes.

"Knowest thou of it?" he said. "My daughter was born two years ago to-night. Tight clasped in her hand was this paper, which I pasted up that some sage, seeing it, might explain the miracle. On the other side of the paper was the name we gave our daughterling—*Matsu-no-kata*!"

A NEZ PERCE LULLABY

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf,
Blood of my spirit, and heart of your sires,
Sleep, for the sky is kindling its fires;
Sleep, for the sun worn out by its flight
Creeps to the dusky wigwams of night.
Sleep, little Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf.

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf,
See where the prairie burns red in the west.
Your fathers are slaying their foes with a zest.
Slumber and dream of the battles they fight,
Learn of their valor, receive of their might.
Slumber my Kamiah, Voice of the Wolf.

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf,
Some day our fathers will call from the sky
And march with the braves; the Pale Face will fly
Like snow when Chinooks blow over the swale.
Sleep for you soon must go forth on the trail.
Sleep little Kamiah, Voice of the Wolf.

Kamiah, Kamiah, Voice of The Wolf,
The buffalo yet shall return to the plain,
The bellow of moose shall be heard once again.
The red men shall hunt through the land as they please.
Slumber my young brave, and dream you of these.
Slumber my Kamiah, Voice of the Wolf.

—Winfred Chandler



THE LAST STUMP



His last stump gone.

HE SAT on the only stump in his dooryard which his wife had not chipped up for wood. He looked down the trail, that side-stepped around a rock here and a tree there, and then with a scoot and a slide, a couple of jumps across sluice boxes, barely divided China Tom's shack from his pig-pen and lost itself in Placer City. There was nothing unusual about Sim Thacker's performance today. Reservoiring tobacco juice until it attained cloudburst proportions, which he let loose on flies, was his only other occupation. His wife had long ago transferred her faith to a couple of dozen hens and a washing machine.

Sim was sympathetic. He felt sorry for anything or anybody—except his wife—that had to move. At present an affair of the heart gouged him to the quick. The last stump was threatened. His only refuge from Martha's scolding song, that began with her ironing, might soon be kindling wood. Several times of late his dreams of fabulous placers unearthed by the hen with eleven chicks had been interrupted, and he had been forced to stick his legs straight out while Martha chipped off enough to heat the irons again. He rebelled. He grew morose, but Martha discerned it not, and chipped away. Spite-work, of course. Somewhere down in Sim's unsounded depths a determination arose to protect his throne. He never talked back, so his only course was to cover it and Martha would at least have to chip it out from under him.

"Sim! O—h Sim!" Sim groaned and carefully twisted his face independent of his body toward the house. "Take these eggs down to the store an' bring me a

pack o' yeast, one o' soap an' three pounds o' rice."

"What about ther stump?" nearly came from Sim, but he was one who profited by experience; besides, it was easier to keep still.

"Bub!" he called to an eight-year-old resemblance, "Git a basket, quick, an' pick up enough chips to last yer Ma till I git back." "I'm out o' terbacco, anyway," he concluded to himself. Martha may have heard him, but affairs had reached a desperate point.

The hen with eleven chicks ceased her fifth vigorous inspection of an ant hill and condescended a look of pity as he limped down the trail, a deplorable carry-all of trouble—and eggs.

An agent of Brown's Blood Purifier was in Placer City, and when Sim hitched himself back up the mountain he carried two long, black bottles to cure boils, his chief ailment. And it was well, for the dissected remains of the last stump reposed peacefully in the kitchen woodbox.

In three weeks a 10-cent plug only lasted two days, and the hole in the screen didn't need repairing, as far as flies were concerned. In two months the legacies from Job were eradicated and he had an especially reserved cracker box at the store, from which Brown's Blood Purifier was extolled most dramatically to a smiling dozen.

One day he arrived home and Martha met him with an unusually authoritative look. "I've hired you out, Sim, to—"

"Work—! Me!" Sim stood agape, and then leaned against the wall.

"Sim Thacker, you've had boils fer twenty year, and allurs wanted a job thet was easy. All you got to do is set down. Thet Blood Petrifier man was here, an' wants you ter travel as an advertisement or somethin'."

A little navy plug-juice trickled down his throat, and he choked. A good excuse for the tear, anyway. "The—they might come back," he almost whispered.

"Jes' sit in a big winder an' let folks look at yer."

"Leave you an' the kids here all alone?"

"Fifteen a week an' grub; he sends half to me. I've done nuthin' but set hens an' pick up chips fer twenty year, an' I'm goin' ter rest. All you got ter do is to set down—" But Sim had his shirt over his head and heard her not.

"Give me a clean one, quick."

The hen clucked her brood out of his way in a respectful manner, and looked long and mysteriously after him as he hurried down the trail.

He had struck a placer.



"I've done nothin' but set hens an' pick up chips for twenty year, an' I'm goin' ter rest."

CACTUS

By R. C. Pitzer

THE first snowstorm of the winter swept down the night-veiled Golden Gate Valley, and impotently howled about the solitary ranch houses. Among the pines on Wildcat Mountain it found a prospector's camp, and there it shrieked with redoubled fury, as if the elements felt a murderous rage against any one who dared brave their bitter raid. Yet the two prospectors cared little for the storm. Their tent was pitched under a wide-spreading spruce, and before it a high breastwork of boulders, rotten logs, and loose earth had been built. Against this a big fire burnt, and the heat rolled into the open tent.

"This is good for a week," said one of the men, who sprawled, shirt-sleeved and hatless, on a roll of blankets. "It will be just that long before we can take the trail again, and I, for one, am glad that the horses are safe down at Stubel's place. Toss me the tobacco bag, Warton."

Warton complied. "I don't feel just that way about it," he said musingly. "I don't like them Stubels none. The old man's got a bad eye and a bad grin; he reminds me of Cummings—the fellow that got my pardner killed. This Dutchman's just such another fellow, and his wife ain't no better. She looks like some old sow that dines regular off of pig. That's what she looks like."

His companion laughed. "You're letting your prejudices against the Germans run away with you," he said. "Mrs. Stubel is Irish."

"I can't help that none, Lockwood. It's just as I say. And as for that brat of theirs—" he stopped with a shiver. "There's somethin' devilish about him; somethin' uncanny. I don't mind sayin' that he scares me."

Lockwood's face grew sober, and he smoked for some time before replying. "The lad interests me," he said at last. "I don't understand him."

"And you'd better not try to. He's grown up with them two people of his, and with the wolves. I tell you—" Warton's voice sank to a whisper—"I wouldn't want to be alone with him, and him havin' a knife. I think he'd knock the handle on my ribs if he knew I carried a belt of dust like the ones we got on. Likely as not he's prowlin' around here now, comin' on ahead of the wolves, like the wild beast he is. There," he continued sharply, as he caught his companion's wrist, "what'd I tell you? That's him hollerin'."

The men stood up and shaded their eyes from the fierce glare of the fire. "Hello!" Lockwood called; "anybody out there?"

"O-hoo!" answered a voice; "we're comin', my friends!"

"It's the old man," Warton said. "What in blazes is he wanderin' around in the snow for? Think it likely he knows we got gold dust on us?"

Lockwood shook his head doubtfully, but before he could reply two unwieldy figures loomed through the snow beyond the breastwork.

"What's the matter?" Warton called. "What's Mrs. Stubel doin' out in the storm? Our stock ain't got away?"

Mrs. Stubel shook her unwieldy head as she sank panting upon the blankets, while her husband stood by the fire, his splay-mouth widened with a set grin.

"A purty storm, hey?" he said; "purty bad for loose stock though, hey? Me an' the woman came out t' see how you was gettin' along." His little eyes twinkled under their pendulous eyelids, and he rubbed his hands together. There was something secret and crafty in the expression on his face; something half-fearful, too; yet through it there twinkled an unpleasant wrinkle of amusement.

"Have you men seen Cactus?" Mrs. Stubel asked abruptly. "He didn't come home, an' we're anxious regardin' the boy. He's all we got," she piously added, making an unsuccessful attempt to give her hard, fat-lapped jaw a maternal expression.

The two prospectors shook their heads and curiously studied their visitors.

"He's certainly old enough to take care of himself," Lockwood suggested. "He seems perfectly at home in the hills. I'd trust him to pull through where a man would go under."

Stubel choked over a sudden gurgle of laughter, and his expression changed to an amused pride, of which he still seemed half ashamed. But the crafty look returned, and his eyes sought the fire.

"Cactus," he reflectively said, "the country knows purty well, I guess. We wanted to see him—nothin' particular to say, though. He hain't been here, hey? Well, I guess we'll be movin'."

"If he comes," Mrs. Stubel called from the snow, "you cud say we're huntin' him. You cud say—" she seemed to pause and consider—"that the man's in the gulch." The two figures faded from sight.

"Hey?" Warton called. "What's that? What man's in the gulch?"

No one replied, and the two prospectors stood staring into the white night, until they broke into short, puzzled laughter.

"A queer outfit," Lockwood said sententiously. "Now, what did they mean by that, I wonder?"

Warton threw himself on the blankets. "It's a funny bus'ness," he answered, gravely filling his pipe. "Them folks are too deep for me, but I wouldn't be surprised if that kid's got himself in trouble. I wish the storm 'ud ease up, so we could trail out of this blame' place. Huh!" he continued after a long pause. "Reckon I'll turn in. Throw a log on the fire, Lockwood. I'll feel easier when we get this dust safely in a bank."

Lockwood stepped outside, and the hissing fire threw a shower of sparks among the driving snowflakes.

"I wonder if that boy'll come here?" he called, lifting his voice above the wind. "Perhaps we would better keep awake a while longer, for, after all, the message may be innocent enough, and yet important, too. They're not bound to tell us their affairs, you know."

Warton growled an inarticulate response, and kicked off his boots. "I'll bet you he ain't far away," he answered; "he'll be pokin' his fox-face around the fire before long. Let out a yell, an' he'll answer you."

"There's no need to yell, old horse," piped a young voice from somewhere beyond the barricade. The two men started, and while they still somewhat wildly stared, a lad darted through the heat and shook the snow from his ragged coat—a thin, dwarfish, wizened boy, with a lined, puckered face and a constant muscular or nervous display about the lips.

"It got pretty warm down there after supper," he said with a jerk of his head towards home, "an' pop hunted a club, so I thought I'd come up an' swap lies. Gee! what a gun!" His black eyes sparkled as they rested on a privately-mounted Winchester, and his thin, wiry arm was extended in admiration.

"Here, none of that," Warton gruffly said. "Don't you touch nothin' around here. And what you want to spin them cock-and-bull stories for, hey? Seems like if you was listenin' you might have heard enough to know that your old man had been up here huntin' you."

"Uh-huh; I reckon he was, with a club an' the woman to help him."

"Your mother left a message," said Lockwood frowning; "she said that 'the man's in the gulch.'"

Cactus veiled his eyes and a sour smile played about his lips. "Yaw," he said derisively, "they're always brayin' like old burrs. Don't I know who's in the gulch? I ain't no spring rabbit, I ain't." Nevertheless, beneath his flippancy was an undercurrent of excitement and nervousness, for he moved constantly, and his black eyes were never still. "I hain't got any bus'ness with him," he continued; "if pop wants to see him he can."

"Who is he?" Warton incautiously inquired.

Cactus winked. "Priest," he said with a short laugh; "don't want extreme unction yet, do you?"

"Shut up," Warton growled; "sit down if you want to, but don't get fresh, that's all."

Cactus shrugged his shoulders and sat on the blankets, while Lockwood lay back against a saddle. The man's eyes studied the wiry lad, who sat cross-legged, staring at the blaze. In age Cactus might have been anywhere between twelve and sixteen; his face seemed even older, and there was an impalpable air of dwarfishness about him, mingled with an irresponsible childishness that set Lockwood's teeth on edge. The face was sharp and inquisitive, with a drooping mouth, and large, gypsy eyes, glazed and staring.

"Say," the boy said without turning his head, "when you get tired of rubberin' me, I wish you'd hand over that 'bacco."

Lockwood complied. "Just a cigarette, Cactus," he said; "we're not stocking the ranches with our tobacco."

Cactus nodded and rolled a cigarette with Mexican deftness. "You're mighty comfortable in here," he said, as he ecstatically wriggled in the heat. "I'm raisin' a outfit like this here, an' when I get it together, bet your boots I hit the trail out'n this place. It's the—" The boy ripped out a string of oaths that would have shamed an old prospector.

"Shut up," Warton snapped. "Blast your hide! if you can't talk decent, get out! We don't want no kids around here that swears like that."

Cactus laughed mockingly. "All right, fatha' deah," he lisped; "goin' to say mass pretty soon? Say, Lockwood, that's a bloomin' fine gun you got on. Thirty-two, ain't it, on a forty-four frame? Chuck it over an' let's see it."

"Don't you do nothin' of the sort," Warton interrupted. "That kid ain't responsible when he gets a gun in his hand. I seen him shoot point blank at a burro, just to see if he could hit it."

The boy's eyes contracted, and began to sparkle with a light not altogether reflected from the fire. "You keep out of this," he said gently, with a little, sibilant tremor running through his words. "Tain't none of your affair. First thing you know, Warton, you'll get me sore on you, an' it ain't good to have a boy playin' against you. Boys ain't lambs. Let's see it, Lockie."

Lockwood indulgently laughed as he unbuckled his belt and handed it over. "Play easy," he said; "it's loaded, kid."

Cactus nodded. "Of course," he answered as he handled the revolver with a deftness born of long experience. "Say, it's a peach—it's fine, that's what it is. I never seen a better gun. You could hit anything with that. I wouldn't be afraid of no man in the country if I owned that. Lordy! Lordy!" His face was alight with enthusiasm, and he raised the revolver and pointed it now here and now there. "May I shoot it?" he eagerly asked. "I'd like to try it just once. Let me pull it, Lockie."

"Well, go ahead."

The boy peered out across the fire into the driving snow. "There ain't no mark," he said dolefully. "Nothin' but snow, an' trees full of mush." Then a flash of pleasure illuminated his face, and he raised the revolver and fired with a quickness that seemed to preclude the possibility of taking aim. A short, sharp yelp answered the snap of the revolver.

Lockwood sprang to his feet. "A coyote!" he exclaimed. "It had nerve to come so near. That was a good shot, lad, and a lucky one. I'll get the scalp for you."

"Oh, don't bother," said Cactus; "that ain't no coyote. That's Jip."

"Eh? Jip? Your dog?"

"Uh-huh; was my dog. It ain't nothin' now, I guess."

"Why, you little devil!" Lockwood cried in exasperation. "Give me that gun, or I'll lay you over my knee and give you a good belting!"

Cactus put a finger to his eye and drew the lid down. "The purp was no good," he said. "It couldn't do nothin' but eat. Lemme shoot again, will you?"

"Not by a big sight. Hand that gun here, my boy."

Warton, with compressed lips and black brows, had been sitting in a corner watching every movement. Suddenly he sprang erect and towered over the lad.

"Drop it!" he hoarsely said; and without a word the boy laid the revolver on the blanket. But his eyes veiled themselves, a suppressed snarl started at his lips, and the yellow teeth flashed. "I believe that you'd as soon shoot a man as not!" Warton thundered. "You're a born killer, or you're locoed; I don't know which. Anyhow, you make tracks out of here just as quick as God'll let you. Move, now!"

The boy nimbly slipped into the open, and then he laughed snarlingly, in long, nerve-wearing cadences.

"Git!" Warton yelled with an oath, and as the big man rushed at him, Cactus turned a complete somersault and vanished into the storm.

Warton drew a deep breath of relief and then weakly laughed. "I reckon I'm a blame' fool," he said, "but I couldn't help it, Lockwood. That kid set my nerves to jumpin', and I won't sleep much till we can pull out of this. Blast the storm! I wish it would ease up. I'm in favor of hittin' for the plains just as soon as we can wade."

Lockwood nodded. "Cactus is a little eerie," he said thoughtfully, "but I don't know as I blame the boy. He hasn't the right sort of parents, and I don't believe he ever had a real playmate. He has grown up with these valley cow-punchers, and with wandering prospectors. We're not a good set, Warton, and it isn't strange if the boy has picked up many things that he would be better off without. But he's tough—I can't deny that—and I'm a little afraid of him. It's a queer sensation." Both men laughed mirthlessly. "Two grown men scared out of a valley by a little kid! I feel as you do, however, and we'll take the trail as soon as we can."

Warton pulled on his boots and stepped out to replenish the fire. "I can't sleep," he growled. "Do you reckon he heard us say anything about the money? He might—"

He was interrupted by the sharp crack of a Winchester, and, as Lockwood whirled in surprise, he saw Warton throw his hands above his head and fall heavily into the snow. In the surprise and horror of that instant, Lockwood sprang forward with a cry. The rifle exploded again, and he felt his brain on fire. He staggered and fell. For an instant his eyes dimmed and the earth heaved under him, and then, as a hot stream of blood slipped down his cheek, he knew that he had been grazed by a bullet. He moved, but a low hiss from Warton caused him to relax and lie still.

"All right?" Warton breathed. "Yes; and you?"

"Missed; too eager. Some one's after the gold—Cactus! Lie still and I'll pot him."

Lockwood, after securing his revolver, slowly opened his eyes and stared up and out into the snow. Nothing moved; no sound could be distinguished above the noisy pines, but in the distance a lone wolf gave tongue in mournful ululations. After a long time a black shadow darted behind a nearby tree; then a thin face peered out, snarling, lupine, hellish, a rattlesnake glitter flashing in the black eyes, and the teeth protruding bestially. Lockwood's heart stood still; he tried to raise his revolver but could not; a supernatural, curdling fear seized him, and he closed his eyes. Instinctively he knew that Cactus was undulating out towards him, and that Warton was imperceptibly elevating his revolver; but the minutes dragged by silently except for the howling storm, until Cactus uttered a short cry that sounded almost like the yelp of a wild dog.

Lockwood sat up with a jerk and saw that the boy's hands were stretched above his head, while Warton, white and silent, slowly stood up.

"Shall I shoot?" Warton asked, his voice rattling hoarsely.

"God, no!" Lockwood cried. "Wait! I'll get his rifle!"

He picked up the Winchester from where it lay beside the tree, and then made a gesture of antipathy and disgust.

"Yes, git!" Warton gasped; and Cactus suddenly disappeared, leaving the

two men to stare at each other over their leveled weapons, fear and horror, relief and abhorrence depicted on their bearded faces.

"He's a wolf!" Lockwood said, lowering his rifle; "he should be hunted out of the hills. He'll be a scourge."

Warton moistened his dry lips. "Here comes some one," he said suddenly, and Lockwood wheeled in time to see a snow-coated man slip into the firelight.

"Howdy, boys," the newcomer panted; "no time to talk. Seen Cactus? Heard shooting, an' so—"

"It's Peters!" the prospectors exclaimed together.

"Exactly. I see that I've missed him. He's been up to his devil tricks again, eh? Has he hurt you, Lockwood?"

"Not much," Lockwood responded as he wiped the blood from his face; "though he tried to murder us. If we had known you were near we would have held him. What has he done? Looted some cache, or a Buffalo store?"

"Hardly. How long has he been gone?"

"Just left, almost."

"Well, I'll have to chase back to the ranch and lay for him. If he comes again, hold him if you have to shoot him, boys. That little devil is a born killer. Yesterday he laid out behind a rock on the trail and filled M'Masters full of buckshot—Irvig M'Masters, you know; the tenderfoot that came up from Buffalo. Likely the kid thought he had money on him. Cactus didn't do a thing but ditch his old shotgun and walk off with M'Masters's Winchester. That's what gave him away."

"Here it is," Lockwood said as he handed over the rifle. The sheriff, after a hasty caution, slipped again into the storm. Almost at once, however, voices came from the direction of the ranch, and the Stubels, bareheaded and half dressed, panted into the camp.

"Where is he?" Stubel gasped. His wife was too far gone to do anything but clasp her hands, roll her eyes, and open her mouth like a monstrous fish.

"Where is he?" Stubel repeated. "What you done with him?"

Lockwood motioned circularly. "Gone," he said. "He tried to kill us—understand? If he comes back we'll hand him over to the sheriff."

Stubel gasped in relief. "I'll pay for the horses," he said; "don't do nothin', 'n don't make no charges about him. He's not in his right mind. Ach! God! The little fool, not to watch better! I'll pay for the horses!"

"You'll what?" Warton cried, as he caught a bloated arm and shook the man back and forth. "You'll pay for the horses? Has he rustled them—damn you! are you horse thieves, too?"

"God, no," Stubel whined; "we're honest. I'll pay, I said; an' anyhow, he only took the saddle mares an' Peters' black horse. Don't you fret, mister. I'll pay every cent."

"Hell!" Warton snorted, "I'm sorry I didn't kill him!"

"Yes?" screeched Mrs. Stubel, who had regained her voice; "kill him, you black devil, an' see what'll happen!"

"That's enough," Stubel said, lifting his hand; "shut up! Come back to the ranch now!"

A sudden trampling of horses' hoofs, deadened by the snow, pounded near, and Warton, with an oath, reached for his revolver. But the fat woman hung to his arm, and screamed a warning. A scornful laugh answered her.

"By-bye, Lockie," Cactus cried out of the night. "I'm off to the moon, all right. Wish me luck. Sa-ay, this mare of yours is a lu-lu. See you later." His laugh rang out again, and the hoofs pounded faster. A sharp report sounded, a shriek of agony, and Peters' voice rose above the storm:

"I've potted him! Come here, boys!"

The Stubels uttered infuriated cries and sprang away, and as Lockwood and Warton tore after them, the latter touched his partner's arm.

"It had to be done. The state can't handle such cases; it takes a man!" Lockwood nodded and shivered in affirmation.

LAFAYETTE AT LA GRANGE

A letter written in the year 1828 from Lafayette's Chateau in France, by a young American army officer who had been invited by General Lafayette to visit him. A facsimile letter of Lafayette's, written to the young army officer, is also included, showing his veneration of American patriots.

THERE has recently come into my possession the letters of my father, formerly an officer in the United States Army, written from Europe in 1828, which had been hidden away in an old chest for more than three-quarters of a century. He was a lieutenant at the time, and had been sent to Paris "to observe the best system of military maps and drawings." While in France he was fortunate enough to be invited to the chateau of General Lafayette, who was then an old man, something of a patriarch, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. My father's visit was an instance of the generous hospitality of Lafayette, which he was fond of showing to Americans.

"Paris, September 13, 1828.

"I have just returned from a visit to General Lafayette, our country's benefactor *par excellence*, as he is called. It was my intention to have delayed this visit until my departure for the south of France, as I would have then passed La Grange on my journey. But Lieutenant Fessenden and I, while attending recently the nuptials of M. Remusat and Mademoiselle Lasteyrie, were given a pressing invitation by the General to go out to the Chateau with the bridal party. This invitation was seconded by Mr. George Washington Lafayette, who called expressly to tell us that his wife and daughters, whom he wished us to meet, were then staying at the Chateau, but would soon return to their residence at Auverne. We had no inclination to decline such a pleasant excursion, and accordingly took our seats in the diligence the next morning for Rosay, a small town in the neighborhood of the Chateau. The distance from Paris is thirty or forty miles. The road being good and the weather delightful, we accomplished our little journey in a few hours without fatigue.

"At Rosay the General's carriage was waiting, and we were soon at the castle. My previous conceptions of the place were not very just. I had supposed it

was situated on an eminence like most castles of feudal times, but, on the contrary, the country around is unusually level. The consequence is that the distant view of it is scarcely remarkable, and nothing is to be seen but the acute conical roofs of the towers rising above the dark green foliage. We were compensated, however, by a nearer view, for the approach to the main entrance is by an avenue lined on each side by dark hemlocks, which fling their heavy boughs across the path, forming a deep, shady vista, through which is seen the picturesque arch of the northern gate, overgrown with ivy and flanked by the circular towers.

"Above the gate and in the towers were a few crenated loopholes intended for defense formerly, which now perform the less belligerent office of windows. They were nearly obscured by the luxuriant growth of ivy, through which peered the figures of the domestics or the younger members of the family whom curiosity had drawn thither to reconnoitre the newcomers. All this side of the building was in deep shade and the sun, which was just setting, threw his rays obliquely across the courtyard within and relieved out the archway and exterior walls with beautiful effect, and the rich, mellow and golden tinge which was shed over all the conspicuous objects within and above,



A previously unpublished pencil sketch made of General Lafayette in the year 1823 by the young American army officer, who tells of his visit to La Grange, Lafayette's home at that time, in the accompanying letter.

gave more sombre and gloomy shade to the dark hemlocks. I was much prepossessed with the external aspect, and everything within promised domestic comfort and hospitality truly in keeping with its venerated proprietor. Like him, there was something venerable and patriarchal in its appearance as it overlooked the sur-

rounding hamlets of the peasantry, and though war-worn and antiquated and like him a remnant of other times, all was plain and unaffected within.

"We drew up in the court yard and, on alighting, were shown into the General's library, where we received his benevolent greetings and his kindest wel-

come. He then introduced us to all of the members of his family, which consisted at that time, including his grandchildren and those who were collected together on this bridal occasion, of about sixteen or seventeen persons. It was delightful to see the old gentleman surrounded by his children, all joyous, happy and affectionate as they are, and looking up to him with feelings of pride and exultation in his well-earned fame. He seemed to remind me of the venerable remains of an old oak, which once proudly overtopped the trees of the forest, from whose root the young scions spring up and whose shattered trunk is crowned with the ivy and the laurel.

"Among so many young persons, as were there, we were at no loss for amusement, and the Mesdemoiselles Lasteyrie and the pretty daughters of George Washington Lafayette exerted their charms of conversation and accomplishment to entertain their guests. Of the latter, the drawings of Clementine and the vivacity of Matilda contributed a great deal to our entertainment. Every mode of diversion which they could devise was successfully tried to make our time pass agreeably, and we beguiled our time alternately between music, paintings, walking, and conversation. Among other things we were shown the little room in which the General has collected all the Indian curiosities and presents which have been made to him from time to time, quite a miniature museum, which he takes great pride in showing.

"The same may be said of his farm yard or grange from which the place takes its name. It is a large rectangular enclosure with buildings around it in which he not only keeps his livestock, of cattle, etc., some of which are rare presents, but also his aviary, consisting of beautiful wild and domestic birds.

"On the first evening we sallied out to take a walk around the chateau by a road which leads for about two or three miles among the trees and lawn in its vicinity. On the next morning I awoke at an early hour and the novelty of having slept in an old castle being somewhat unusual to me, I determined to explore my romantic position, and, dressing myself, I descended the circular staircase of the tower before any one was

astir, and, crossing the moat, emerged upon the open lawn in front of the chateau.

"It was about sunrise and the eastern front of the castle appeared in all its beauty. I took a turn down a walk that led to the garden around the outer edge of the moat. It was hemmed by drooping willows, the branches of which hung over the ditch in which they were reflected as in a mirror, with a thin outline relieved by the perfect reflection of the blue sky. The battlements all gave back their inverted image. The morning air was pure and serene, and the surface of the water was perfectly unruffled. The spire of what was formerly an old abbey rose above the trees on the one hand, finely contrasting with the odd architecture of the castle on the other. I stopped to contemplate a scene of so much tranquillity and beauty and regretted that I had omitted my pencil in this instance. There were three towers on this front nearly obscured by ivy, from one of which I could distinguish the tones of Clementine's piano, as she was practicing before any of the family had risen. While we remained at La Grange there was scarcely a nook in the park or adjacent grounds that was not explored by our charming young guides, who seemed determined that no favorite haunt of theirs should escape our admiration.

"The General, in consideration of my acquaintance with his friend, Mrs. Lewis, showed me many little mementos he had received from the Custis family, among which were medallions containing the names of Washington's family and a ring set with the braided hair of Washington and Franklin.

"While he was in this country Mrs. Lewis presented him with a view of her residence at Woodlawn which she had requested me to sketch for him, but which, having been made some time since, I had nearly forgotten. He, however, gave me a proof of his better memory by reminding me of the circumstances and by showing me the drawing, which is hung up in the library tower. * * *

"His library and salon are ornamented with the busts and portraits of our Presidents and other distinguished patriots, together with that of Kosciusko, and everything in compliment to us is done in American style."

Lafayette's interest in America never ceased, and even in his old age, in 1826, we find him writing an American friend a letter of condolence to the country over the death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. It will be remembered that those two patriots died within three hours of each other on July fourth of that year. The handwriting of Lafayette is plain enough not to necessitate the transposition of the following letter into type:

The wonder is not that two men have died on the same day. But that two such men, after having performed so many and such splendid services in the cause of liberty, — after the multitude of other coincidences which seem to have linked their destinies together — after having lived so long together, the object of their country's joint veneration — after having seen spared to witness the great triumph of their toils at Home — and looked together from Pisgah's top on the sublime effect of that grand impulse which they had given to the same glorious cause throughout the world, should on this fiftieth Anniversary of the day on which they had ushered that cause into light, be both caught up to Heaven, together, in the midst of their Raptures!
Lafayette

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

Hush, my possum babykin,
 Gwine to watch you till you sleep—
 Till ole Kris comes sneakin' in,
 Jest to take a leetle peep.
 Doan you stir yuh woolly haid—
 Keep ez still ez if youse daid.

Hush, my babe, de ole peach bough
 Am shakin' laik a willer tree—
 Santy's on de house-top now

Jest ez sneaky ez kin be.
 Kain't you heah his reindeer's feet
 Patter on de crusty sleet?

Hush, you cunnin' leetle coon,
 Dat's ole Santy—'tain't yuh paw—
 He'll be sneakin' off right soon,
 If you doan keep quiet, shore;
 Cubber up yuh kinky haid,
 Lay ez still ez if youse daid.

—Mabel Houghton Brown.

THE COMING SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC

Fifth Paper—Irrigation and Immigration.

By Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph. D.

A FULL THIRD of the entire territory of the United States is arid and barren. The great bulk of this lies between 105 and 124 degrees Western longitude, and when Fremont, the first scientific explorer on an extensive scale, made his report to the government at Washington, D. C., he gave it out flat-footed that no settlement was possible west of the 110th degree. How erroneous this opinion was the world knows today. On those barren wastes of Fremont's time, millions of sturdy, progressive and well-to-do people are now residing, and from them the nation as a whole draws no small part of its wealth and vigor. As a statistical item in this connection it is deserving of mention that while for the whole United States the annual saving per family amounts to \$50, it is largest of all

in the State of Washington, \$170 per year, and more than one-half of the state belongs to this arid region.

RICH BARREN LAND.

This, then, shows that much of this supposedly arid and barren land was in reality not so, and also that much of what was once actually unproductive has since been reclaimed. These facts are quite generally known, even in the East, and the further knowledge that a very large portion of these vast tracts of dry land is composed of soil possessing unrivaled fertility when once artificially watered, is slowly percolating the national consciousness.

But about the immensity and prime importance of this whole problem the world is as yet but very insufficiently informed. As a leading citizen of Portland,



Truck gardening flourishing in the midst of a wilderness of scrub pine, which has been barely able to keep alive in the arid land. A lateral irrigation ditch in the foreground.

one of the most intelligent promoters of irrigation projects, put it in conversation with the writer: "The future of irrigation along the Northern Pacific Coast cannot be overestimated. If it were not for the practical feasibility of reclaiming the larger part of what is at present scarcely more than desert land, our population must necessarily remain restricted. But, generally speaking, there is ample water power to be utilized for irrigation, and once the work of reclamation is fairly under way, there is room for millions. Our population can be doubled, trebled, nay, quintupled, and a state of plenty is assured for all."

IRRIGATION AND SOCIETY.

What this Far-Western land becomes under irrigation is little understood outside the region affected. With virgin soil of matchless productiveness, with an equable climate and with the crop so much surer than when depending on spasmodic rains, irrigated lands in many cases are unquestionably far more desirable from the farmer's viewpoint than non-irrigated ones. In the humid states the average farmer, on account of the size of his holdings and other causes, lives in a condition of social isolation, separated by distance, poor roads and severity of weather from his neighbors, and still more from the humanizing—or at least the "urbanizing"—influences of the town and its intellectual incentives and attractions. Irrigated farms are nearly all small in size, for the intensive culture which they require tends in that direction. Hence neighbors are close together; abundant water power furnishes them with electric power, light and telephone connection, and roads are better and distances smaller. The "irrigated" farmer can and does partake of all the elegancies and advantages of urban life, and at the same time enjoys fresh, wholesome air, plenty of "elbow room," the sense of independence, and the absence of the nerve-killing rush and crush. In a word, his is the ideal life, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, impossible to accomplish within the limits of crowded, hurrying cities.

FIELD ENORMOUS.

There is still an enormous field for irrigation along the whole Pacific Coast, and in that more interior section of country

frequently denominated the "Inland Empire," and made up of Eastern Oregon and Washington, and Western Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. One-half of California is awaiting artificial watering. On January 1, 1900, there was opened for settlement in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho alone 90,000,000 acres, equal to one-twentieth of the total area of the United States. These are going now at the average rate of 5,000,000 acres per year; these lands are free, excepting for the trifling charge of \$16 at the United States land office for fees on every 160 acres. Some unsettled lands, too, when opened, must be paid for by an additional \$1.25 per acre. Of the 42,000,000 acres of land in Eastern Oregon, less than 2,000,000 are at present under cultivation. The agricultural land there (in distinction from grazing or desert lands) is estimated at over 14,000,000 acres, and six-sevenths of this are unclaimed as yet. Each forty acres of this agricultural land, properly irrigated and cultivated, will support a family of five, or over 1,500,000 people all told. Of unclaimed lands, for example, there are in Malheur County alone nearly 6,000,000 acres; in Harney County about 5,000,000; in Lake County, 2,500,000, and in Crook County, 1,500,000—all of this in Oregon. In Idaho, Shoshone County has 1,250,000 acres of this unclaimed land, and Idaho county, 3,500,000; and in Eastern Washington there are similarly immense tracts of such land. And it must not be supposed that these lands are mere wild waste. Thus, Irrigation Commissioner Mallet, in Malheur County, Ore., states that from 160 acres of irrigated desert land in that county he raised 1,120 tons of alfalfa, and that his bees gathered 25,000 pounds of the choicest honey from the alfalfa blossoms. S. R. Stayton, near Prineville, Crook County, Ore., reports six tons of alfalfa per acre from two cuttings, and Charles Atherton, near Ontario, Ore., raised 530 tons of alfalfa from 64 acres.

OREGON USES CAREY ACT.

At the close of the last fiscal year the fund immediately available for national irrigation work amounted to \$24,905,832, of which sum (under the act reserving the fees, etc., of the land offices for this fund) Oregon contributed \$4,692,661,

and Washington \$3,300,368. Oregon, more than any other state, has also utilized the terms of the Carey irrigation act, and quite recently she has codified and revised all her irrigation laws.

There is still an astonishing amount of ignorance in this country regarding the nature and purposes of irrigation. This is really inexcusable, inasmuch as artificial watering of cultivable soil is a thing as old as the hills; a thing which was practiced successfully and extensively even in prehistoric times—by the ancient dwellers in Babylonia, on the Ganges, in the Nile Valley, in Arizona and Utah, and one of these early Arizona canals, with its laterals, measured a thousand miles in length.

SPREAD OF IRRIGATION.

But this dense ignorance is rapidly yielding to the march of events. Since the United States government has been taking hold in earnest of the problem of irrigation—and this is but a couple of years ago, under the strong pressure of President Roosevelt—an enormous amount of work has actually been done, and a far greater amount of it is now planning or in course of execution. Everywhere this is true, all through the arid or semi-arid states, in Arizona, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, California, Washington and Oregon, and even Nebraska and the Dakotas. In Montana, for instance, there are now projects fairly under way which will reclaim for cultivation some 10,000,000 acres and yield dwelling and sustenance for several million of population.

IRRIGATION, THEN IMMIGRATION.

When the larger ones of the present irrigation projects in these states will have been carried out, that is, within from five to ten years hence, another immense wave of immigration will sweep over an area of between 600,000 and 800,000 square miles and will treble its population inside of a few years. And this "wave" will be the most valuable of all, because the men and women composing it will belong to a different class from the ordinary "cheap" immigrant, necessarily so, for it will require a greater amount of capital to purchase this extraordinarily valuable land, and to reach the scene of action, thousands of miles away from the

Middle West or the ports of landing. But of this new land, in very many localities, five acres will be enough to support in decent comfort a whole average family. And all the blessings of civilization will be the new settler's—including schools and churches and lecture halls, newspapers and libraries, theatres and other amusements and refined social amenities due to a certain density of population. The rustic life of the future will here first spring up in its fullness, and the tilling of the fat and reliable soil will become a veritable recreation instead of the hard, harsh drudgery of the past; in many cases only three months out of the twelve will be devoted to body-strengthening toil, and nine months will be given to intellectual tasks or moderate relaxation. Here, at the Ultima Thule of the world, in the Farthest West, facing across the ocean the oldest nations of all, mankind will develop its new ideal.

THE ULTIMA THULE.

And this is no mere dream. There is a chain of facts, every link of which holds. There is the climate, more propitious and far less whimsical than in any other portion of the United States, one might even say of the world; there is the soil, in its makeup inexhaustible and bearing more richly than anywhere else; there are the natural resources of every kind, the mines of minerals, of precious metals and coal of every kind, even to a purer fixed carbon than the richest Delaware and Lackawanna; there are the never-failing waterways, with cheap navigation; there is the network of railroads rapidly becoming denser and still denser; and there, finally, is the proximity to the Pacific, that ocean which by common consent of all who have made present world conditions a special study, will become during this present century the main highroad for the commerce of the globe. These, in a nutshell, are ideal conditions, in their totality not encountered a second time on this earth of ours. And to them must be added the superiority of the race which is developing this new land, this Promised Land, a race of pristine vigor.

WHAT IS BEING DONE.

But let us cast a birdseye view over this whole land, and ascertain what is at present doing, or what already has been

done in pushing this mighty problem of irrigation to a successful issue.

There is, for instance, California. One-half of all its cultivated land is irrigated; irrigation there is applied both to arid, semi-arid and to "natural moisture" lands. Of the latter, to cite an instance, Humboldt County, in the northern part of the state, has 40,000 acres under artificial watering, mostly vegetable gardens. During 1904 new irrigation has been introduced on 460,000 acres, located both in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. The largest irrigation project at present is in Stanislaus County, the Modesto Turlock Irrigation System. In California, irrigation was begun 260 years ago by the Spanish Franciscan fathers, who thus watered their fig trees and vineyards. The water comes from the Sierras, the Coast Range, and from the eternal snows of Mount Whitney, 18,000 feet high.

RECLAIMING BOTTOM LANDS.

The Sacramento River has been overflowing its banks for forty-six years, caused by hydraulic mining, and leading

to incalculable losses. Now, at last, the proposition is under way to confine the river to its bed, regulate it, and thus to reclaim 1,000,000 acres of alluvial, extremely fertile land. The total cost of this work is calculated at \$23,000,000. This will also render navigable the river for 300 miles inland, and it will benefit the adjoining reclaimed land, now in constant danger of being swamped. In Holland they are at present busy reclaiming a tract comprising 400,000 acres, at an expense of about \$100,000,000. When this Sacramento River land will be reclaimed it will add an area larger than Ohio and Connecticut combined to the navigable territory of California, and give low-priced water freight, which is much needed. The arrangement is for the state to pay one-third of this sum of \$23,000,000, one-third by the United States, and the remaining third by the land owners benefited. The scheme is in this shape: the bill has passed the legislature and has been approved and signed by the governor. It is now "up to" the national government.



The third crop of alfalfa raised in one year with the aid of irrigation. Alfalfa will be the saving of the cattle business in the West as the range becomes shorter.



Irrigation ditch entering a long flume. This ditch, which is owned by the Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company in Central Oregon, flows many miles alternately through ditches and flumes.

OREGON JUST BEGINNING.

In Oregon, irrigation is something quite new, and the thinking and enterprising minds of the state have hardly as yet gained the right focus in this matter and allowed their thoughts to travel much along these grooves. There are, however, notable exceptions to this rule, and during the last three years, with the new legislation on irrigation and with capital being invested in large sums in this line, much may be looked for in the very near future. The statement is made by a well-informed Portland irrigation man that at present less than 150,000 acres, all told, are under actual irrigation within the state. The Oregon Land & Water Company, and the Columbia Land & Irrigation Company, own together about 30,000 acres of this. They, as well as the other companies, work under the Carey act. The reclamation service of the United States is now negotiating in the Klamath region, quite to the south of the state, for the reclaiming of some 300,000 acres there; the same is true of the large Malheur and of the Umatilla districts. In Morrow County, large and prosperous irrigation colonies have

been started, and the town of Irrigon is a tangible proof of this. The land there and in the Umatilla region is so rich that from five to ten acres will support in plenty a whole family. There and in the famous Hood River district, fruit culture seems to pay best. Strawberries ripen there within seventy-two days, and these and early grapes yield large prices.

THE DESCHUTES SCHEME.

Another big and deserving enterprise is that of the Deschutes Irrigation & Power Company in Crook County, where there is more stock than in any other county of the state. This company owns there some 200,000 acres, and the water supply for irrigation amounts to 3,500 cubic feet per second and is obtained from the melting snows of the mountains, for the tract lies right in the heart of the Cascades, some 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the ocean. The soil is volcanic, and extremely rich, and from the fine timber there, sawmills provide the settlers with building material at the rate of \$10 per 1,000 feet. Since last year some 2,000 people have settled in this region, raising three crops of al-



Irrigating an alfalfa field. By the liberal use of water, three and four crops of alfalfa a year are raised.

falfa per year, from five to seven tons per acre. The land is free government land, but the water supplied makes it cost from \$5 to \$14 per acre. Holdings are sold from 40 to 160 acres, not more, and there is room there for a population of 100,000. Three railroads are now building towards this region.

IRRIGATION IN WASHINGTON.

In Oregon's neighbor to the north, in Washington, much is also doing in the way of irrigation. There, not only private companies like the Washington Irrigation Company, but both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroad Companies have exerted themselves. The great valley of the Columbia River and its tributaries, the Snake and Yakima, have splendid opportunities. In the Yakima Valley, some 150,000 acres are under ditch, and 130,000 acres are actually under cultivation. The land is productive almost beyond belief, and some of it covered with fine orchards and situated near towns, is held as high as \$1,000 per acre. The Northern Pacific has specially exerted itself here. The Wenatchee Valley, in the center of the state, in its

present bountiful productiveness under irrigation, is, however, the work of the Great Northern. Some 12,000 acres of it, lying along this railroad, are producing enormous crops of alfalfa, hops of superior quality, and unexcelled apples. Ninety thousand acres of the Palouse country are also under irrigation, and producing enormous crops of the finest and hardest wheat in the world. Indeed, the yield of wheat there is almost incredible—seventy to seventy-five bushels to the acre, bushels weighing from sixty-five to seventy pounds; wheat that cannot be classified, because it far outranks the A1 hard of the Minneapolis mills. The United States Government is now undertaking, at an initial outlay of \$1,500,000, huge irrigation works in the Valley of the Columbia, opposite the Yakima Valley, and other big government projects are spoken of. Much, indeed most, of this irrigated land in Washington is richer in soil than the valley of the Po, in Lombardy, and yet the latter supports in measurable comfort a population of 840 per square mile. At that rate, Washington alone could easily feed a population of 10,000,000. A small



Headgate of an irrigation ditch in the mountains.
The amount of water allowed to flow through
the ditch is regulated at this point.

farm in the Yakima Valley, owned by the Rev. Mr. Walden, a clergyman whose health was shattered when he took to "orcharding," forty acres in all, produced in 1904 over eighty carloads of apples and other choice fruit. His farm, which had cost him but \$25 per acre, is now held at \$500 per acre.

Lewiston-Clarkston, the twin cities lying respectively at the borders of Idaho and Washington, and the flourishing irrigation colonies of Vineland, Riparia, etc., are also remarkable illustrations of the magnificent possibilities of arid soil when properly brought under cultivation. The same remark applies to the Spokane Valley.

NEEDS NATIONAL AID.

Altogether some six or seven million dollars are now invested in the State of Washington in private irrigation enterprises. Yet a good judge of conditions there, Mr. E. T. Blaine, of Seattle, claims that the irrigation problem in Washington and other Pacific States can never be adequately solved by private capital, and for this opinion he cited some strong reasons. He asserts that water usage comes



A long flume through which the waters of an irrigation ditch are carried. Flumes are necessary in running an irrigation ditch in many places; often the water filters through the soil, or a creek must be crossed, but generally they are constructed as the easiest method of carrying water through a rough country.

no higher here than in Europe, and that no private water supply company can make a reasonable profit by the mere sale of its irrigation water, but must couple this with the sale of the lands. His company has had experience in the business since 1892, and this is the conclusion it and he have reached.

In Idaho, the big Payette-Boise irrigation project and others are under way. The national government will spend a matter of \$1,300,000 for initiating the Payette-Boise project alone.

HOW TO PEOPLE THE COUNTRY.

Intimately connected with the irrigation problem in the whole "Oregon Country" and California is the question of immigration. Both must be solved simultaneously in order to benefit the country most. This is evident on the face of it, for to utilize the land made available by irrigation it requires many, many thousands of new hands. At present, considering the enormous size of the territory under contemplation, but especially the

tier of three splendid states reaching from the northernmost limit of the West to the semi-tropical border on the Mexican side, the vastness and choice quality of the products, and the limitless possibilities which the future holds out for this immense Garden of Eden, the observer is above all struck with the sparsity of population. About 3,000,000 of people for a territory capable of supporting twenty times that number! Of course, there are explanatory circumstances, the chief one being the great youth of this land of plenty and its remoteness from that part of the world which has hitherto peopled or re-peopled the whole West. But, nevertheless, it is time to see the Pacific Coast states come to their own.

STEADY STREAM OF IMMIGRATION.

At present the density of population is about the same as regards California and the coast states to the north of her, for California, in size, is nearly as large as Oregon and Washington combined. The bulk of the people now settled in these



An orange grove in Southern California where once was the desert, one of the most striking illustrations of what water can do to arid lands.



Twin Falls of the Snake River, Idaho, from which water is being taken to irrigate an immense district.

three states, leaving out of consideration the relatively small stock of earlier settlers, has come since 1879. In that year was the first great wave of newcomers; another one followed in 1883, and another in 1887. But it is only since 1900 that an almost continuous stream of immigration has been recorded. In the spring of 1902, for instance, 162,000 "homeseekers" (a very expressive term) passed over the northern railroad lines into the "Oregon Country." Of these, some 38,000 settled down definitely in Washington, 10,000 in Oregon, 7,000 in Montana, and 12,000 in Idaho. Besides these, some 36,000 passed over the Union Pacific for a similar purpose, and about 60,000 over the Southern Pacific. A portion of this army of 162,000 northern "homeseekers" was made up of American settlers going over the border into Canada, and this depleting stream has been kept up ever since, being drawn from the same source—the Middle West, especially the Dakotas, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

COUNTRY NEEDS ADVERTISING.

This must be deplored for patriotic reasons, although the fact is not without compensations, notably because, after all, there are still enormous stretches of free land to be had on the American side, and most of all in Oregon, a state peculiarly favored by nature in the matter of climate, soil and general conditions, but one which, until quite recently, has not "tooted its own horn" quite enough in this age of sensational publicity methods. All Oregon needs, in fact, in order to get its legitimate share of immigration is the wide and steady dissemination of the truth regarding her resources and natural advantages, and the same remark applies with almost equal force to the "Inland Empire." The cost of wheat production in that favored region is relatively so much less and the yield so far ahead of other and more boasted sections of the United States that actual returns from the harvest fields are often discredited by those who have not visited that region. Against a net return of \$13.50 per acre in the Red River Valley, North Dakota, for example, an absolute profit of \$35.40 per acre in Eastern Washington has been ascertained. Such a fact speaks for itself.

GREAT WHEAT YIELD.

There are single counties in Eastern Washington and Eastern Oregon, for instance, which produce relatively more wheat than any other district in the United States; thus, Umatilla County, Oregon, with but 18,000 population, raised, in 1901, 4,500,000 bushels, and Whitman County, Washington, with 30,000 population, some 6,000,000 bushels, this county being the banner county for wheat in the United States. While in the Eastern States the average cost of producing a bushel of wheat is about 50 cents, it is but 25 to 28 cents in either Washington or Oregon, yielding a net profit of about 100 per cent in the open market.

Immigration in the "Oregon Country" and California is still mainly drawn from the Middle West, and no doubt this class of new settlers is, from almost every point of view, the most desirable for their adopted homes. The men, women and children thus helping to form new and powerful commonwealths are born and bred in American traditions and ways; they belong to the most valuable strata of our population—of moderate means, energetic,

ic, progressive, industrious, law-abiding, just the class to build up—or help build up—prosperous and flourishing communities. President Roosevelt, during his circular trip through the Pacific region, did not let this important fact escape his observant eye, and repeatedly referred to it in the impromptu speeches he delivered on that occasion.

WEAKENING MIDDLE WEST.

So far, so good. But there are several points which call for comment. For one thing, this new Pacific Coast immigration is instrumental, to a more and more dangerous degree, in weakening the Middle West—the backbone of the Republic—both in population, wealth and energetic forces. As far as the nation as a whole is concerned, the Pacific immigration from the Middle West means merely a transposition, not an absolute gain, such as immigration from Europe would mean. Again, the field from which this immigration is drawn is limited. The population of the Middle West is by no means dense—comparing it, for instance, with that of New York State, it is but a third or a fourth as dense, and much sparser still when comparing it with that of the



On one of the great cattle ranges in Central Oregon, of which hundreds of thousands of acres are now being reclaimed. Where the sagebrush and bunchgrass is giving place to alfalfa.

New England States. Within measurable time say—twenty years hence at most—the supply of desirable human native material from the Middle West will have been exhausted.

DISLIKE OF ORIENTALS.

There is, all over the Pacific country, a more or less pronounced dislike to Chinese and Japanese immigration on a large scale. Only last March the California legislature passed anew strong resolutions against this class of immigrants. And it must be admitted that some of the objections urged against Chinese and Japanese immigration are momentous and founded on facts.

Yet, what the Pacific Coast absolutely needs for its healthy and more rapid development is an abundance of new settlers, able and willing to labor intelligently and produce floating capital. The main source whence the present immigration comes, the Middle West, will dry up before many years are gone.

NEED EUROPEANS.

European immigration is required.

No special effort in this direction has so far been made, either by the railroads or the many private, state or municipal corporations busy in this field. The great cost of transportation from the Atlantic to the Pacific border has strongly militated against European immigration, even of the better and more moneyed class, when whole families and their household goods are in question. Furthermore, very many even of the thinking men of the Pacific Coast, are at present either indifferent or inimical about this.

The most enlightened opinion on this topic among prominent men on the Pacific Coast, however, tallies with that expressed to the writer by Mr. Theodore B. Wilcox, of Portland, who said:

"Here in the northern part of the Coast there is no such strong objection to a limited Japanese and Chinese immigration. Indeed, it is valuable for fruit producers, and hop and wine growers. With the advent of the Panama Canal the Eastern people will be more and more interested in the development of this Pacific Coast. Cheap labor, European labor, is needed for a vast amount of tasks, clearing the land of timber, etc. Upon the opening of the Panama canal there will be

lower rates of passenger transportation, especially of immigrants, both by rail and water, and that will, of course, encourage European immigration here. At present we have still the anomalous fact that one-third of the people of the United States occupy two-thirds of the territory, and two-thirds occupy one-third. The completion of the Panama Canal, then, will do much to settle more adequately the whole country west of the Mississippi to the Pacific. The mass of the people in the East are now being crowded worse and worse, and on the whole, immigration from Europe has ceased to be a blessing to them. Hereafter the stream of it will be diverted more and more to the region west of the Mississippi, and more particularly the Pacific Coast."

COAST NEEDS STRONG ARMS.

That, too, is the opinion of the writer. The Pacific Coast is still a young, a very young, country. It needs labor and intelligence of every kind to develop it swiftly and sanely. There is, as Mr. Wilcox says, an abundance of rough and uncouth labor to be performed, labor which requires little brain but much brawn, such as scores of thousands of the unintelligent immigrants from Europe possess and dispose of at far less cost than would an American. To hasten this process is to the best interest of the whole Pacific Coast; but whether it be hastened now or not, this will be the inevitable course of events after the completion of the Panama Canal, say ten years hence, perhaps sooner. Smaller interests must yield—and always do yield—to larger. There is, however, little danger that at any time hereafter European immigration will "swamp" or radically transfuse the dominating American element along the Pacific. The lower type—by far the more numerous—of European immigrants will furnish excellent material for the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the early stages of settlement, and will then amalgamate with the remainder of the population, for the most part, for several generations to come, as a highly valuable laboring stratum. The higher and choicer type of European immigrant will more quickly Americanize itself, as it has it has done everywhere else before in this country, and will in its progeny scarcely differ from the purely American settlers.



TO LADY ALICE COURTENAY*

By David Starr Jordan

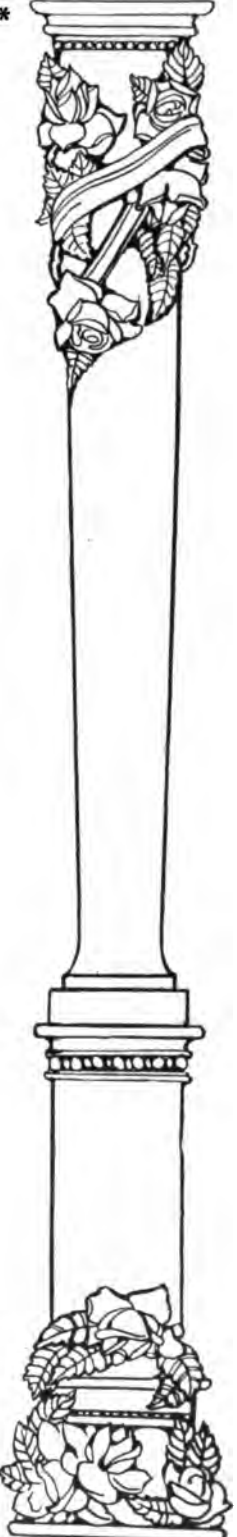
I have seen thy name to-day,
Lady Alice Courteney,
As a treasure brought to me
From the mines of history.
'Tis a stately Norman name
Of a sweet and stately dame,
And the picture that it brings
Of long-vanished stately things
Comes to me as keen and clear
As a painted miniature.

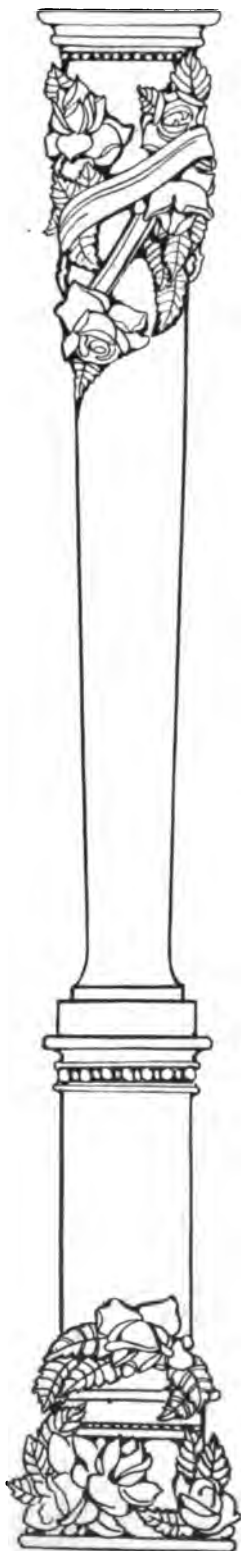
As I gaze, they pass away,
All the vistas of to-day,
All the battles I have fought,
All the deeds my hands have wrought,
All the golden light that fills
Sunny Santa Clara's hills!

Unsubstantial as a dream
Does my lone mist-island seem,
With its flower-bespangled moss,
Wet by wayward waves that toss
Flotsam from the farthest lands
Over Zoltoi's shining sands;
Still the cold gray mist above
Sleep-cap of the Pribilof!
Now in darkling mist and spray,
Let the great world fade away,
All that is become as naught
In the vagrant world of thought;
Cast off seven hundred years,
With their burdens, hopes and fears;
Then a fragrance comes to me,
Rose leaves pressed in history.
Sweetly strange and strangely sweet,
Lady Alice—may it be!
I am here alone with thee.
Let me kneel, then, at thy feet;
Ghosts from ghosts have naught to fear,
White the hand I kiss, my dear!

I can see thee, decked for show
In the robes of long ago,
Brocades rich as tapestry,
Laces, silks and jewelry—

*Alice, daughter of Peter, Lord of Courteney; born about 1150; married Edmund (Aymar) de Taillefer, duke of Angouleme; mother of Isabel de Taillefer, wife of John Plantagenet, called Lackland the King; ancestress of a long line of Cavaliers and Puritans, whereof the end is not yet. (Vide Ms. records of Edward J. Edwards.)





All the far-off finery
Men have fancied meet for thee.
Roses bloom along thy way,
Thou a fairer rose than they.
May I pass thy guarded gate
Where thy mailed retainers wait?
They will neither know nor care,
For I tread with feet of air;
To thy walls of cold gray stone
Where the daylight never shone,
Halls of state that ne'er could be
Sun-illumin'd save by thee!

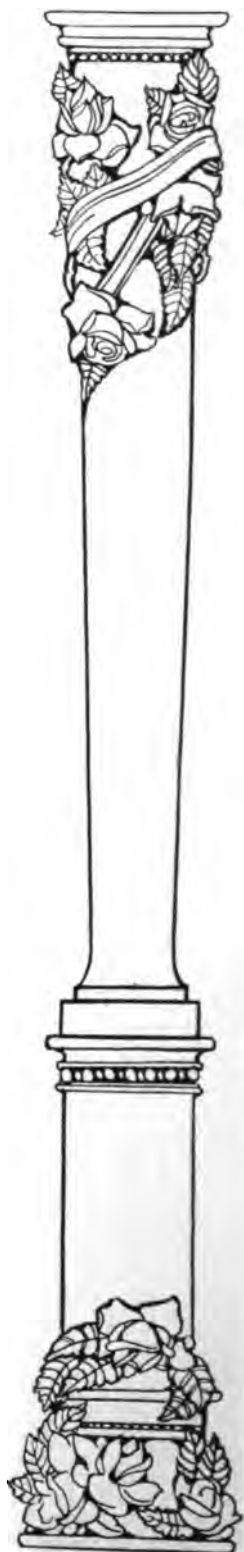
Pink tipped daisies from the grass
Nod their welcome as we pass;
In the corn fields here and there
Scarlet poppies flame and flare;
From the hawthorn's greenery
Sweet the thrush's call to thee,
And the skylark soaring high
Trills his anthem to the sky—
Lady Alice Courteney
Fair are Devon fields in May!

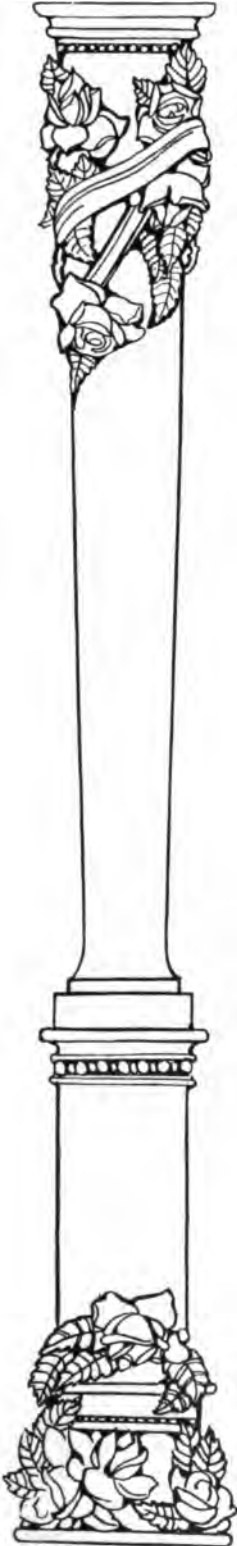
See I from the turret-tower,
Where my lady has her bower,
How beyond the castle walls
Slope the green fields towards the south,
There thy river finds its mouth
And the great sea ebbs and falls.
There the salt, white spray is thrown
O'er the rocks of Eddystone;
While above the curving bay
In its terraces of gray
Stands thy stern and stolid town
Watching with ascetic frown
All that come and all that go
On the blue waves to and fro,
To the line of hills that rise
Faint against the southern skies,
Where the alien people be—
The white cliffs of Brittany!

All this have I seen to-day,
Lady Alice Courteney—
As it chanced thy Norman name
On the page before me came.
What but name is left to thee?
What is such a name to me?

Lady Alice Courteney,
Thou hast lived and loved for me.
Fairer thou than any rose
That in Devon's garden grows.
Lady, thou wert made for Love,
And when sweet Love came to thee,
Much had he to thee to give,
And one gift was life to me.

Through the long years coming, going
Ever is thy life-blood flowing,





From the hearts of noble earls,
Through the veins of common churls,
Knight and lady, boor and clown,
As the ages follow down;
Of one blood the nations be,
Of one blood art thou with me!

See the rush of history
Strewn with cast-off finery,
And the way of common things
Cluttered with the pomp of kings!
Even blood of Courteney
To the earth must find its way.

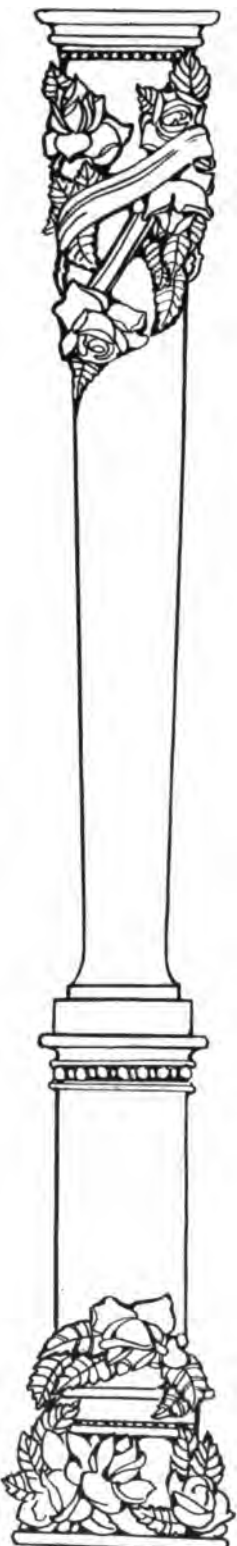
Thou a Norman earl didst wed
Daughter thine was England's queen,
And her son was England's king
Then in dim perspective seen,
As the centuries roll away.
Generations vanishing
Move across the changing scene,
Knights and 'squires and men at arms,
Captains of the men o' war,
Masters of the Devon farms,
Priests and bishops here and there,
Puritan and cavalier;
Some in silks and laces fine,
Some in simple hodden gray,
Children all of thee and thine,
With thy blood of Courteney.

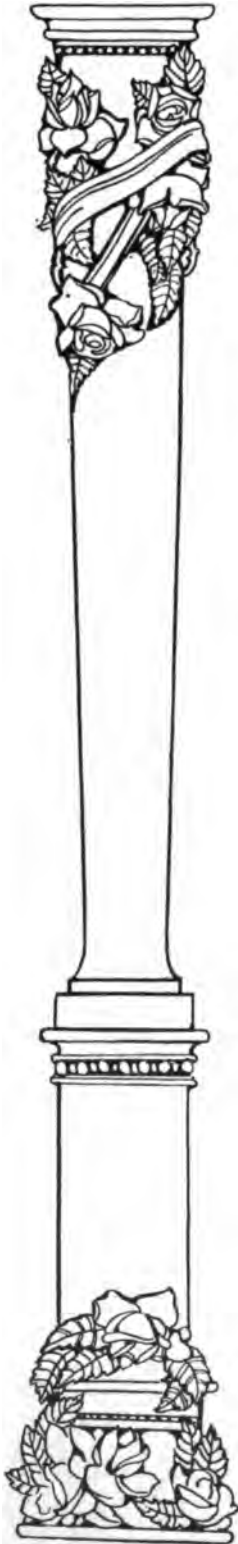
(Red the rose of Lancaster,
White his heart that hateth her!)
'Twas the blood of Courteney
Once upon Saint Crispin's day
Stained thy meadows, Agincourt!
Swiftly through the veins it flows,
As the fire of battle glows;

Flows the blood stream as before,
Proudly when the virgin queen
Rode the loyal ranks between;
Sternly when at Marston Moor,
On the heath in suppliance kneeling,
Not to England's lord appealing,
But the Lord of Hosts before!

Fiercely when the dragon came
Stinging, scorching far and near,
Blasting with his tongue of flame
The fair homes of Devonshire.
Then by night the word of flame
"To the watching Pilgrims came."

Then for home and conscience' sake,
With the rest fled Goodman Drake,
That, God helping, o'er the sea
Build they a new England, free.
Grim and stern and harsh were they,
Errant sons of Courteney;
But they came of hardy stock,
Never in the Pilgrim's grave.





Lay the weakling or the slave,
Dust to dust, but rock to rock.

These the names thy children bear,
Lady Alice Courteney,
On the rills of history,
De Bohun; de Taillefer;
Theirs the shame and glory met
In thy fame, Plantagenet!
(’Twas a Taillefer who sang
Till the field of Hastings rang;
Loud he sang and lustily
Fought the fight of Normandy,
Till before his sturdy hand
Harold’s crown lay on the sand.
’Twas a peasant’s son, but he
Sang his way to history.)
Then the kingly pageant passed
Grenvilles, Courteney follow fast;

(’Twas a Grenville once fought on
Till a day and night were gone.
“What is one day less or more
On the sea or on the shore?”
The Revenge was but a wreck,
Broken, blood-washed was her deck:
“Sink her, split her sharp in twain,
Fall in God’s hands, master gunner,
Never into clutch of Spain!”)

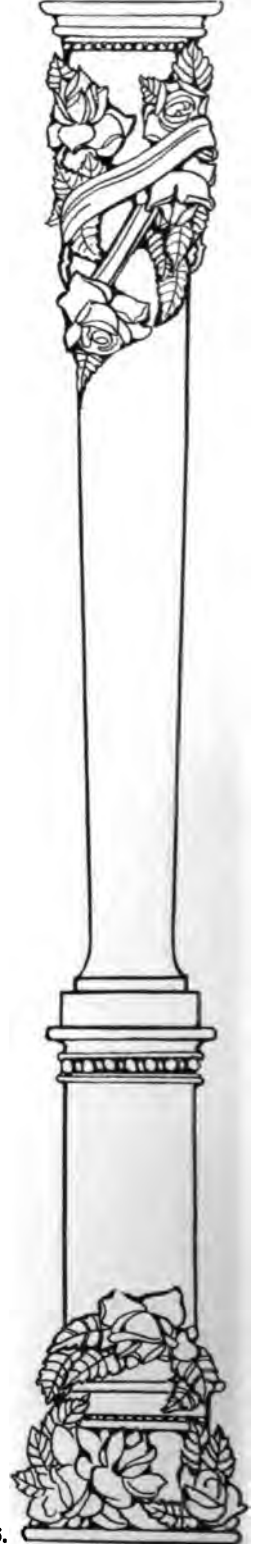
Drakes for generations ten,
(’Twas a Drake the banner bore
To the New World’s farthest shore.)
After Drake comes Elderkin,
Waldo, Hawley, follow yet,
Names for history to forget.
(One alone the ages may
Claim to-morrow as to-day.
To the heart of nature dear,
“Far in depths of history
Sounds the voice that speaketh cheer.”
He who tells one of her meanings
Of the earth shall master be.)

Whatso’er their rank or fame,
Lady Alice all must claim.
Lords they are not, knights nor earls;
Nor, it may be, clowns nor churls,
Lady, wouldst thy children scan?
Thou shalt see the Common Man.

As the centuries come and go,
Through their veins thy blood shall flow;
For the fairest Time has moulded,
Or in softest garments folded,
Comes at last in nature’s plan
To her simple Common Man.

And thus hast thou come to me,
Lady Alice Courteney!

—St. Paul of the Pribilof, July 26, 1896.



A MECCA FOR ASTRONOMERS

The Solar Observatory on Mt. Wilson in the Sierra Madres
of Southern California

By Frank G. Martin

ASTRONOMERS in this day, exploring the celestial seas, are not content to be Columbus who stop at the outposts of a new world, but there is a rivalry as to who shall "sail on and on and on," in the spirit of Magellan, until the whole knowable universe is circumnavigated.

The Pacific Coast is destined to become in the immediate future the favorite point of embarkation for these expeditions into the infinite. Not to speak of the notable achievements of the Lick Observatory, there is quietly forming on the topmost pinnacle of Mount Wilson, in the Sierra Madres of Southern California, such an array of astronomical appliances especially designed for solar observations,

as will have no equal in the world. Sequestered in their narrow, prosaic, monastic-looking cells, 5,882 feet above sea level, high above the dust-laden atmosphere of the valley and beneath skies as clear, tranquil and serene as storied Egypt could ever boast, earnest scientific men are prosecuting their studies of the physical body of the great luminary of day.

Mount Wilson was chosen as the most desirable of the many sites investigated for the momentous work projected. Established under the direct patronage of the Carnegie Institute, of Washington, D. C., \$300,000 will be expended in equipping this observatory, \$150,000 having been appropriated for this year alone.

The purpose of all this elaborate and



The "firing end" of the great solar observatory on Mt. Wilson, in the Sierra Madres of Southern California.

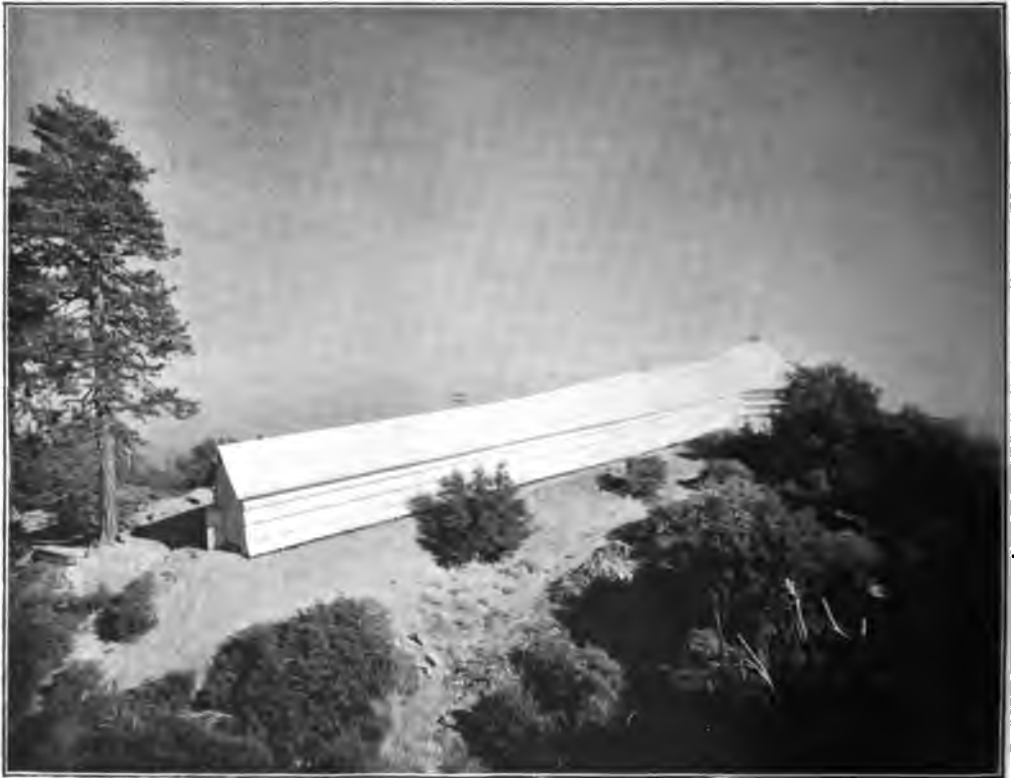


Carrying sections of the complex machinery of the solar observatory 5,825 feet to the top of Mt. Wilson.

costly preparation for the study of the sun is sublime in its conception, and may lead to discoveries no less startling than

sublime. This is designed to be an exclusively solar observatory. The special subject of investigation will be the origin, nature, development, history and ultimate destiny of our sun, and, not only the sun we know as such, but the innumerable host of other heavenly bodies—some larger, some smaller, than our luminary—which are pronounced by astronomers to be suns similar to ours. There are symptoms of inconstancy in the heat radiation of our sun which have led to the suspicion that it is gradually losing its heat, and may, eons hence, become a cold, dead body, like our moon. While nobody in this age need be directly alarmed, yet to the broad-visioned astronomer there is something portentous in this, threatening the ultimate extinction of all life on our globe. It is such exalted problems as this that will engage the eminent men who are to study the god of day from the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Now let us take a look at the elaborate equipment of this observatory. To the



The Mt. Wilson solar observatory is housed in a long, low building stretched out like a worm on the top of the mountain.

lay mind all an astronomer has to do to learn all about the sun is to aim his great telescope directly at it and fire away point blank. Far from it. In a narrow, shed-like structure, two hundred and twenty feet long, on the topmost point of Mount Wilson, the rays of the sun are lassoed by a coelostat—a huge circular mirror driven by clockwork in such a manner that it throws its light into another mirror above, which sends the long, concentrated beam far into the interior of the telescope house. The two mirrors move in automatic adjustment to each other so that the solar beams may be shot directly into the building, no matter in what part of the sky the sun may be situated.

At the farther end of the building the reflected sunbeam strikes a concave mirror, which catches the light, and, flashing it back sixty feet toward the opening whence it first entered, concentrates it there into a large and perfect image of the sun, six and seven-tenths inches in

diameter, showing with precision the peculiar granulation of the sun's surface, sun-spot groups and other physical features. Here the original errant sunbeam thrice reflected, is corraled and disposed of at will by the calculating astronomer with his monster magnifiers.

With the spectroscope, spectrograph and spectroheliograph this image may be studied in any detail desired. By means of these instruments the various substances of which the sun is composed are analyzed and the changes which are constantly going on in these substances may be determined. By means of such analyses the motions of the heavenly bodies and the stage of their evolution may be accurately learned. The spectroscope is employed in this special line of analytical work, and when equipped for photographing the dissected light-rays it is known as the spectrograph.

The spectroheliograph was first designed by Professor George E. Hale, direc-



The machinery which catches the sun's rays and transmits them through various stages to the astronomer, who sits figuring out the disquieting problem of decrease of the sun's heat.

tor of the Mount Wilson Observatory, in 1889. With this marvelous instrument a particular part of the light coming from the sun may be automatically dissected, shutting out all the other light, and the sun thus be photographed as it would appear to our eyes if it shone only with that one particular light. To illustrate: the spectroheliograph may photograph the sun only in the light given forth by the glowing calcium vapor that it contains, or only in the light of the hydrogen vapor, or of iron vapor, or any of the numerous elements, in the form of incandescent gases and vapors, of which the sun is composed.

Thus by the giant telescopes and their allies these imprisoned mirrored images of the sun may be tortured to divulge their inmost secrets—to tell the story of the great spots which periodically darken portions of the great luminary's surface, many times vaster than our globe in extent. It is hoped that the father of our light and heat and life may be kept in the "sweat

box" under a searching examination and cross-examination in this Mount Wilson prison until he will break down and confess the whole story of the birth of our world and of the apparent coldness that is growing up between parent and child, in the suspected gradual cooling of the sun, to which astronomers attribute much of the atmospheric and climatic freakishness of the last few years.

But the crowning equipment designed for the Mount Wilson Observatory is the greatest reflecting telescope in the world. There is being perfected now in the Mount Wilson Laboratory at Pasadena a huge lens in one piece, five feet in diameter and eight inches thick, weighing a full ton. To such an exact nicety must it be polished that three years will be spent by experts in its perfection. This great Cyclopean eye will be mounted under a rotating dome fifty feet in diameter, and is expected to penetrate farther and read more deeply into the mysteries of the universe than any telescope in existence. The larg-



The 60-foot long gallery in the Mt. Wilson observatory, where the sun's rays are concentrated into a perfect image, showing the peculiar granulation of the sun's surface.

est telescopic lens now in use is that at the Harvard Observatory—three feet in diameter—and this, it will be seen, will be Lilliputian compared to the Brobdingnagian lens to be installed on Mount Wilson.

Some investigations of supreme significance to the scientific world are now being made at the Mount Wilson Observatory. Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, is spending a year on Mount Wilson studying nebulosity and photographing the Milky Way. He is using the Snow telescope of the University of Chicago, which has been loaned to the Mount Wilson Observatory, and his undertaking is startlingly ambitious. He has already obtained such satisfactory results from his researches that he proclaims the possibility of gathering evi-

dence which will refute the nebular theory of creation.

The observations on Mount Wilson have fallen into distinguished hands. Professor Barnard is one of the most eminent living astronomers, and Professor Hale is a star of the first magnitude in the astronomical firmament. He has just received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Yale.

Already this observatory has become a Mecca to scientific men, and the masked telescopic batteries in the little unpretentious shed on the silent peak may yet bombard the infinite depths of space until its fallacies are dissolved, its mysteries are swept away, and the sublime primal truths of the universe, its creation and evolution, are laid bare to the mind of even the wayfaring man.

THE MOTHER PRAYS

Oh, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,
The night is dark and long,
The dreary rain beats on the roof,
The wind is wild and strong;
To-night I pray only to thee—
Tell me, if this be wrong.

Oh, Mary, Mary, Virgin Mary,
Thou hast the mother-heart;
Thou knowest how tears wrought of blood
Up from my torn breast start
At the mere thought that Death should
seek
To bear this child apart.

Oh, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,
The hours are long and slow;
Help me to bear them as I kneel

Where she lies still and low,
The only little child I have—
I cannot let her go!

Oh, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary.
To thy kind heart I plead
For her—so little and so sweet!
Thou knowest the mother-need—
Tell God; and for this one dear life,
For Christ's sake, intercede!

Mother—the words die on my lips.
Shaken with agony;
Thou of the tortured mother-heart—
I leave it all with thee!
Plead thou with God this awful night
To spare this child to me.

—Ella Higginson





Madame Calve, the most famous of all "Carmens," who is making a concert tour of the United States.

THE STAGE

NEW YORK lost its greatest Carmen that the country at large might have an opportunity to hear the full, mellow, alluring tones of Mme.

Calve's voice. Tradition says that the first night the young Calve attempted Carmen in New York, a dozen years ago, the metropolitan audience, even more critical then than now, cheered her into fame in five minutes. Since then she has never had much of an opportunity to do for other roles what she did for the Spanish cigarette girl. In the concert in which she is now touring she can show her versatility, but it will probably be in Carmen yet that she makes her best success.

Will R. Walling

Few stock leading men in this country have had a broader or more brilliant experience than Will R. Walling, at present playing leads with the Belasco Stock Company in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Walling came to the Coast from New York last spring, direct to San Francisco, where he was engaged to



Will R. Walling, leading man at the Belasco in Portland.



George Bloomquist, a favorite on the Pacific Coast, now in George Ade's new comedy, "Just Out of College."

create the leading male role in Colgate Baker's play, "The Heart of a Geisha," in which Juliet Crosby scored such a notable triumph. Mr. Walling had previously held the position of leading man with the Yorkville Theatre Stock Company in New York, where he was a matinee idol. After a season in San Francisco he was secured by Belasco & Mayer to head the Belasco Stock Company in Portland, where he is at present engaged. He is one of the youngest leading men on our stage, is handsome of face and figure and an actor of remarkable versatility.

George Bloomquest

One of the most popular young actors who has ever appeared on the Pacific Coast is George Bloomquest, until recently juvenile man with the Columbia Stock Company in Portland, Oregon. Previous to going to Portland Mr. Bloomquest appeared with James Neill and other well-known Western theatrical organizations. At the present time he has an important



Henrietta Crossman, as she appears in her favorite play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

role in the new George Ade comedy, "Just Out of College," and is said to be making the hit of his life.

Mr. Bloomquest is an artist of splendid attainments, and beyond question has a brilliant future in store. He was very popular on the Coast during his stay here, owing to his charming social qualities, his intelligence and sincerity. His many friends here are watching his career with the greatest interest, and are much gratified at his success in the East.

Henrietta Crossman

Henrietta Crossman is an actress who has in the past few years attracted the attention of the entire country through her sudden rise to fame from an unknown, struggling player to a star of the first magnitude. The accompanying portrait shows her in the leading role of

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs," in which play she scored her greatest success. At the present time Miss Crossman is appearing in a new piece, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," which Eastern critics pronounce one of the best of recent productions. It is probable that Miss Crossman will be seen in the West late in the present season.

Virginia Brissac

Few young American actresses give such promise of a successful career as Virginia Brissac, the talented ingenue of the Belasco Stock Company, of Los Angeles. Miss Brissac is just out of her teens, but has already had a varied and valuable experience with important road companies and in stock. She began her stage work



Alice Johnson, starring in "The Marriage of Kitty." Miss Johnson has won admiration chiefly as a beautiful woman.



Virginia Brissac, the favored of ingenues, playing in the Belasco Stock Company in Los Angeles.

in the support of Florence Roberts, and has appeared with splendid success with other well-known stars, including White Whittlesey. She is perhaps best known for her excellent work as "Hope Langham," in "Soldiers of Fortune." She is a San

Francisco girl, her parents being residents of that city. Recently she played an extended engagement with the Belasco Stock Company in Portland, where she was one of the greatest favorites in that popular organization.

M. P. NEILSON, A NEW SCULPTOR ON THE COAST

A new sculptor has come to the Pacific Coast, who has worked with Douglas Tilden, Rupert Schmidt and Carl Ritter and learned to use his thumb in the clay from Sinding in Sweden. This is M. P. Nielson, who came to the Lewis and Clark Exposition last summer to re-set up the statuary inherited from the St. Louis Exposition, and has remained in

Portland since that time.

Mr. Nielson's most admired work of art is his "Huck Finn," in which the great American boy hero is portrayed giving his only dollar to his drunken father. There were a number of Mr. Nielson's works at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, notably a statue of Ceres in the Agricultural Building.



"Huckleberry Finn" giving his only dollar to his drunken father. M. P. Nielson, the sculptor, finishing his statue.



Working model of a bust of President Francis, of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, sculptured by M. P. Nielson.

IMPRESSIONS



By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

A Distinct Class of Idle Rich Means a Distinct Set of Legal Privileges Somewhere

Sheepskins

The college year has begun, and at its end the young man will vault over the bars, and, pointing his diploma at the world, will shout, "Hold up your hands." But, alas, the world will not stand and deliver for a volley of sheepskins. Hamlet says: "Is not parchment made of sheepskins . . . and of calfskins, too? They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that."

So I say they be but sheep and calves who find assurance in a diploma. It is at best but an honorable certificate as to time and course; it cannot of itself impart knowledge. It is not to be conjured with. If the knowledge be not in the brain, the diploma is useless; and if it be in the mind, the diploma is unnecessary. The struggle to get a diploma by cramming and cribbing is only self-deception. The diploma without the brain-digested knowledge is a mere sheepskin.

The Spanish for "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear" is "Although you dress a monkey in silk, he will still be a monkey."

Although you dress a youth in diplomas, he will still know no more than he knows. But the college life and training are of great value. The college itself is a time-saving, labor-saving device, but it is not a factory of either brains or character. It may develop both, but the germ must be inborn. Few of us realize how little we have to do with the making of ourselves. There is no self-made man. The qualities he has and the will power to develop those qualities are mere inheritances, like the weaknesses of his less fortunate brother, and the lack of will power to resist those weaknesses.

The college life is of as much value, or more, than its studies.

From this reservoir, the college, we may more quickly fill our bottles than if we dug each spring for ourselves; but the size, shape and color of the bottles remain unchanged. The monkey dressed in the silk gown of a college education will still be a monkey.

I am an advocate of college training. It is a luxury none should reject who can have it. It offers ore already dug, and a harvest of friendships; but each man must refine his own ore and win his own friends. The college cannot and does not create one elemental trait. Only the thoughtless and foolish believe a college can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

I know a man who has quite a bundle of learned degrees. He regards them as the mere incidents of his search for what he really wanted to know. And being told a degree was due him from a certain college if he would apply for it, he replied: "What for? I have the knowledge." That is the true light in which to view diplomas, and I hope the rigid diploma will some day give way to the certificate, varying in each case, stating exactly what the holder has done.

The universities have always been the storehouses of learning, and from the Dark Ages till now have been resorted to by those thirsting for knowledge; but, like all established institutions, especially such as are supported by the state or by the wealthy, they have always been conservative, the universities of Russia being only an apparent, not a real, exception to the rule. Perhaps it is well that they should be conventional as well as conventual, but, valuable as is the college training, he who misses it can take comfort

in the thought that diplomas are but sheepskins, and all great original thought has come from outside the university walls.

To prove that mind itself is not created in colleges, we have only to recall such names as Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, Newton, Watts, Stephenson, Franklin, Faraday, Edison, Westinghouse, Darwin, Pasteur, Washington, Lincoln, Walt Whitman. The worship of the diploma helps us to respect brainless men who can spell correctly, and to accept fools who know the reign of Queen Anne, or the periods of Homeric poems.

The tendency of our time is to undervalue that most precious thing, individuality. Universities and dictionaries are the enemies to originality. There is a university fashion in thought as well as in dress—and most men never change the costume.

My voice is for the universities as storehouses of valuable knowledge and places of mental training; but as they are admittedly not a necessity in education, so I would like to see them more the home of workers on individual and original lines; and I would like the young man with his diploma to look inside his own head and reflect: Although you dress a monkey in silk, he will still be a monkey.

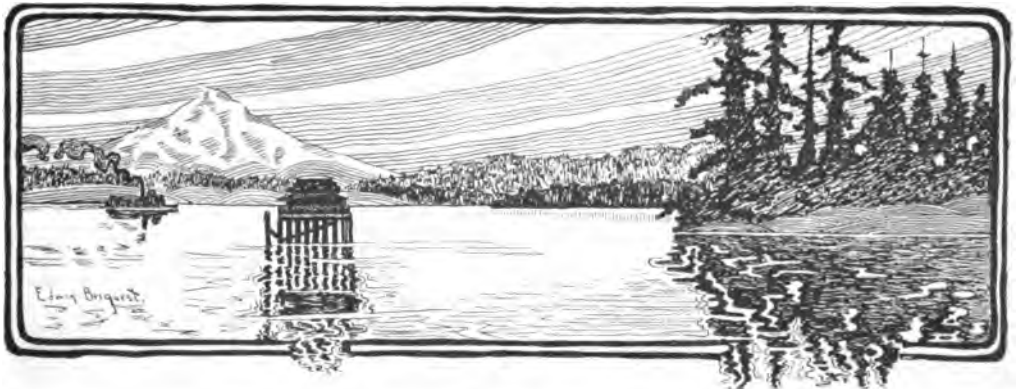
Good Roads

It is a blind people which fixes its eyes on the railroad and considers it the sum of all transportation. Only second to it are the wagon roads, and intelligent farming communities ought to appreciate the tremendous yearly loss to the whole community in bad roads. Not only that smaller loads must be hauled, more trips made, more time taken on a trip, and greater wear and tear and breakage. Not only this, but the community with good solid roads the year round will outstrip its rivals in settlement and increased values. The Romans, for military purposes, built through sparsely settled districts roads which endure today, and the ever-accompanying result was the rapid settlement of those districts. The railroad is not the whole thing. Get together, my countrymen, and mend your ways. Be Romans; make your roads everlastingly good.

Oregon Land Frauds

I need not say I have no excuse for any man who, knowing better, has defeated the law and defrauded the people, especially of so valuable and limited a property as land. But I think it has not been enough noticed that the Government itself has encouraged the frauds. I do not refer to collusion with corrupt officials. What I mean is that the rulings of the Department have been such as to encourage the idea of acquiring land by sleeping one night in six months on an alleged homestead. The Department and the Supreme Court of the United States have said that an entryman may borrow the money for his entry, give the land and its use for security, and sell to the mortgagee when the entryman gets his patent, but that he must not contract in advance to do this last. This allows every overt act of fraud, and the rest can be done by a wink or a nod.

Better wipe out all land laws but one,—actual settlement on the land and continuous use; and when that is abandoned with no intention of returning, let the title be gone and the land open to the first comer.





The Gambler. Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston followed up her great success, "The Masquerader," by an equally unusual story, "The Gambler," but no one could have guessed the same person was author of both. "The Masquerader" appears to be a book for men, written by a man, and deals with situations, while "The Gambler" dandles attitudes of mind and goes into the subtleties of a woman's nature too nicely ever to have been written by a man. The movement of "The Masquerader" from the first chapter to the ambiguous outcome of the life of John Chilcote's wife, is continuous, but in "The Gambler" it takes sixteen chapters to find out what Clodagh Asshlin's uncontrolled emotions are going to do with her. She is worth knowing, though, and is worth those sixteen chapters of introduction, she is so human. Everyone sympathizes with a soul lost in a passion, and Clodagh, having a semi-respectable passion, can be sympathized with openly. "The Masquerader" is considered the better of the two books. As a story it is, but in "The Gambler," Mrs. Thurston has shown herself something more than a dealer in unusual plots and situations, she has read the human heart.

* * *

Ben Blair. "Ben Blair" is the initial endeavor of Will Lillibridge. Given a South Dakota ranch, an ambitious but handicapped plainsman, a young girl of average attractions, and an Eastern gentleman sufficiently accomplished to complicate matters, Mr. Lillibridge has start-

ed out upon a love story. Had he continued in the happy vein that produced the first chapter, he would have placed upon the market a story of more than ordinary merit. He unfortunately, however, massed the savagery and vigor of Western ranch atmosphere into the first few pages and relegated the rest of his tale to polite imitation of the real thing. As it is, the fact of "Ben Blair" being a Western story will of itself recommend the book to Eastern readers, while the vitality and charm of Mr. Lillibridge's literary method will lead his Western readers to expect great things of him in the future. A. C. McClurg & Co.

* * *

An Alphabet of History. "An Alphabet of History": Words by Dr. Nesbit, pictures by Ellsworth Young.

"Who frets about the mystery
Enshrouding all of history
On reading this will, maybe, see
We've made it plain as A, B, C."

At least the twenty-six historical and alphabetical lights, whose names come within the scope of this little book, have found an exhaustive chronicler. Alexander the Great, but Ungrateful, who retired to his tent to weep because

"There were not at that time magazines
for a dime,
And his articles could not be printed."

very fittingly heads the array, and Zenobia in chains closes the ranks. Diogenes, the tub-dweller, who roamed on Mondays, Iago, the villain "continually pleasant," Omar Khayyam, the victim of parodists, Methuselah, Villon, and the rest of the popular notables are all caricatured in verse that clings to the memory. The book is printed in Art Old Style prints, with clever illustrations over tint, and makes an attractive gift book. Paul Elder & Co.



Problems at Panama

The members of the Board of Consulting Engineers who have been studying the Panama Canal by actual observation have now returned to Washington. So great an amount of data has been collected by them that it has been found necessary to place three committees in session upon the problem of the type of canal to be constructed between Colon and Panama. The first two committees are expected to formulate plans for the sea level and lock-canal, respectively, and to consult with the third upon the question of cost. The work is one that will still require many weeks of study and discussion, and is being carried on with such secrecy that President Shonts himself is ignorant of the plans. The men to whose charge has been committed the solution of this momentous problem have set an example of patriotism and devotion to duty that has probably not been fully realized here. In spite of excessive heat, heavy rains and dangerous epidemics, the members of the board have pushed on enthusiastically in their labors and have brought back to the United States highest hopes for the enterprise.

President Roosevelt, to whose energy and persistence we owe, in a great measure, the success of the canal scheme, in an address made at Jacksonville, Florida, expressed his appreciation of the work done by the committee, and voiced his views upon the undertaking at Panama as follows:

"I believe that the canal will be of great benefit to all our people, but most of all to the states of the South Atlantic, the Gulf and the Pacific Slope. When completed, the canal will stand as a monument to this nation; for it will be the greatest engineering feat ever accomplished in the world. * * * A body of the most eminent engineers in the world, both Americans and foreigners, has been summoned to advise as to the exact type of canal which should be built. At no distant date I hope to be able to announce what their advice is, and also the action taken upon their advice.

"The work is as difficult as it is important; and it is of course inevitable that from time to time difficulties will occur and checks be encountered.

"I call your attention specifically to the matter of health on the Isthmus. The climate was supposed to be deadly, and yellow fever especially was supposed to be epidemic. Yet since we have assumed control there has been much less yellow fever than in our own country."

* * *

Austro-Hungarian Crisis

This is an epoch of international divorces. While the attention of the world was attracted to the transactions which dissolved the union between Sweden and Norway, a conference presaging a similar event for Austria-Hungary was taking place in Vienna. In a five-minutes' audience with Francis-Joseph, which the Emperor-King insisted on conducting in German, although he speaks Magyar fluently, five Hungarian delegates were curtly refused the right of giving military orders in their own language. This declaration of Magyar subordination to Austrian control in army matters forms the real basis of Hungarian discontent, although there are several other points at issue.

The German Emperor is suspected by the Magyars to be conniving, through Austrian supremacy, at the gradual spread of Pan-Germanism. The five opposition parties which have been evolving for some time have now placed themselves in open protestation under the leadership of Franz Kossuth, son and namesake of the famous leader of 1848. The dissolution of Austria-Hungary is imminent. The only question is whether the heated Southern blood can accomplish the calm decision of the commissioners at Karlstad, or whether the separation will entail bloodshed.

Nepotism in Insurance

Senator Armstrong, the energetic chairman of the New York Legislative Committee, at present investigating the insurance scandals, cried out in exasperation: "If I understand you, then, if a territory is thickly settled like Manhattan Island, it is necessary to give special rates, and if it is sparsely settled like Texas, it is also necessary to give special rates." The occasion of this outburst was the admission by President McCurdy, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, that a commission of 90 per cent on all new business, and 6 per cent of the renewal premiums, had been paid to the firm of his son-in-law in New York, and that in Texas the same generous allowance had been granted to the son of the vice-president of the Mutual Life.

President McCurdy has valued his services to policy-holders at exactly three times the salary of the President of the United States—\$150,000. In addition to this, his son has received \$30,000 during the past year, not to mention commissions tripling this amount. The McCurdy family, through an infamous system of nepotism, which has been going on for some time, has received in the year 1904, \$419,454.67. Mr. McCurdy, when questioned as to the explanation given the policy-holders regarding the expenses entailed by this family absorption of salary and commission, replied with epigrammatic cheerfulness: "Figures do not lie, you know, but liars can figure."

The President's Southern Trip

Mr. Roosevelt during his term of office has visited every state in the Union. Until his latest tour, the hospitable people of the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States alone had never been privileged to be the hosts of their president. On the 18th of October, President Roosevelt redeemed a promise, made about a year ago, by setting out on a trip which included Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana. Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary Loeb, Surgeon-General of the Navy, Rixey, and several prominent government officials were among the party, as well as the necessary Secret Service escort.

Ovation succeeded ovation along the route. The most notable receptions tendered the president were at Richmond, Raleigh, Roswell, Ga., the home of his mother, Tuskegee, where he visited the negro institute, St. Augustine, Montgomery, Little Rock, Memphis and New Orleans. In order to avoid violating the quarantine regulations, the trip to New Orleans was planned for the close of the journey, and from this city the return to Washington was made by water.

In his addresses, the President spoke freely of his views upon the timely questions of the trusts, forest reserves, railroad rate and negro problems, and the Panama Canal. Throughout the tour he expressed his appreciation of the remarkable progress made by the South since the Civil War, and he emphasized particularly the present close fusion of Northern and Southern interests. By his visit to his mother's home in Georgia, President Roosevelt has again reminded the people of his identification with his own ideal composite American. His mother was a Southern woman, his father a New Yorker, and his own life has been fairly evenly divided between the East and West.

Death of Sir Henry Irving

The tragically sudden death of Sir Henry Irving, which occurred while the great actor was giving a series of farewell performances at Bradford, England, has been the occasion of universal expression of sorrow. The words of the dying A Becket were the last upon the lips of his dramatic interpreter, who died less than an hour after the curtain went down upon the murder scene.

Beside the tomb of that other great English actor, David Garrick, and within the shadow of Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey, the ashes of Sir Henry Irving were fittingly deposited. The crowds at the funeral were too great to accommodate. The King and the Prince of Wales were represented by deputies, and the cabinet officers were present in person. Many foreign officials attended, among them United States Ambassador Reid and his wife. A beautiful tribute from Queen Alexandria was a cross of lilies bearing the last words of Irving: "Into thy hands, Oh Lord, into thy hands."

Sir Henry Irving, more than any present-day actor, stood for the dignity of the stage. He firmly believed in the potency of the drama as a moral influence and a standard of speech, and he advocated municipal control of the theater as a means of refining and elevating it.

Earthquakes in Calabria

Once again Calabria is in distress. More than two hundred of her villages lie in ruins; 15,000 of her inhabitants are reported dead; many hundreds are injured, and by the thousands, unfortunate survivors roam homeless. This little province, that is treacherously fair, lies down in the toe of the boot-shaped peninsula of Italy, in the very center of volcanic activity. To the north looms up Vesuvius; on the south lies Aetna, and on the west Stromboli ceaselessly sends forth flame and vapor. These three volcanoes are supposed to be intimately connected, although Aetna and Vesuvius are rarely simultaneously active. Vesuvius has had its victims, but since the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the path of seismic disturbance seems to have passed southward. In 1835 Calabria was devastated by an earthquake and again in 1856 and 1881. The present shock is believed to have some connection with the recent eruptions of Vesuvius.



Business Excursions

In the rush for supremacy among the Pacific Coast cities, all have been inclined to rather overlook the necessity of building up trade relations with the interior, except on a limited scale. But now that the cities have grown to a size where they will seriously interfere with one another, there is a struggle beginning for this interior trade. California being a whole within itself, is not troubled greatly in this matter. San Francisco, Southern California, a term which many Californians are rather inclined to object to, not wishing to differentiate between the different portions of the state. But the Pacific Northwest has three cities on the coast, all of which wish the interior trade. Spokane being a unit within itself, is not in the line of rush for trade, but to the south, the Palouse country, Central Oregon, and the greater part of Idaho, is debatable soil. Portland, Tacoma and Seattle all want it; all are willing to go to trouble to get it.

Portland business men paid Lewiston, Idaho, the compliment of attending her fair a few weeks ago, and were hospitably received and royally entertained; not only in Lewiston, but at every other stop they made along the line of march. They see now where they have opened up possibilities for much greater trade relations than ever before, and are planning all sorts of similar trips. Seattle and Tacoma commercial bodies have made similar excursions in recent months, and since this late excursion from Portland will undoubtedly try to go that city "one better."



General view of Lewiston, Idaho, the final destination of the recent excursion of Portland business men, taken to foster trade relations with the Inland Empire.

Henry Fair, Lewiston, Idaho.

Of course, the people in the "up country" are not so foolish as to believe that these excursions are made because business men of the Coast cities love them so much; they know they are undertaken purely to secure the trade of the interior. But even at that they feel complimented that the leading commercial men of the Pacific Northwest should find their cities of sufficient importance to be visited by them for trade.

Excursions of the kind, which are now promised to become frequent, should have been customary for years. The business men of the Pacific Coast have never catered to the interior as much as they should have. That is where their trade lies, and that is the country from which the wealth must be drawn. Until very recent times business men coming to the Pacific Coast cities from the interior were only entertained by such men as might expect to sell them a bill of goods in exchange, but the growth of the commercial bodies has provided a general form of entertainment for all these strangers.

Most of the merchants of the Pacific Northwest have visited the Coast cities during the summer, particularly Portland, on account of the Exposition. The merchants of the Coast are now having their opportunity to return the visit, and it seems as if they are inclined to use it.

Progress of North Bank Road

The construction of the Seattle & Portland Railroad, to be run down the north bank of the Columbia from Kennewick, Wash., to Portland, assumed its first appearance of substantiality when the building contracts were recently announced. So far contracts for work on the eastern half of the road only have been made public, as no attempt will be made upon the portion west of Cape Horn until the road is in such shape that building materials may be brought over it for the work at the western end. It has been ascertained that, excluding the sum of about \$2,000,000 to be expended upon the bridges across the Columbia and Willamette Rivers, the price agreed upon with the contractors is, in round figures, \$10,000,000.

Regarding the time planned for the completion of the road, the authorities are still reticent, but the announcement has been made that the work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Unofficial statements set the date as near at hand as November, 1906.

The firm into whose charge has been committed the general contract work on the new road is that of Simms & Shields, of St. Paul, Minn. That company lately announced its sublease of the work to about a dozen other firms, who were previously connected with the St. Paul contractors in the building of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines.



Loading wheat on a Snake River steamer. It is to foster this form of traffic that the Celilo Canal on the Columbia River is being built. These stern-wheelers are what Mr. James J. Hill laughed at as the "strings" which the Northwest has "on the old Snake," to be pulled in case railroad rates soar too high. Mr. Hill believes that the steamboat will soon be a back number all along the Columbia and Snake.



HUMOR

Written for the Pacific
Monthly unless otherwise
designated

By
HUGH
HERDMAN



A FEDERATION OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES.

Note.—A few years ago a prominent editor and lecturer of England made the assertion that the peace and prosperity of the world would eventually depend upon the course adopted by the English-speaking people. To make the result certain, he advocated a federation of all English-speaking people. The following verbatim account of the proceedings of a meeting held recently indicates that his hopes of such a federation have been realized, probably much sooner than he expected.

(Smokeville: Hall of the Hod Carriers' Union. Nine o'clock in the evening. The room is crowded with men in working clothes, some seated on boards laid across boxes and kegs, some standing. At one end of the room is a shaky platform, on which are two goods boxes. Seated on an upturned keg, behind one of these boxes, is the chairman of the meeting. A din of conversation fills the room.)

Chairman O'Malley (pounding on the box)—Th' matin' will plaze come to ordher. Th' matin' will plaze come to ordher. Ordher! Ordher! Ordher! Gintlemin, will ye plaze come to ordher! (Cries of "Shut up!" "Shash!" "Sit down!") Will th' gintlemin that can't find a sate plaze sit down?

Voice in the rear—I've got wan', ye'er honor, but I can't find a place to put it.

(Cries of "Shove over there, "Sit down," "Mak a leedle room.")

Chairman—Gintlemin, before we procade with th' bizness iv th' avenin' we'll be nad-in' a sicrity. I hereby appint Misther Fritz Hoopenspicher to that office. Misther Hoopenspicher, gintlemin, belongs to th' gr-reat an' glorious ordher iv brewers. Will Misther Hoopenspicher plaze come for-r'd an' fill that office? (Cries of "He can't write," "Fill it! He'll bust it.") Ordher, gintlemin, ordher! I prasume, gintlemin, that ye a-are all most iv ye familyar with th' purpose iv this matin'; but f'r th' bineft iv us all, I will state it agin f'r th' fir-rest an' last time.

Secretary Hoopenspicher—Ogsguze me, Misder Bresidend, vor stobbing you already; but I aind't got no beneil to write mit.

Chairman—Be hivins, I f'rgot mine, too. Will wan iv th' gintlemin lind Misther Hoopen—, the sicrity, a pincil? Dinnis Fagin, cough up that wan out iv ye'er pocket, there. He'll return it. Now we'll procade. Th' purpose f'r which we've issmbled, gintlemin, is to for-rm a unyon iv all th' manny labor organ-i-zations in this gr-reat an' glo-ryous city iv Smokeville. Th' futur iv this gr-reat industrool cinter dapinds on us min iv th' hod, th' shovel, th' hammer, th' spigot an' all th' other imblims iv honest tile. We have here tonight ripresintatives iv sivrall individyool organ-i-zations. What we now propose to do is to organize these sivrall an' individyool labor organ-i-zations into wan gr-reat an' stupinjoos fider-ration iv all th' manny an' numerous labor inthrests iv this beloved native city iv ours, which we have adopted f'r our own. Th' futur iv Smokeville damands it; th' wilfare iv ye're own thrade damands it; th' peace an' comfort iv ye'er families, ye'er wives, ye'er childer, an' ye'er mither-in-laws—ye that has thim an' ye that has prospicts iv havin' thim—all damands that ye do this same; f'r in th' wor-rds iv that br-rave old pathrite ancisther iv ours, Patrick Green, "United we stahnd, divided we all hang siprately." Gintlemin, what says ye? Will ye do it?

All—Yah. Bet ye'er life. We will. Will we? Well say!

Chairman—Wan at a time, plaze, gintlemin. I will call on Misther Hinnery Platzmann f'r th' opinyon iv th' splindid Ordher iv Brewers, iv which he is th' ripresintative.

Henry Platzmann—Misder Sharman, I aind't got mooch on dis madder to zay, egszebd dot we been mit you in id, und dat we dink id a gut ding. Dat ist all yet.

(Cries of "You're all right, Dutchy," "Das ist richt," "Sure ting," "Hurrah f'r Platzmann!")

Chairman—Ordher, gintlemin, ordher! I will now call on Misther Thomas Barker, th' ripresintative iv th' Cab Drivers' Unyon, f'r their opinyon.

Thomas Barker—Ye'er honor, I ain't much on spielin'—not that I can't give a good song an' dance when I have to, but I ain't much when they's a crowd a-listenin'. Us fellers tinks dis union bizness is hot stuff. Say, we're dead loony f'r it, an' don't yous f'rgit it. Why, say, de way tings is now, a guy don't have to join de union 'less he wants to, an' us fellers can't make him by freezin'

him out. An' den, one cabby can stick a bloke f'r five s'moleons, an' de odder cabbies can't git but four, or mebbe t'ree' out of him, all dependin' on de song an' dance he gives him. See? But if we makes dis here union of everybody stick, den we'll have de scabs cinched. Dey'll have to jine de union, an' den we'll all git our five. See? Bet ye'er life we're in f'r it. See? Dey aint' not'in' slow 'bout us. Not on ye'er hansome!

(Cries of "Dat's de stuff," "Ev'rybody in," "No graft," "To hell wid de scabs," "Say, we won't do a ting to dem lobsters!")

Chairman—Ordher, gentlemine, ordher! I will now have th' pleasure iv introducin' to ye Misther Sandy MacLay, th' honorable an' raspicted president iv th' Ancient Ordher iv Steel Workers.

Sandy MacLay—Mister Chairman an' gentlemen. We Scots hae na greet reputation for sayin' mickle; but, an' I be no mista'en, we hae a muchuly guid ane for doin' thin's. We steel workers are verr' weel convinced that the union's the thin' for us. I dinna ken if it be for all o' ye, but I canna see why it should no be. An' wha is sae mighty a fule as no to try what hae brocht sae mickle guid till ithers? Sic a mon is ower-cautious, I'm thinkin'. Sae the matter stan's. We hae med up our min's to this: We'll hae a federation—let wha will come in, an' we'll stan' be him; let wha will bide out, and the de'il tak sic an one, an' mebbe we'll stan' be the de'il.

(Cries of "Weel said, Sandy," "The de'il tak him," "Mither iv Moses, what a brogue yon Sandy has!" "Yah, der veder-ration, yah.")

Chairman—Ordher, gentlemine, ordher! Misther Patrick J. O'Gillahan, iv th' Hod Carriers' Unyon, will now ixpress his sentiments an' thim iv his fellow-mimbers, iv which I'm wan.

Patrick J. O'Gillahan—Misther President and Gentlemine iv This Assimbley: It's proud I am to sthand before ye an' ixpress th' opinyon iv th' mimbers iv th' Hod Carriers' Unyon, which, though I do say it that shuld'n't, is wan iv th' most honest, th' most dacint, an' th' most livel-headed on earth—(Applause and cries of "Right ye ar-re, Pat!" "Now ye're talkin'!") on earth. Gentlemine, the hod carriers' is wan iv th' oldest a-arts in th' wor-ruld. It was wan iv th' fir-rst in th' field, an', be th' powers, it'll be wan iv th' last to sink. We're here to sthay. But we've not wan th' high place we now hould without climbin' manny a stheep an' slippery road. But that's too long a sthory to inflict on ye'er patient ears. Annyhow, we're at th' top. An' how did we git there? I'll tell ye. By jinin' together an' for-rmin' a unyon. Ye see what we done be oursilves. Well, if all iv us, ye an' us an' all th' rist iv us, will just dump our bricks an' morthor on th' same boar-rds whin th' treminjoos avalanche, which th' thrusts is this minute kindlin', comes, it'll find us so deep-rooted in th' solid r-rock iv indust-rool indapindence that we'll r-ride th' waves like—like th' divil.

(Tremendous applause. Cries of "Down with th' thrusts!" "That's th' way to talk," "Whoop! The man with th' hod!" "T'row de oder bricks at 'em, Pat," "Say, dat's de boy what can spiel a few. W'at?")

Chairman—Ordher, gentlemine, ordher! Ivrybody's f'r th' feder-ration. Let's hear from Misther Sven Svenson, iv th' Sthevedores' Unyon.

Sven Svenson—Mizder Zharman, Ay don't got to s'y boot a leedle. Ay tank dat ved—dat veder—dat verer-razhun (voice in the rear, "He never touched it") zay, dat veder-razhun, dat dat vaz a poody gut ting. My egsbeedazhuns dat eet will pe a poody tam gut ting. Way tank way pedder vages haf den.

(Cries of "You pet!" "Make 'em pay, that's right!" "A man can't live on nothin'!")

Chairman—Ordher, gentlemine, ordher! This unanimous opinyon is ver-ry gr-ratifyin', gentlemine, an' spakes well f'r th' feder-ration. Let's hear now what th' Waiters' Alliance has to say. Misther Philip de Tip.

Philip de Tip—M'sieur President an' gentlemen, zat feder-ration will be certainement one institution magnifique. Pourquoi? W'y? W'en we haf him perfect, zen we haf ze grande wage equalement, alzo ze tip pour ze good attention. Zat iss w'y oui, gentlemen, zat federation iss tres bien love (Mutterings of "Mein Gott, vat would you oof das dink? Hein?") "Tips! Huh! I don't like 'em." "Lazy Parlevous, why don't they work for their livin'?"

Chairman—Gentlemine, our honored sicrity, Misther Shoopenspicher, will now spake f'r th' Ordher iv Brewers.

(Voice in the rear, "The Ordher iv Brewers! That's beer.")

Secretary Hoopenspicher—I'm too ver-damnt busy mit dis bencil. Let Carl Schutzenheimer speak.

Chairman—Misther Schutzenheimer, if ye plaze.

Carl Schutzenheimer—Misdere Bresident, I ain'd cum already ein speech zu make, bud I gonglusions dot you don'd be wandin' mooch oof ein speech, shust ein egsblanations oof vat we dink, hein? Vell, here id vas: Ve vas mit you in dis. Ve all dink dat dis feder-ration ist shust der stuff. Und ven ve gets dis gr-reat gonglomerations togeder made, efferydings will ausgesicht be, hein? Den ve vill big vages get, und genuff hab our frau and kinder zu subbord, und ein stein oof beer zu haf once, und ein segar yet. Ve vill shust our vages haf; ve don'd like dose tip bizness. Hein? Das ist all.

(Cries of "Richt!" "Richt!" "No tips!" "Hock der Schutzenheimer!" "Hurrah f'r th' brewers!" "Zwei beer!")

Chairman—Ordher, gentlemine, ordher. I'll have to insist that th' gentlemine restrain themselves from such unsamely livity. It's not bacomin' to th' dignity iv this assimbley. Will Misther E. C. Slicer, iv th' Barbers' Guild, now take th' floor?

E. C. Slicer—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the unions, the expression of opinion on the subject of formin' a federation has been

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agreeably unanimous. I'm glad to see it so. I'm glad to know that the various labor organizations of this great and prosperous city are in line with the industrial progress that is manifesting itself in the other cities of this grand country of ours. Gentlemen, allow me to congratulate you on the wisdom you have showed. Your opinions show that you realize that the man who works has rights just the same as the man who pays. We have now come to the point where we are going to insist that these rights be respected. We all agree on that. Well, the only way to do it is to unite our strengths, so that we can meet force with force. When your employers refuse to raise your wages, or our customers refuse to pay us the price we ask for our work, we want to be able to say, "You've got to." (Cries of "Right ye a-are, me b'y!") "We'll hand' em a few!") We are all miserably underpaid; you know that. And us barbers ain't no better off than the rest of you. (Mutterings of "Oh, I don't know.") So what we want is the chance to get more money. We want the hod carriers, the brewers, the steel workers, the miners, the cabmen, the stevedores, and everybody better paid—yes, and the waiters, too. (Mutterings of dissent at the mention of the waiters.) And us barbers want better prices, too.

Mike O'Rourke—Be hivins, ye're robbin' us now.

Chairman—Mike O'Rourke, shut ye'er thrap, or I'll have ye put out.

E. C. Slicer—We must have it, gentlemen. We can't live on what we get. Fifteen cents for a shave and twenty-five for a haircut is scandalous.

Mike O'Rourke—Right ye a-are. Make it tin an' fifteen.

Chairman—Mike O'Rourke, ye open that thrap iv yours agin an' out ye go.

E. C. Slicer—What we want, gentlemen, is to raise our prices at the same time that you get your wages raised. Now, we think that twenty-five for a shave and thirty-five for a haircut would be about right.

Mike O'Rourke—An' a quarter f'r a tip, or ye'll skin him like a onyon th' next time.

Chairman—Mike O'Rourke, lave the hall.

Mike O'Rourke—I won't do 't.

Chairman—Thin kape ye'er irrivrent reamar-ks to ye'ersilf.

E. C. Slicer—So, to conclude, gentlemen, we believe that this federation will be a great blessing to all the labor interests represented here. I for one hope it will go through, and I assure you that us barbers are heart and soul with you in it. I thank you, gentlemen.

Mike O'Rourke—Did ye iver hear th' likes iv that now? Mither Chairman—

Chairman—Shut up an' sit down. Ye're out iv ordher.

Mike O'Rourke—But, Mither Chairman—

Chairman—Button ye'er lip. Ye're out iv order, I say. Now, gentlemen, ye have heard th' opinyons iv all th' unyons that has ripresintatives here this avenin'. Thin same opinyons is all th' same—in favor iv th' federation. They a-are manny other labor organization in th' city, an' thy'll be afther

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SEATTLE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

wantin' to come in, too; but we'll tind to that whin we git to it. Now, a-are ye ready to go ahead an for-m this gr-reat feder-ration? (Cries of assent.) Well, thin, who will ye have f'r president?

Larry MacDonald—Mister Chairman.

Chairman—Mister MacDonald.

Larry MacDonald—Afore we proceed, I wad like verra weel to ask one question. Are we goin' to hae all the unions here in the federation? I'm no over in favor of them tips.

Mike O'Rourke—Yis, an' how 'bout thim shaves and haircuts?

Chairman—Mike O'Rourke, if I have to tell ye agin to hould ye'er gab, I'll come down there an' punch ye'er mug so ye'er own blissid mither won't know ye. Gintlemin, this is not th' time to discuss thim things. Let's git th' feder-ration for-med, an' thin we can rigulate all th' minor affairs iv th' organ-i-zation.

Henry Platzmann—Mizder Brezidend, de miners gan regulate deir own affairs widoud any helb.

Chairman—Excuse me, Misther Platzmann, ye misunderstand me. I should say th' little aaffirs, such as prices, wages, tips, an' so on.

Mike O'Rourke (sotto voce)—I don't call twinty-five f'r a shave a little t'ing.

Chairman—So let's procede to th' illiction iv officers. Who will ye have f'r prisident?

Sandy MacLay—Misther Chairman, I make a motion that the present chairman be declared the unanimous choice for president o' this federation.

Thomas Barker—I second dat motion. (To the crowd, "Hully gee, but won't he make a crackerjack!")

Chairman—A-are ye ready f'r th' question. All in favor iv th' motion say "Aye." (A thunder of ayes.) All agin it say "No." (Silence.) Th' motion is carried. Gintlemin ye do me gr-reat honor. I have th' honor iv infor-rmin' meself that I am th' unan'mous choice f'r prisident iv this feder-ration. So I'll just stand where I am an' kape th' chair. Who will ye have f'r vice-president?

E. C. Slicer—I desire to nominate Mister Carl Schutzenheimer, and move that his election be made unanimous, too.

Henry Platzmann—I second dat motion.

Chairman—Ye've heard th' motion. All in favor iv it say "Aye." (A chorus of ayes.) All agin it say "No." (Silence.) I have th' honor iv infor-rmin' Misther Stuchheimer that he is unan'mously ilicted vice-prisident iv this feder-ration. Who will ye have f'r sicrity?

Sven Svenson—Ay tank dot Mizder Hoobensbicker mak gute segedry.

Fritz Hoopenspicher—Misdar Bresidend, I mus' degline. It vas too verdamnt har-rd vor-rk. I blase bevore you Misdar Sliser.

(Cries of "Slicer," "Slicer," "Made unanimous." "Second.")

Chairman—All in favor iv Misther Slicer f'r sicrity say "Aye." (A chorus of ayes.) All agin him (glowering at Mike O'Rourke) say "No." (Silence.) Misther Slicer, ye



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HUMOR.

a-are th' unan'mous choice f'r sicerity.

Fritz Hoopenspieher—Dis vay, Misder Sliser. Mein Gott, vat a chob!

Chairman—Gintlemin, iv course we must have a theasur'r, but 'tis my opinyon that he should not be ilicted this way. As prisidint I am goin' to appoint a ixicitive comity, composed iv th' ripresentatives iv the var-ious unyons iv th' feder-ation; an' 'tis my opinyon that th' comity should ilict th' theasur'r. What do ye say to that?

Patrick J. O'Gillihan—Misther Prisidint, I think ye're right. I make that motion.

Philip de Tip—I second ze motion.

Chairman—Ye've heard th' motion. All in favor iv it say "Aye." (A chorus of ayes.) All agin it say "No." (A few scattering noes.) Th' motion is carried. Now, gintlemin, they's another matther to come before th' matin'. Here a-are two letters from two diff'rent kinds iv lab'ers in this city. They ask to be admitted to this feder-ation. I've asked thim to sind diligates to this matin', an' we'll now hear from thim. I'll call fir-rst on th' diligate f'rm th' laundhrymin iv our city. They haven't no unyon, but they want to jine th' feder-ation. Misther Sing Chong.

Sing Chong—China boy no sabbe velly muchee Mellican man talkee; no talkee velly muchee Mellican man talkee. Him sabbe fedellation velly dam good ting. Him wantee in. Him no gettee velly much more washee now; him wantee gettee velly much more washee. Fedellation helpee him. Him now gettee eight cent shirtee; him wantee ten, twel'. China boy die some day; him wantee go back China be bellied. No can be bellied eight cent washee shirtee. Him sen' mon China fo' ol' fader; him velly ol' an' muchee sick; him wantee mon.

Dennis Fagan—Misther Prisidint, would ye listen to th' cracklin' iv that now? Th' impidince iv thim Chinks don't stop at nothin'. They comes over here to this land of ours, bate honest, har-rd wor-rkin' min's wives out iv their rightful tile, inflet th' wholesome air-r with th' stinkin' stench iv their foul opyum pipes, an' bate th' dasarvin' American la-ad out iv his har-rd earned money with their cur-rsed lotth'ries; an' what do they come here for? To git muneey enough to go back agin. Do they do 't? Iv cou-rse they do. An' how? By takin' th' manes iv livin' out iv th' hands iv our wives, th' very bread out iv the mouths iv our suckin' babes, an' char-rgin' outr-ageous prices f'r doin' that same. An' thin these yaller, leather-skinned sons iv baboons have th' impidence to come here an' ask us, us, th' ver-ry min they're robbin' to hilt thim git better prices; in other words, to hould our pockets open f'r thim while they r-rob us iv th' la-ast shir-rt we have to our backs. I tell ye, we won't sthand it. I move ye, Misther Prisidint, that we tell thim soap-sphittin' sons iv perdition to go to th' divil.

(Thunderous applause and cries of "That's right!" "Yah, Yah!" "Now ye're talkin'!" "No chinks f'r us!" "Egsglud der Shina-man!")

Philip de Tip—I second ze motion.



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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Chairman—Gintlemin iv the feder-ration, ye've heard th' motion. All in favor iv it say "Aye." (A roar of ayes.) All agin it say "No." (A few noes.) Th' motion is carried. I'll now ask Mither Antonio Pushi to come for-r'd an' address ye.

Antonio Pulci—Mi notto lika Chinamana. Mi no leava deesa countra. Mi wanta be good Americana, an' be righta here. Italians lika deesa peepl. Mi no wanta maka de much mon. Mi wanta be membra deesa fed-eratione.

Mike O'Rourke—We don't want no Dagoes. Put him out.

Antonio Pulci—Mi wanta be mambra deesa federation. Mi be gooda mana. Mi sella banan, an' orancia sheep. Mi wanta be grande orancia mana.

Mike O'Rourke—Ye gar-rlie atin' Guinea, ye, did ye come here to insult us white min? Take that (throwing the stove poker at him), ye back-stabbin' dago, ye. "Orangeman," ye push-cart sneak, ye! I'll show ye. Take that, too (throwing a lump of coal at him, which, missing Pulci, hits Slicer, who seizes the chairman's mallet and hurls it at O'Rourke. The fight spreads. Larry MacDonald strikes Philip de Tip, who returns the compliment. Eeverybody takes a hand, the lamps are knocked over, darkness follows and the meeting adjourns sine die).

FUMES FROM UNCLE BASTUS' PIPE.

'Pears ter me dat givin' Chris'mas presents ain't nothin' but gamblin'. You is allus spec'latin' on what you gwine get, an' mos' gen'ly you gets stuck.

No, suh; dis heah ole worl' ain't made right. Whuffo! didn't de good Lord mek stove wood grow all ready ter use, same's he done made watah all ready ter wash with!

Green 'simmons am pow'ful puckery, but dey ain't nowheah neah so puckery as de fine close dat somebody else kin erford an' you cain't.

Hit am gwine git so aftah er while dat er man cain't do nottin' in his own house, 'count ob de laboh unions. He'll hab ter call in er plumbah ter clean out his pipe, I 'spects, when hit don' draw.

Nothin' dat you gits fer nothin' ain't wuth nothin'. Dat's de reason Ah don't b'lieve in free love.

Yah, suh, Bookah Washington's a pow'ful fine man, but Ah don't 'gree wid him' bout de way ter sabe de cullud man. He say ter learn him ter work. Dat's de way ter sabe de cullud woman, but not de cullud man, no, suh.

THE PUBLIC.

From the Politician's Point of View.
Oh, the Public is a very fickle maiden
Whose mind is ever undergoing change,
And its Rulers are with trouble heavy laden,
Such little things the maiden may estrange!
She keeps them freezing and she keeps them
torrid,

To-day's embrace to-morrow may have cooled,
It's hard to tell when she wants something
solid,
And when she'd rather be a little fooled!

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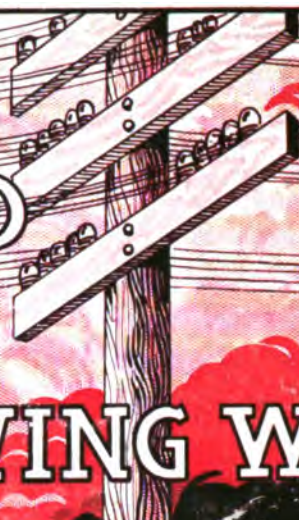
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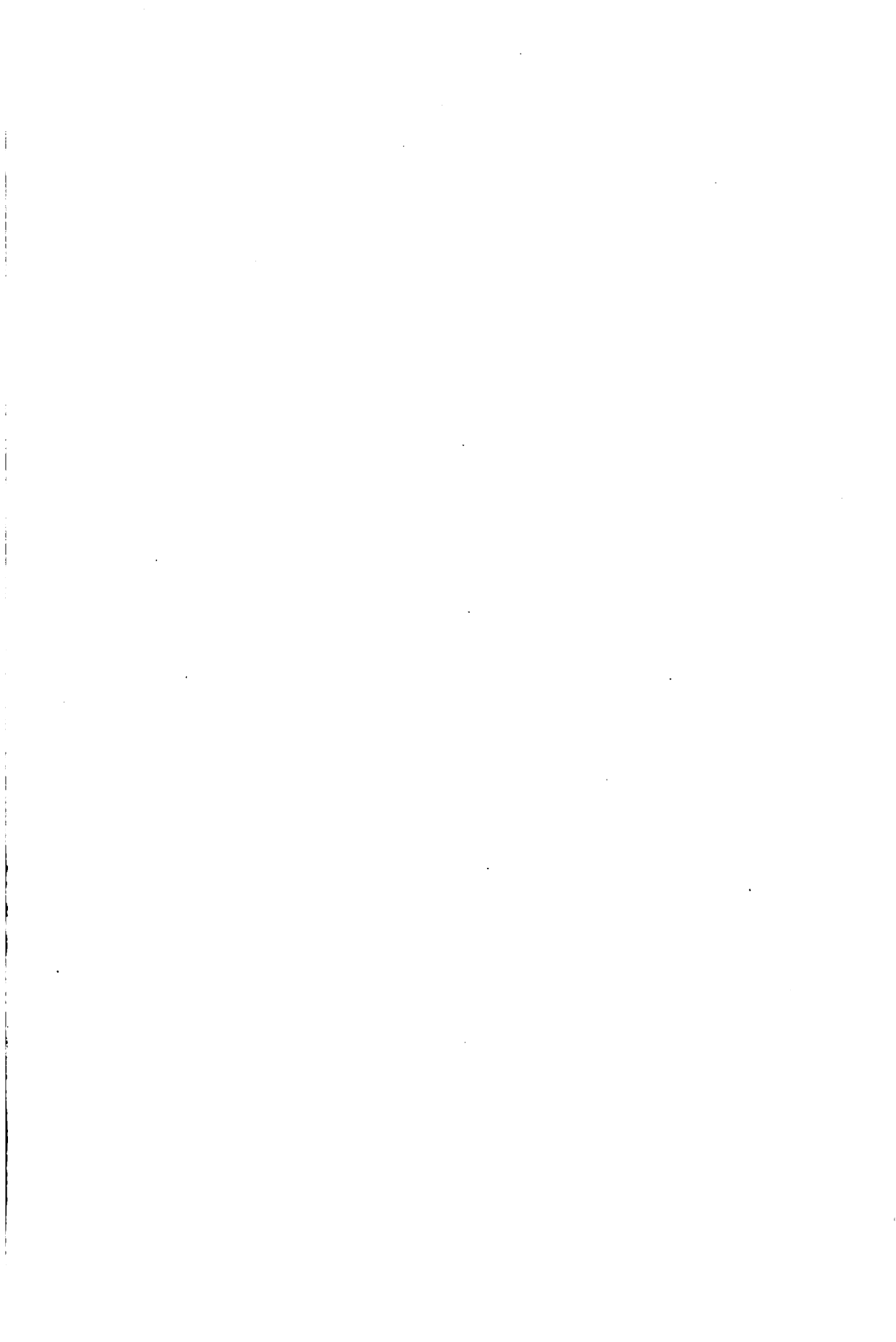


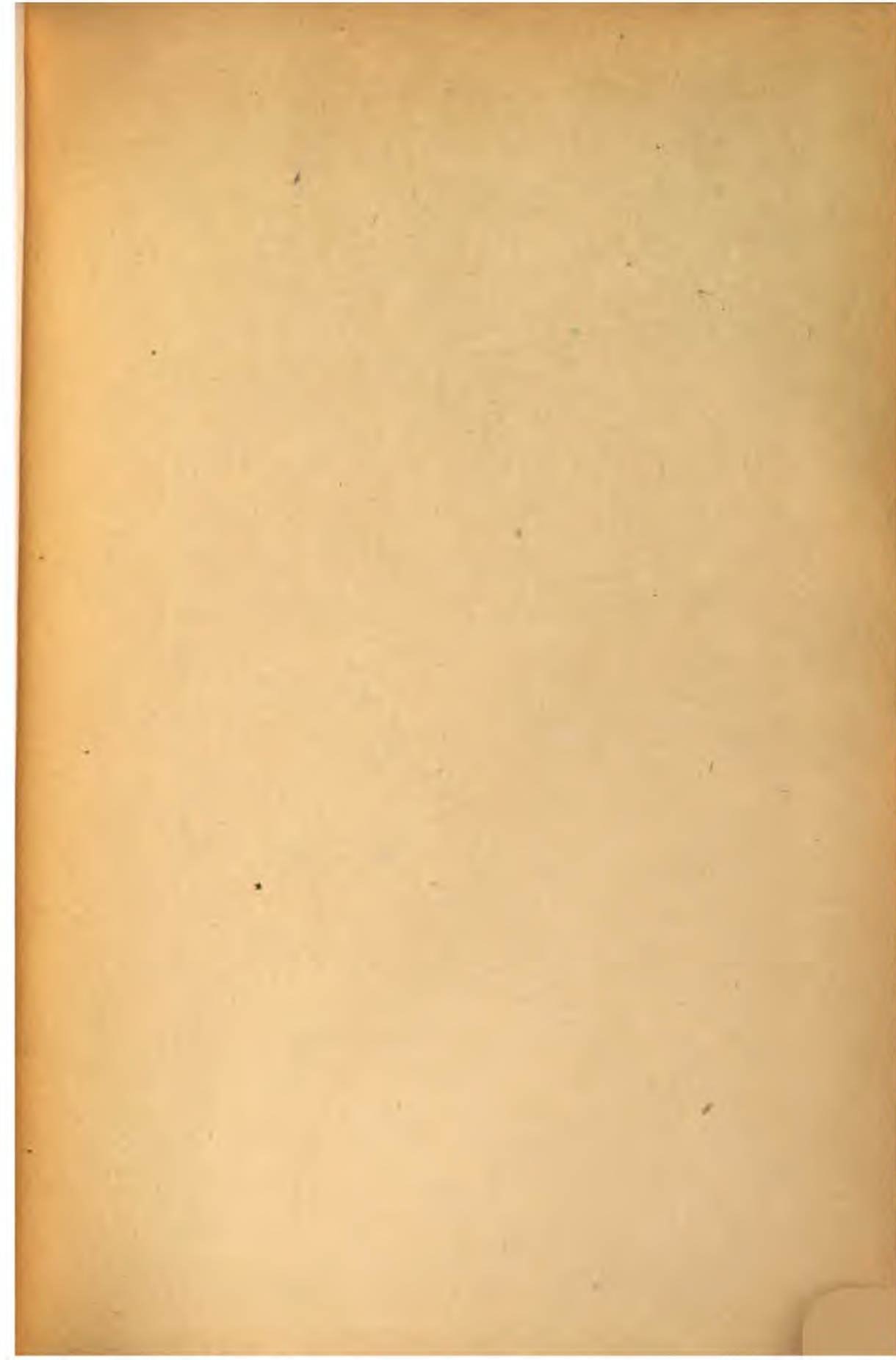
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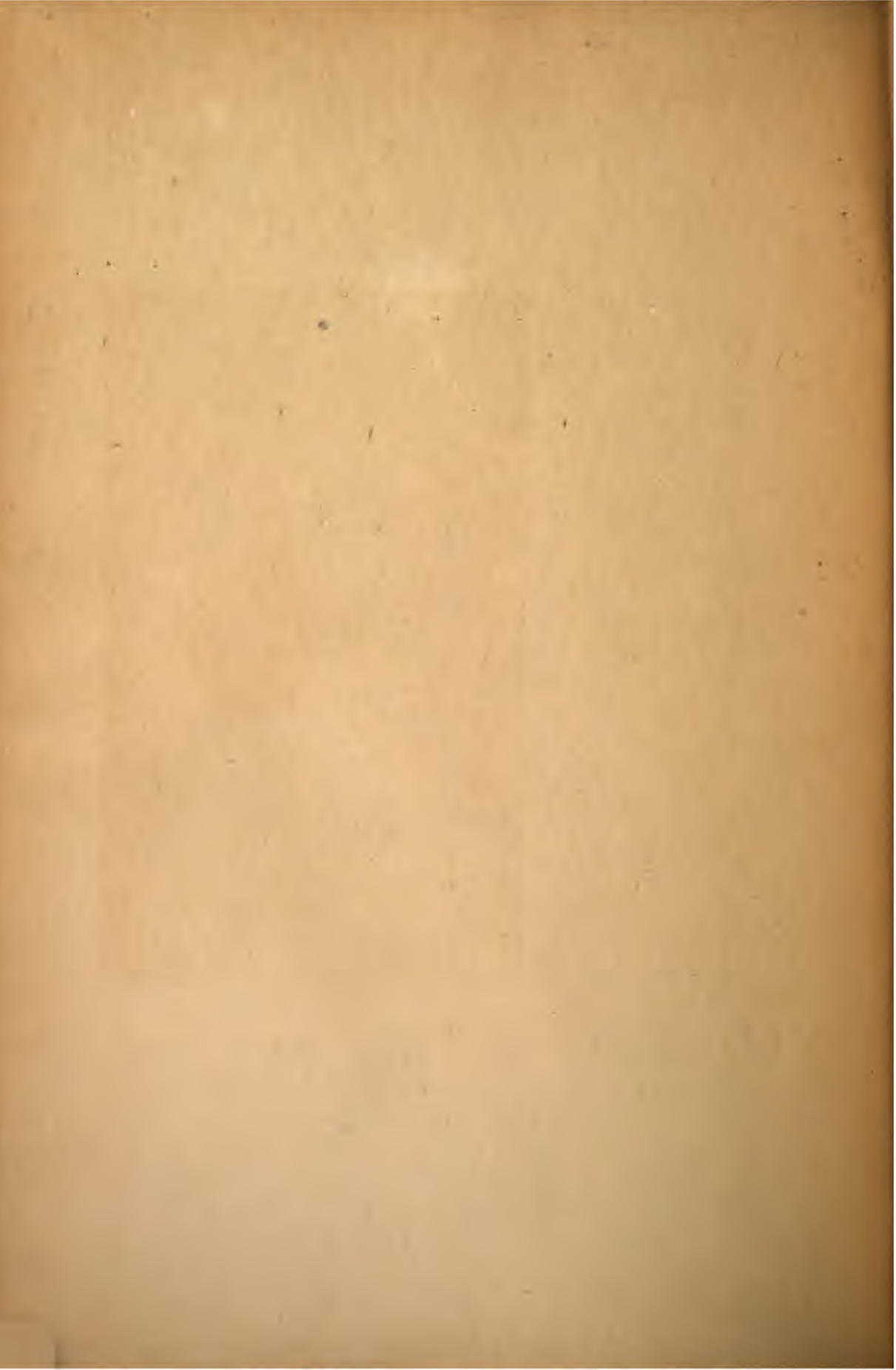
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